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VICTORY OF ARMINICUS

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THE GREAT BATTLES OF ALL NATIONS

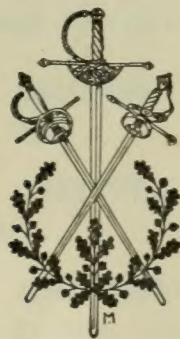
FROM MARATHON TO SANTIAGO

490 B. C.—A. D. 1898

EDITED FROM THE BEST AND LATEST AUTHORITIES BY
ARCHIBALD WILBERFORCE
AUTHOR OF "THE CAPITALS OF THE GLOBE," Etc.

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PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
PETER FENELON COLLIER
1898

THE GREAT BATTLES OF ALL NATIONS

FROM MARATHON TO SANTIAGO

— THE EDITOR — A. D. 1899

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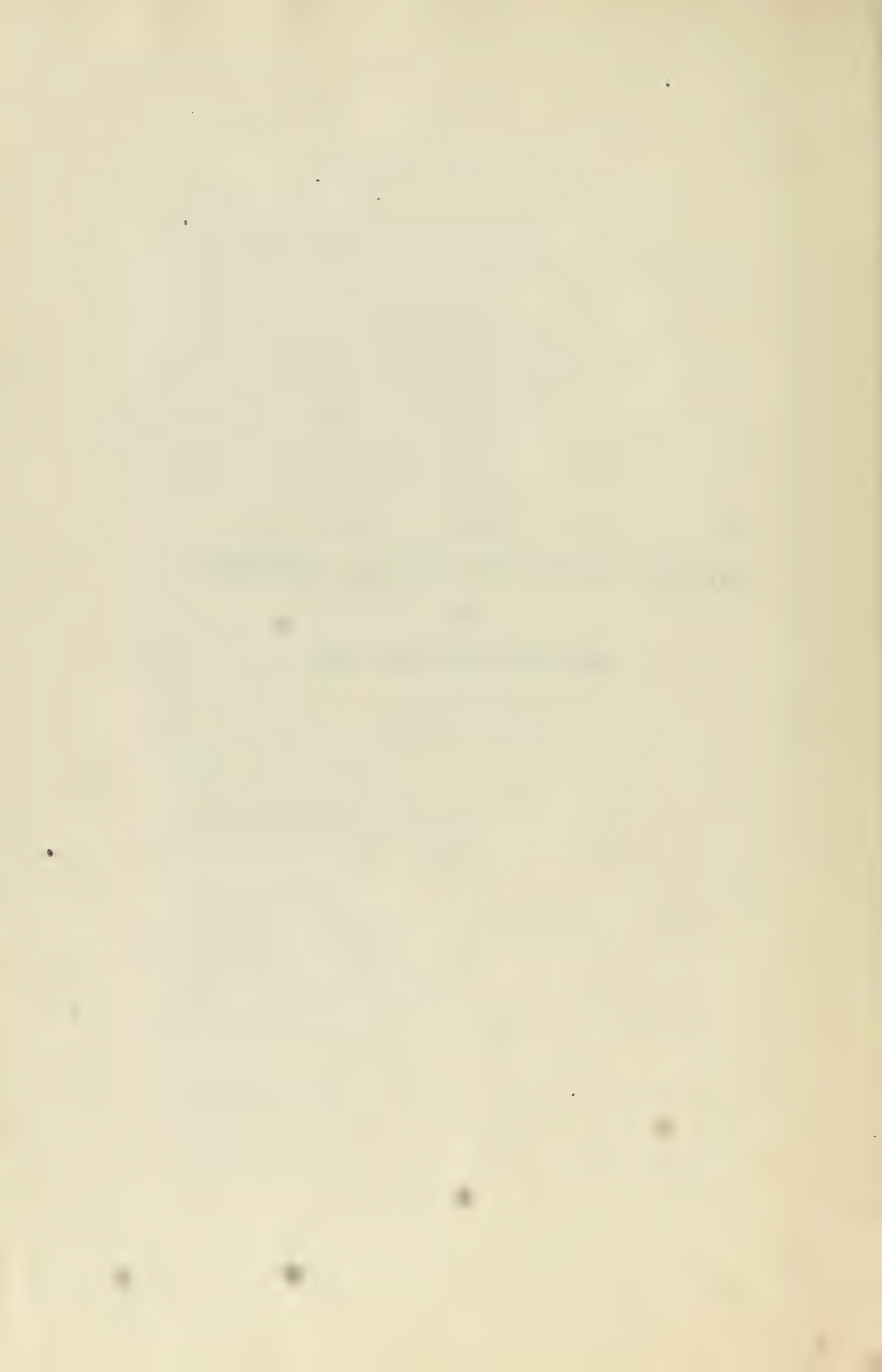
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THE
GREAT BATTLES OF ALL NATIONS
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THE GREAT BATTLES OF ALL NATIONS

CHAPTER I

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

THE GREAT DEFEAT OF THE PERSIAN HORDES OF DARIUS BY
THE GREEKS UNDER MILTIADES

490 B. C.

*"The mountains look on Marathon
And Marathon looks on the sea."*—BYRON

THE battle of Marathon is one of the most resonant in history. With it history properly begins. Before then there was history indeed, and much history; there were battles, too, and many of them. Yet, like the history, they were fitful flashes, short or long, that subsided into darkness. With Marathon historic consciousness arose. For while before there had been history there had been no historian. With Marathon came Herodotus, and from him the first truly historical book, in which, together with the rest of the Persian war, he tells of this great deed.

Marathon is memorable for another reason. It stands for a thousand battles. Subsequent struggles for freedom are but echoes and repetitions of it. For the first time it told a race what a race could do. It was therefore not a battle merely. It was a promise. It was the gestation of the future.

Two thousand three hundred and eighty-eight years ago a council of Athenian officers stood on a hill that overlooked the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate object of their meeting, says Sir E. S. Creasy, was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy that lay encamped on the shore beneath them; but on the result of their deliberations de-

pended not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization.

There were eleven members of that council of war. Ten were the generals who were then annually elected at Athens, one for each of the local tribes into which the Athenians were divided. Each general led the men of his own tribe, and each was invested with equal military authority. But one of the archons was also associated with them in the general command of the army. This magistrate was termed the polemarch or War-ruler; he had the privilege of leading the right wing of the army in battle, and his vote in a council of war was equal to that of any of the generals. A noble Athenian named Callimachus was the War-ruler of this year; and as such, stood listening to the earnest discussion of the ten generals. They had, indeed, deep matter for anxiety, though little aware how momentous to mankind were the votes they were about to give, or how the generations to come would read with interest the record of their discussions. They saw before them the invading forces of a mighty empire, which had in the last fifty years shattered and enslaved nearly all the kingdoms and principalities of the then known world. They knew that all the resources of their own country were comprised in the little army intrusted to their guidance. They saw before them a chosen host of the Great King, sent to wreak his special wrath on that country, and on the other insolent little Greek community, which had dared to aid his rebels and burn the capital of one of his provinces. That victorious host had already fulfilled half its mission of vengeance. Eretria, the confederate of Athens in the bold march against Sardis nine years before, had fallen in the last few days; and the Athenian generals could discern from the heights the island of Ægilia, in which the Persians had deposited their Eretrian prisoners, whom they had reserved to be led away captives into Upper Asia, there to hear their doom from the lips of King Darius himself. Moreover, the men of Athens knew that in the camp before them was their own banished tyrant, who was seeking to be reinstated by foreign scimiters in despotic sway over any remnant of his countrymen that might survive the sack of their town, and might be left behind as too worthless for leading away into Median bondage.

The numerical disparity between the force which the Athenian commanders had under them, and that which they were called on to encounter, was hopelessly apparent to some of the council. The historians who wrote nearest to the time of the battle do not pretend to give any detailed statements of the numbers engaged, but there are sufficient data for our making a general estimate. Every free Greek was trained to military duty; and, from the incessant border wars between the different states, few Greeks reached the age of manhood without having seen some service. But the muster-roll of free Athenian citizens of an age fit for military duty never exceeded thirty thousand, and at this epoch probably did not amount to two-thirds of that number. Moreover, the poorer portion of these were unprovided with the equipments, and untrained to the operations of the regular infantry. Some detachments of the best-armed troops would be required to garrison the city itself and man the various fortified posts in the territory; so that it is impossible to reckon the fully equipped force that marched from Athens to Marathon, when the news of the Persian landing arrived, at higher than ten thousand men.

With one exception, the other Greeks held back from aiding them. Sparta had promised assistance, but the Persians had landed on the sixth day of the moon, and a religious scruple delayed the march of Spartan troops till the moon should have reached its full. From one quarter only, and that from a most unexpected one, did Athens receive aid at the moment of her great peril.

Some years before this time the little state of Plataea in Boeotia, being hard pressed by her powerful neighbor, Thebes, had asked the protection of Athens, and had owed to an Athenian army the rescue of her independence. Now when it was noised over Greece that the Mede had come from the uttermost parts of the earth to destroy Athens, the brave Plataeans, unsolicited, marched with their whole force to assist the defense, and to share the fortunes of their benefactors. The general levy of the Plataeans only amounted to a thousand men; and this little column, marching from their city along the southern ridge of Mount Cithaeron, and thence across the Attic territory, joined the Athenian forces above Marathon almost immediately before the battle.

The re-enforcement was numerically small, but the gallant spirit of the men who composed it must have made it of tenfold value to the Athenians; and its presence must have gone far to dispel the cheerless feeling of being deserted and friendless, which the delay of the Spartan succors was calculated to create among the Athenian ranks.

This generous daring of their weak but true-hearted ally was never forgotten at Athens. The Plataeans were made the civil fellow-countrymen of the Athenians, except the right of exercising certain political functions; and from that time forth, in the solemn sacrifices at Athens, the public prayers were offered up for a joint blessing from Heaven upon the Athenians, and the Plataeans also.

After the junction of the column from Plataea, the Athenian commanders must have had under them about eleven thousand fully-armed and disciplined infantry, and probably a larger number of irregular light-armed troops; as, besides the poorer citizens who went to the field armed with javelins, cutlasses, and targets, each regular heavy-armed soldier was attended in the camp by one or more slaves, who were armed like the inferior freemen. Cavalry or archers the Athenians (on this occasion) had none; and the use in the field of military engines was not at that period introduced into ancient warfare.

Contrasted with their own scanty forces, the Greek commanders saw stretched before them, along the shores of the winding bay, the tents and shipping of the varied nations who marched to do the bidding of the king of the Eastern world. The difficulty of finding transports and of securing provisions would form the only limit to the numbers of a Persian army. Nor is there any reason to suppose the estimate of Justin exaggerated, who rates at a hundred thousand the force which on this occasion had sailed, under the satraps Datis and Artaphernes, from the Cilician shores against the devoted coasts of Eubœa and Attica. And after largely deducting from this total, so as to allow for mere mariners and camp followers, there must still have remained fearful odds against the national levies of the Athenians. Nor could Greek generals then feel that confidence in the superior quality of their troops which ever since the battle of Marathon has animated Europeans in con-

flicts with Asiatics; as, for instance, in the after struggles between Greece and Persia, or when the Roman legions encountered the myriads of Mithradates and Tigranes, or as is the case in the Indian campaigns of the British regiments. On the contrary, up to the day of Marathon the Medes and Persians were reputed invincible. They had more than once met Greek troops in Asia Minor, in Cyprus, in Egypt, and had invariably beaten them. Nothing can be stronger than the expressions used by the early Greek writers respecting the terror which the name of the Medes inspired, and the prostration of men's spirits before the apparently resistless career of the Persian arms. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at, that five of the ten Athenian generals shrank from the prospect of fighting a pitched battle against an enemy so superior in numbers and so formidable in military renown. Their own position on the heights was strong, and offered great advantages to a small defending force against assailing masses. They deemed it mere foolhardiness to descend into the plain to be trampled down by the Asiatic horse, overwhelmed with the archery, or cut to pieces by the invincible veterans of Cambyses and Cyrus. Moreover, Sparta, the great war-state of Greece, had been applied to, and had promised succor to Athens, though the religious observance which the Dorians paid to certain times and seasons had for the present delayed their march. Was it not wise, at any rate, to wait till the Spartans came up, and to have the help of the best troops in Greece, before they exposed themselves to the shock of the dreaded Medes?

Specious as these reasons might appear, the other five generals were for speedier and bolder operations. And, fortunately for Athens and for the world, one of them was a man, not only of the highest military genius, but also of that energetic character which impresses its own type and ideas upon spirits feebler in conception.

Miltiades was the head of one of the noblest houses at Athens; he ranked the *Æacidæ* among his ancestry, and the blood of Achilles flowed in the veins of the hero of Marathon. One of his immediate ancestors had acquired the dominion of the Thracian Chersonese, and thus the family became at the same time Athenian citizens

and Thracian princes. This occurred at the time when Pisistratus was tyrant of Athens. Two of the relatives of Miltiades—an uncle of the same name, and a brother named Stesagoras—had ruled the Chersonese before Miltiades became its prince. He had been brought up at Athens in the house of his father, Cimon, who was renowned throughout Greece for his victories in the Olympic chariot races, and who must have been possessed of great wealth. The sons of Pisistratus, who succeeded their father in the tyranny at Athens, caused Cimon to be assassinated; but they treated the young Miltiades with favor and kindness, and when his brother Stesagoras died in the Chersonese, they sent him out there as lord of the principality. This was about twenty-eight years before the battle of Marathon, and it is with his arrival in the Chersonese that our first knowledge of the career and character of Miltiades commences. We find, in the first act recorded of him, the proof of the same resolute and unscrupulous spirit that marked his mature age. His brother's authority in the principality had been shaken by war and revolt: Miltiades determined to rule more securely. On his arrival he kept close within his house, as if he was mourning for his brother. The principal men of the Chersonese, hearing of this, assembled from all the towns and districts, and went together to the house of Miltiades, on a visit of condolence. As soon as he had thus got them in his power, he made them all prisoners. He then asserted and maintained his own absolute authority in the peninsula, taking into his pay a body of five hundred regular troops, and strengthening his interest by marrying the daughter of the king of the neighboring Thracians.

When the Persian power was extended to the Hellespont and its neighborhood, Miltiades, as prince of the Chersonese, submitted to King Darius; and he was one of the numerous tributary rulers who led their contingents of men to serve in the Persian army, in the expedition against Scythia. Miltiades and the vassal Greeks of Asia Minor were left by the Persian king in charge of the bridge across the Danube, when the invading army crossed that river and plunged into the wilds of the country that now is Russia, in vain pursuit of the ancestors of the modern Cossacks. On learning the reverses that Darius met with in the Scythian wilderness, Miltiades

proposed to his companions that they should break the bridge down and leave the Persian king and his army to perish by famine and the Scythian arrows. The rulers of the Asiatic Greek cities, whom Miltiades addressed, shrank from this bold but ruthless stroke against the Persian power, and Darius returned in safety. But it was known what advice Miltiades had given, and the vengeance of Darius was thenceforth specially directed against the man who had counseled such a deadly blow against his empire and his person. The occupation of the Persian arms in other quarters left Miltiades for some years after this in possession of the Chersonese; but it was precarious and interrupted. He, however, availed himself of the opportunity which his position gave him of conciliating the good will of his fellow-countrymen at Athens, by conquering and placing under the Athenian authority the islands of Lemnos and Imbros, to which Athens had ancient claims, but which she had never previously been able to bring into complete subjection. At length, in 494 B.C., the complete suppression of the Ionian revolt by the Persians left their armies and fleets at liberty to act against the enemies of the Great King to the west of the Hellespont. A strong squadron of Phœnician galleys was sent against the Chersonese. Miltiades knew that resistance was hopeless; and while the Phœnicians were at Tenedos, he loaded five galleys with all the treasure that he could collect, and sailed away for Athens. The Phœnicians fell in with him, and chased him hard along the north of the Ægean. One of his galleys, on board of which was his eldest son Metiochus, was actually captured. But Miltiades, with the other four, succeeded in reaching the friendly coast of Imbros in safety. Thence he afterward proceeded to Athens, and resumed his station as a free citizen of the Athenian commonwealth.

The Athenians, at this time, had recently expelled Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, the last of their tyrants. They were in the full glow of their newly-recovered liberty and equality; and the constitutional changes of Cleisthenes had inflamed their republican zeal to the utmost. Miltiades had enemies at Athens; and these, availing themselves of the state of popular feeling, brought him to trial for his life for having been tyrant of the Chersonese. The

charge did not necessarily import any acts of cruelty or wrong to individuals: it was founded on no specific law; but it was based on the horror with which the Greeks of that age regarded every man who made himself arbitrary master of his fellowmen, and exercised irresponsible dominion over them. The fact of Miltiades having so ruled in the Chersonese was undeniable; but the question which the Athenians assembled in judgment must have tried, was whether Miltiades, although tyrant of the Chersonese, deserved punishment as an Athenian citizen. The eminent service that he had done the state in conquering Lemnos and Imbros for it pleaded strongly in his favor. The people refused to convict him. He stood high in public opinion. And when the coming invasion of the Persians was known, the people wisely elected him one of their generals for the year.

Two other men of high eminence in history, though their renown was achieved at a later period than that of Miltiades, were also among the ten Athenian generals at Marathon. One was Themistocles, the future founder of the Athenian navy, and the destined victor of Salamis. The other was Aristides, who afterward led the Athenian troops at Plataea, and whose integrity and just popularity acquired for his country, when the Persians had finally been repulsed, the advantageous pre-eminence of being acknowledged by half of the Greeks as their imperial leader and protector. It is not recorded what part either Themistocles or Aristides took in the debate of the council of war at Marathon. But, from the character of Themistocles, his boldness, and his intuitive genius for extemporizing the best measures in every emergency (a quality which the greatest of historians ascribes to him beyond all his contemporaries), we may well believe that the vote of Themistocles was for prompt and decisive action. On the vote of Aristides it may be more difficult to speculate. His predilection for the Spartans may have made him wish to wait till they came up; but, though circumspect, he was neither timid as a soldier nor as a politician, and the bold advice of Miltiades may probably have found in Aristides a willing, most assuredly it found in him a candid, hearer.

Miltiades felt no hesitation as to the course which the Athenian

army ought to pursue; and earnestly did he press his opinion on his brother generals. Practically acquainted with the organization of the Persian armies, Miltiades felt convinced of the superiority of the Greek troops, if properly handled; he saw with the military eye of a great general the advantage which the position of the forces gave him for a sudden attack, and as a profound politician he felt the perils of remaining inactive, and of giving treachery time to ruin the Athenian cause.

One officer in the council of war had not yet voted. This was Callimachus, the War-ruler. The votes of the generals were five and five, so that the voice of Callimachus would be decisive.

On that vote, in all human probability, the destiny of all the nations of the world depended. Miltiades turned to him, and in simple soldierly eloquence, the substance of which we may read faithfully reported in Herodotus, who had conversed with the veterans of Marathon, the great Athenian thus adjured his countryman to vote for giving battle:

"It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or, by assuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, such as not even Harmodius and Aristogiton have acquired; for never, since the Athenians were a people, were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they then will have to suffer. But if Athens comes victorious out of this contest, she has it in her to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes. But if we fight, before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair play and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in an engagement."

The vote of the brave War-ruler was gained, the council determined to give battle; and such was the ascendancy and acknowledged military eminence of Miltiades, that his brother generals one and all gave up their days of command to him, and cheerfully acted under his orders. Fearful, however, of creating any jealousy, and

of so failing to obtain the vigorous co-operation of all parts of his small army, Miltiades waited till the day when the chief command would have come round to him in regular rotation before he led the troops against the enemy.

The inaction of the Asiatic commanders during this interval appears strange at first sight; but Hippias was with them, and they and he were aware of their chance of a bloodless conquest through the machinations of his partisans among the Athenians. The nature of the ground also explains in many points the tactics of the opposite generals before the battle, as well as the operations of the troops during the engagement.

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the north-eastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the center, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows toward either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inward from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it to the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle, but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in spring and summer and then offer no obstruction to the horseman, but are commonly flooded with rain and so rendered impracticable for cavalry in the autumn, the time of year at which the action took place.

The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle whenever he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

If we turn to the map of the Old World, to test the comparative

territorial resources of the two states whose armies were now about to come into conflict, the immense preponderance of the material power of the Persian king over that of the Athenian republic is more striking than any similar contrast which history can supply. It has been truly remarked that, in estimating mere areas, Attica, containing on its whole surface only seven hundred square miles, shrinks into insignificance if compared with many a baronial fief of the Middle Ages, or many a colonial allotment of modern times. Its antagonist, the Persian empire, comprised the whole of modern Asiatic and much of modern European Turkey, the modern kingdom of Persia, and the countries of modern Georgia, Armenia, Balkh, the Punjaub, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Egypt, and Tripoli.

Nor could a European, in the beginning of the fifth century before our era, look upon this huge accumulation of power beneath the scepter of a single Asiatic ruler with the indifference with which we now observe on the map the extensive dominions of modern Oriental sovereigns: for, as has been already remarked, before Marathon was fought, the prestige of success and of supposed superiority of race was on the side of the Asiatic against the European. Asia was the original seat of human societies, and long before any trace can be found of the inhabitants of the rest of the world having emerged from the rudest barbarism, we can perceive that mighty and brilliant empires flourished in the Asiatic continent. They appear before us through the twilight of primeval history, dim and indistinct, but massive and majestic, like mountains in the early dawn.

Instead, however, of the infinite variety and restless change which has characterized the institutions and fortunes of European states ever since the commencement of the civilization of that continent, a monotonous uniformity pervades the histories of nearly all Oriental empires, from the most ancient down to the most recent times. They are characterized by the rapidity of their early conquests, by the immense extent of the dominions comprised in them, by the establishment of a satrap or pasha system of governing the provinces, by an invariable and speedy degeneracy in the princes of the royal house, the effeminate nurslings of the

seraglio succeeding to the warrior sovereigns reared in the camp, and by the internal anarchy and insurrections which indicate and accelerate the decline and fall of these unwieldy and ill-organized fabrics of power. It is also a striking fact that the governments of all the great Asiatic empires have in all ages been absolute despotisms. And Heeren is right in connecting this with another great fact, which is important from its influence both on the political and the social life of Asiatics. "Among all the considerable nations of Inner Asia, the paternal government of every household was corrupted by polygamy: where that custom exists, a good political constitution is impossible. Fathers, being converted into domestic despots, are ready to pay the same abject obedience to their sovereign which they exact from their family and dependents in their domestic economy." We should bear in mind, also, the inseparable connection between the state religion and all legislation which has always prevailed in the East, and the constant existence of a powerful sacerdotal body, exercising some check, though precarious and irregular, over the throne itself, grasping at all civil administration, claiming the supreme control of education, stereotyping the lines in which literature and science must move, and limiting the extent to which it shall be lawful for the human mind to prosecute its inquiries.

With these general characteristics rightly felt and understood it becomes a comparatively easy task to investigate and appreciate the origin, progress and principles of Oriental empires in general, as well as of the Persian monarchy in particular. And we are thus better enabled to appreciate the repulse which Greece gave to the arms of the East, and to judge of the probable consequences to human civilization, if the Persians had succeeded in bringing Europe under their yoke, as they had already subjugated the fairest portions of the rest of the then known world.

The Greeks, from their geographical position, formed the natural vanguard of European liberty against Persian ambition; and they pre-eminently displayed the salient points of distinctive national character which have rendered European civilization so far superior to Asiatic. The nations that dwelt in ancient times around and near the northern shores of the Mediterranean Sea were the

first in Europe to receive from the East the rudiments of art and literature, and the germs of social and political organizations. Of these nations the Greeks, through their vicinity to Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Egypt, were among the very foremost in acquiring the principles and habits of civilized life; and they also at once imparted a new and wholly original stamp on all which they received. Thus, in their religion, they received from foreign settlers the names of all their deities and many of their rites, but they discarded the loathsome monstrosities of the Nile, the Orontes, and the Ganges; they nationalized their creed; and their own poets created their beautiful mythology. No sacerdotal caste ever existed in Greece. So, in their governments, they lived long under hereditary kings, but never endured the permanent establishment of absolute monarchy. Their early kings were constitutional rulers, governing with defined prerogatives. And long before the Persian invasion, the kingly form of government had given way in almost all the Greek states to republican institutions, presenting infinite varieties of the blending or the alternate predominance of the oligarchical and democratical principles. In literature and science, the Greek intellect followed no beaten track, and acknowledged no limitary rules. The Greeks thought their subjects boldly out; and the novelty of a speculation invested it in their minds with interest, and not with criminality. Versatile, restless, enterprising, and self-confident, the Greeks presented the most striking contrast to the habitual quietude and submissiveness of the Orientals; and, of all the Greeks, the Athenians exhibited these national characteristics in the strongest degree. This spirit of activity and daring, joined to a generous sympathy for the fate of their fellow-Greeks in Asia, had led them to join in the last Ionian war, and now—mingling with their abhorrence of the usurping family of their own citizens, which for a period had forcibly seized on and exercised despotic power at Athens—nerved them to defy the wrath of King Darius, and to refuse to receive back at his bidding the tyrant whom they had some years before driven out.

The enterprise and genius of an Englishman have lately confirmed by fresh evidence, and invested with fresh interest, the might of the Persian monarch who sent his troops to combat at

Marathon. Inscriptions in a character termed the Arrow-headed or Cuneiform had long been known to exist on the marble monuments at Persepolis, near the site of the ancient Susa, and on the faces of rocks in other places formerly ruled over by the early Persian kings. But for thousands of years they had been mere unintelligible enigmas to the curious but baffled beholder; and they were often referred to as instances of the folly of human pride, which could indeed write its own praises in the solid rock, but only for the rock to outlive the language as well as the memory of the vainglorious inscribers. The elder Niebuhr, Grotefend, and Lassen, had made some guesses at the meaning of the Cuneiform letters; but Major Rawlinson, of the East India Company's service, after years of labor, has at last accomplished the glorious achievement of fully revealing the alphabet and the grammar of this long unknown tongue. He has, in particular, fully deciphered and expounded the inscription on the sacred rock of Behistun, on the western frontiers of Media. These records of the Achæmenidæ have at length found their interpreter; and Darius himself speaks to us from the consecrated mountain, and tells us the names of the nations that obeyed him, the revolts that he suppressed, his victories, his piety, and his glory.

Kings who thus seek the admiration of posterity are little likely to dim the record of their successes by the mention of their occasional defeats; and it throws no suspicion on the narrative of the Greek historians that we find these inscriptions silent respecting the overthrow of Datis and Artaphernes, as well as respecting the reverses which Darius sustained in person during his Scythian campaigns. But these indisputable monuments of Persian fame confirm and even increase the opinion with which Herodotus inspires us of the vast power which Cyrus founded and Cambyzes increased; which Darius augmented by Indian and Arabian conquests, and seemed likely, when he directed his arms against Europe, to make the predominant monarchy of the world.

With the exception of the Chinese empire, in which, throughout all ages down to the last few years, one-third of the human race has dwelt almost unconnected with the other portions, all the great kingdoms, which we know to have existed in ancient Asia,

were, in Darius's time, blended into the Persian. The northern Indians, the Assyrians, the Syrians, the Babylonians, the Chaldees, the Phœnicians, the nations of Palestine, the Armenians, the Bactrians, the Lydians, the Phrygians, the Parthians, and the Medes, all obeyed the scepter of the Great King: the Medes standing next to the native Persians in honor, and the empire being frequently spoken of as that of the Medes, or as that of the Medes and Persians. Egypt and Cyrene were Persian provinces; the Greek colonists in Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean were Darius's subjects; and their gallant but unsuccessful attempts to throw off the Persian yoke had only served to rivet it more strongly, and to increase the general belief that the Greeks could not stand before the Persians in a field of battle. Darius's Scythian war, though unsuccessful in its immediate object, had brought about the subjugation of Thrace and the submission of Macedonia. From the Indus to the Peneus all was his.

We may imagine the wrath with which the lord of so many nations must have heard, nine years before the battle of Marathon, that a strange nation toward the setting sun, called the Athenians, had dared to help his rebels in Ionia against him, and that they had plundered and burned the capital of one of his provinces. Before the burning of Sardis, Darius seems never to have heard of the existence of Athens; but his satraps in Asia Minor had for some time seen Athenian refugees at their provincial courts imploring assistance against their fellow-countrymen. When Hippias was driven away from Athens, and the tyrannic dynasty of the Pisistratidæ finally overthrown in 510 B.C., the banished tyrant and his adherents, after vainly seeking to be restored by Spartan intervention, had betaken themselves to Sardis, the capital city of the satrapy of Artaphernes. There Hippias (in the expressive words of Herodotus) began every kind of agitation, slandering the Athenians before Artaphernes, and doing all he could to induce the satrap to place Athens in subjection to him, as the tributary vassal of King Darius. When the Athenians heard of his practices, they sent envoys to Sardis to remonstrate with the Persians against taking up the quarrel of the Athenian refugees.

But Artaphernes gave them in reply a menacing command to

receive Hippias back again if they looked for safety. The Athenians were resolved not to purchase safety at such a price, and after rejecting the satrap's terms, they considered that they and the Persians were declared enemies. At this very crisis the Ionian Greeks implored the assistance of their European brethren, to enable them to recover their independence from Persia. Athens, and the city of Eretria in Eubœa, alone consented. Twenty Athenian galleys, and five Eretrian, crossed the Ægean Sea, and, by a bold and sudden march upon Sardis, the Athenians and their allies succeeded in capturing the capital city of the haughty satrap, who had recently menaced them with servitude or destruction. They were pursued, and defeated on their return to the coast, and Athens took no further part in the Ionian war; but the insult that she had put upon the Persian power was speedily made known throughout that empire, and was never to be forgiven or forgotten. In the emphatic simplicity of the narrative of Herodotus, the wrath of the Great King is thus described: "Now when it was told to King Darius that Sardis had been taken and burned by the Athenians and Ionians, he took small heed of the Ionians, well knowing who they were, and that their revolt would soon be put down; but he asked who, and what manner of men, the Athenians were. And when he had been told, he called for his bow; and, having taken it, and placed an arrow on the string, he let the arrow fly toward heaven; and as he shot it into the air, he said, 'Oh! supreme God, grant me that I may avenge myself on the Athenians.' And when he had said this, he appointed one of his servants to say to him every day as he sat at meat, 'Sire, remember the Athenians.'"

Some years were occupied in the complete reduction of Ionia. But when this was effected, Darius ordered his victorious forces to proceed to punish Athens and Eretria, and to conquer European Greece. The first armament sent for this purpose was shattered by shipwreck, and nearly destroyed off Mount Athos. But the purpose of King Darius was not easily shaken. A larger army was ordered to be collected in Cilicia, and requisitions were sent to all the maritime cities of the Persian empire for ships of war, and for transports of sufficient size for carrying cavalry as well as infantry across the Ægean. While these preparations were being

made, Darius sent heralds round to the Grecian cities demanding their submission to Persia. It was proclaimed in the market-place of each little Hellenic state (some with territories not larger than the Isle of Wight) that King Darius, the lord of all men, from the rising to the setting sun, required earth and water to be delivered to his heralds, as a symbolical acknowledgment that he was head and master of the country. Terror-stricken at the power of Persia and at the severe punishment that had recently been inflicted on the refractory Ionians, many of the continental Greeks and nearly all the islanders submitted, and gave the required tokens of vassalage. At Sparta and Athens an indignant refusal was returned—a refusal which was disgraced by outrage and violence against the persons of the Asiatic heralds.

Fresh fuel was thus added to the anger of Darius against Athens, and the Persian preparations went on with renewed vigor. In the summer of 490 B.C., the army destined for the invasion was assembled in the Aleian plain of Cilicia, near the sea. A fleet of six hundred galleys and numerous transports was collected on the coast for the embarkation of troops, horse as well as foot. A Median general named Datis, and Artaphernes, the son of the satrap of Sardis, and who was also nephew of Darius, were placed in titular joint command of the expedition. The real supreme authority was probably given to Datis alone, from the way in which the Greek writers speak of him. We know no details of the previous career of this officer; but there is every reason to believe that his abilities and bravery had been proved by experience, or his Median birth would have prevented his being placed in high command by Darius. He appears to have been the first Mede who was thus trusted by the Persian kings after the overthrow of the conspiracy of the Median magi against the Persians immediately before Darius obtained the throne. Datis received instructions to complete the subjugation of Greece, and especial orders were given him with regard to Eretria and Athens. He was to take these two cities, and he was to lead the inhabitants away captive, and bring them as slaves into the presence of the Great King.

Datis embarked his forces in the fleet that awaited them, and

coasting along the shores of Asia Minor till he was off Samos, he thence sailed due westward through the *Ægean* Sea for Greece, taking the islands in his way. The Naxians had, ten years before, successfully stood a siege against a Persian armament, but they now were too terrified to offer any resistance, and fled to the mountain tops, while the enemy burned their town and laid waste their lands. Thence Datis, compelling the Greek islanders to join him with their ships and men, sailed onward to the coast of Eubœa. The little town of Carystus essayed resistance, but was quickly overpowered. He next attacked Eretria. The Athenians sent four thousand men to its aid; but treachery was at work among the Eretrians; and the Athenian force received timely warning from one of the leading men of the city to retire to aid in saving their own country, instead of remaining to share in the inevitable destruction of Eretria. Left to themselves, the Eretrians repulsed the assaults of the Persians against their walls for six days; on the seventh they were betrayed by two of their chiefs, and the Persians occupied the city. The temples were burned in revenge for the firing of Sardis, and the inhabitants were bound, and placed as prisoners in the neighboring islet of *Ægilia*, to wait there till Datis should bring the Athenians to join them in captivity, when both populations were to be led into Upper Asia, there to learn their doom from the lips of King Darius himself.

Flushed with success, and with half his mission thus accomplished, Datis re-embarked his troops, and, crossing the little channel that separates Eubœa from the mainland, he encamped his troops on the Attic coast at Marathon, drawing up his galleys on the shelving beach, as was the custom with the navies of antiquity. The conquered islands behind him served as places of deposit for his provisions and military stores. His position at Marathon seemed to him in every respect advantageous, and the level nature of the ground on which he camped was favorable for the employment of his cavalry, if the Athenians should venture to engage him. Hippias, who accompanied him, and acted as the guide of the invaders, had pointed out Marathon as the best place for a landing, for this very reason. Probably Hippias was also influenced by the recollection that, forty-seven years previously, he, with his father Pisis-

tratus, had crossed with an army from Eretria to Marathon, and had won an easy victory over their Athenian enemies on that very plain, which had restored them to tyrannic power. The omen seemed cheering. * The place was the same, but Hippias soon learned to his cost how great a change had come over the spirit of the Athenians.

But though "the fierce democracy" of Athens was zealous and true against foreign invader and domestic tyrant, a faction existed in Athens, as at Eretria, who were willing to purchase a party triumph over their fellow-citizens at the price of their country's ruin. Communications were opened between these men and the Persian camp, which would have led to a catastrophe like that of Eretria, if Miltiades had not resolved and persuaded his colleagues to resolve on fighting at all hazards.

When Miltiades arrayed his men for action, he staked, on the arbitrament of one battle, not only the fate of Athens, but that of all Greece; for if Athens had fallen, no other Greek state, except Lacedæmon, would have had the courage to resist; and the Lacedæmonians, though they would probably have died in their ranks to the last man, never could have successfully resisted the victorious Persians and the numerous Greek troops which would have soon marched under the Persian satraps, had they prevailed over Athens.

Nor was there any power to the westward of Greece that could have offered an effectual opposition to Persia, had she once conquered Greece, and made that country a basis for future military operations. Rome was at this time in her season of utmost weakness. Her dynasty of powerful Etruscan kings had been driven out; and her infant commonwealth was reeling under the attacks of the Etruscans and Volscians from without, and the fierce dissensions between the patricians and plebeians within. Etruria, with her Lucumos and serfs, was no match for Persia. Samnium had not grown into the might which she afterward put forth; nor could the Greek colonies in South Italy and Sicily hope to conquer when their parent states had perished. Carthage had escaped the Persian yoke in the time of Cambyses, through the reluctance of the Phœnician mariners to serve against their kinsmen. But such for-

bearance could not long have been relied on, and the future rival of Rome would have become as submissive a minister of the Persian power as were the Phœnician cities themselves. If we turn to Spain, or if we pass the great mountain chain which, prolonged through the Pyrenees, the Cevennes, the Alps, and the Balkan, divides Northern from Southern Europe, we shall find nothing at that period but mere savage Finns, Celts, Slavs, and Teutons. Had Persia beaten Athens at Marathon, she could have found no obstacle to prevent Darius, the chosen servant of Ormuzd, from advancing his sway over all the known Western races of mankind. The infant energies of Europe would have been trodden out beneath universal conquest, and the history of the world, like the history of Asia, have become a mere record of the rise and fall of despotic dynasties, of the incursions of barbarous hordes, and of the mental and political prostration of millions beneath the diadem, the tiara, and the sword.

Great as the preponderance of the Persian over the Athenian power at that crisis seems to have been, it would be unjust to impute wild rashness to the policy of Miltiades and those who voted with him in the Athenian council of war, or to look on the after-current of events as the mere fortunate result of successful folly. As before has been remarked, Miltiades, while prince of the Chersonese, had seen service in the Persian armies; and he knew by personal observation how many elements of weakness lurked beneath their imposing aspect of strength. He knew that the bulk of their troops no longer consisted of the hardy shepherds and mountaineers from Persia proper and Kurdistan, who won Cyrus's battles; but that unwilling contingents from conquered nations now filled up the Persian muster-rolls, fighting more from compulsion than from any zeal in the cause of their masters. He had also the sagacity and the spirit to appreciate the superiority of the Greek armor and organization over the Asiatic, notwithstanding former reverses. Above all, he felt and worthily trusted the enthusiasm of those whom he led.

The Athenians whom he led had proved by their new-born valor in recent wars against the neighboring states that "liberty and equality of civic rights are brave spirit-stirring things, and they

who, while under the yoke of a despot, had been no better men of war than any of their neighbors, as soon as they were free became the foremost men of all; for each felt that, in fighting for a free commonwealth, he fought for himself, and whatever he took in hand he was zealous to do the work thoroughly." So the nearly contemporaneous historian describes the change of spirit that was seen in the Athenians after their tyrants were expelled; and Miltiades knew that in leading them against the invading army, where they had Hippias, the foe they most hated, before them, he was bringing into battle no ordinary men, and could calculate on no ordinary heroism. As for traitors, he was sure that, whatever treachery might lurk among some of the higher-born and wealthier Athenians, the rank and file whom he commanded were ready to do their utmost in his and their own cause. With regard to future attacks from Asia, he might reasonably hope that one victory would inspire all Greece to combine against the common foe; and that the latent seeds of revolt and disunion in the Persian empire would soon burst forth and paralyze its energies, so as to leave Greek independence secure.

With these hopes and risks, Miltiades, on the afternoon of a September day, 490 B.C., gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. There were many local associations connected with those mountain heights which were calculated powerfully to excite the spirits of the men, and of which the commanders well knew how to avail themselves in their exhortations to their troops before the encounter. Marathon itself was a region sacred to Hercules. Close to them was the fountain of Macaria, who had in days of yore devoted herself to death for the liberty of her people. The very plain on which they were to fight was the scene of the exploits of their national hero, Theseus; and there, too, as old legends told, the Athenians and the Heraclidæ had routed the invader, Eurystheus. These traditions were not mere cloudy myths or idle fictions, but matters of implicit earnest faith to the men of that day, and many a fervent prayer arose from the Athenian ranks to the heroic spirits who, while on earth, had striven and suffered on that very spot, and who were believed to be now heavenly powers, looking down with interest on their still be-

loved country, and capable of interposing with superhuman aid in its behalf.

According to old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility excited to the very utmost. The War-ruler, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Plataeans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the center. The line consisted of the heavy armed spear-men only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes, or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breast-plate, greaves and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his center, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying, if broken; and on strengthening his wings so as to insure advantage at those points; and he trusted to his own skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggle between the European and the Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought and its will consulted were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of

Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation, which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells us was afterward heard over the waves of Salamis: "On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country! strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives—for the shrines of your father's gods, and for the sepulchers of your sires. All—all are now staked upon the strife."

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercise of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form and maneuver against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," says Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general; they were familiarized with victory, and, in contemptuous confidence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of leveled spears, against which the light targets, the short lances and scimiters of the Orientals offered weak defense. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled

not, but strove by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the center, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meanwhile, the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them; and the Athenian and Plataean officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian center, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis's veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

But the Persians, with their slight wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage with their shorter and feebler weapons against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Plataean spearmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollection of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of twelve or ten, upon the projecting spears of

the Greeks, striving to force a lane into the phalanx, and to bring their scimiters and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight still more fiercely on.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia turned their backs and fled, and the Greeks followed, striking them down, to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave War-ruler Callimachus, the general Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired; but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find the city unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his maneuver. Leaving Aristides, and the troops of his tribe, to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

After the battle had been fought, but while the dead bodies were yet on the ground, the promised re-enforcement from Sparta arrived. Two thousand Lacedæmonian spearmen, starting immediately after the full moon, had marched the hundred and fifty miles between Athens and Sparta in the wonderfully short time of three days. Though too late to share in the glory of the action, they requested to be allowed to march to the battlefield to behold the Medes. They proceeded thither, gazed on the dead bodies of

the invaders, and then, praising the Athenians and what they had done, they returned to Lacedæmon.

The number of the Persian dead was 6,400; of the Athenians, 192. The number of the Plataeans who fell is not mentioned; but, as they fought in the part of the army which was not broken, it cannot have been large.

The apparent disproportion between the losses of the two armies is not surprising when we remember the armor of the Greek spearmen, and the impossibility of heavy slaughter being inflicted by sword or lance on troops so armed, as long as they kept firm in their ranks.

The Athenian slain were buried on the field of battle. This was contrary to the usual custom, according to which the bones of all who fell fighting for their country in each year were deposited in a public sepulcher in the suburb of Athens called the Cerameicus. But it was felt that a distinction ought to be made in the funeral honors paid to the men of Marathon, even as their merit had been distinguished over that of all other Athenians. A lofty mound was raised on the plain of Marathon, beneath which the remains of the men of Athens who fell in the battle were deposited. Ten columns were erected on the spot, one for each of the Athenian tribes: and on the monumental column of each tribe were graven the names of those of its members whose glory it was to have fallen in the great battle of liberation. The antiquarian Pausanias read those names there six hundred years after the time when they were first graven. The columns have long perished, but the mound still marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity repose.

A separate tumulus was raised over the bodies of the slain Plataeans, and another over the light-armed slaves who had taken part and had fallen in the battle. There was also a separate funeral monument to the general to whose genius the victory was mainly due. Miltiades did not live long after his achievement at Marathon, but he lived long enough to experience a lamentable reverse of his popularity and success. As soon as the Persians had quitted the western coasts of the Ægean, he proposed to an assembly of the Athenian people that they should fit out seventy galleys,

with a proportionate force of soldiers and military stores, and place it at his disposal; not telling them whither he meant to lead it, but promising them that if they would equip the force he asked for, and give him discretionary powers, he would lead it to a land where there was gold in abundance to be won with ease. The Greeks of that time believed in the existence of Eastern realms teeming with gold, as firmly as the Europeans of the sixteenth century believed in El Dorado of the West. The Athenians probably thought that the recent victor of Marathon, and former officer of Darius, was about to lead them on a secret expedition against some wealthy and unprotected cities of treasure in the Persian dominions. The armament was voted and equipped, and sailed eastward from Attica, no one but Miltiades knowing its destination until the Greek isle of Paros was reached, when his true object appeared. In former years, while connected with the Persians as prince of the Chersonese, Miltiades had been involved in a quarrel with one of the leading men among the Parians, who had injured his credit and caused some slights to be put upon him at the court of the Persian satrap Hydarnes. The feud had ever since rankled in the heart of the Athenian chief, and he now attacked Paros for the sake of avenging himself on his ancient enemy. His pretext, as general of the Athenians, was, that the Parians had aided the armament of Datis with a war-galley. The Parians pretended to treat about terms of surrender, but used the time which they thus gained in repairing the defective parts of the fortifications of their city, and they then set the Athenians at defiance. So far, says Herodotus, the accounts of all the Greeks agree. But the Parians in after years told also a wild legend, how a captive priestess of a Parian temple of the Deities of the Earth promised Miltiades to give him the means of capturing Paros; how, at her bidding, the Athenian general went alone at night and forced his way into a holy shrine, near the city gate, but with what purpose it was not known; how a supernatural awe came over him, and in his flight he fell and fractured his leg; how an oracle afterward forbade the Parians to punish the sacrilegious and traitorous priestess, "because it was fated that Miltiades should come to an ill end, and she was only the instrument to lead him to evil." Such was the tale that He-

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rodotus heard at Paros. Certain it was that Miltiades either dislocated or broke his leg during an unsuccessful siege of the city, and returned home in evil plight with his baffled and defeated forces.

The indignation of the Athenians was proportionate to the hope and excitement which his promises had raised. Xanthippas, the head of one of the first families in Athens, indicted him before the supreme popular tribunal for the capital offense of having deceived the people. His guilt was undeniable, and the Athenians passed their verdict accordingly. But the recollections of Lemnos and Marathon, and the sight of the fallen general, who lay stretched on a couch before them, pleaded successfully in mitigation of punishment, and the sentence was commuted from death to a fine of fifty talents. This was paid by his son, the afterward illustrious Cimon, Miltiades dying, soon after the trial, of the injury which he had received at Paros.

The melancholy end of Miltiades, after his elevation to such a height of power and glory, must often have been recalled to the minds of the ancient Greeks by the sight of one in particular of the memorials of the great battle which he won. This was the remarkable statue (minutely described by Pausanias) which the Athenians, in the time of Pericles, caused to be hewn out of a huge block of marble, which, it was believed, had been provided by Datis, to form a trophy of the anticipated victory of the Persians. Phidias fashioned out of this a colossal image of the goddess Nemesis, the deity whose peculiar function was to visit the exuberant prosperity both of nations and individuals with sudden and awful reverses. This statue was placed in a temple of the goddess at Rhamnus, about eight miles from Marathon. Athens itself contained numerous memorials of her primary great victory. Pannus, the cousin of Phidias, represented it in fresco on the walls of the painted porch; and, centuries afterward, the figures of Miltiades and Callimachus at the head of the Athenians were conspicuous in the fresco. The tutelary deities were exhibited taking part in the fray. In the background were seen the Phœnician galleys, and, nearer to the spectator, the Athenians and the Plataeans (distinguished by their leather helmets) were chasing routed Asiatics into the marshes and the sea. The battle was sculptured also

on the Temple of Victory in the Acropolis, and even now there may be traced on the frieze the figures of the Persian combatants with their lunar shields, their bows and quivers, their curved scimiters, their loose trousers and Phrygian tiaras.

These and other memorials of Marathon were the produce of the meridian age of Athenian intellectual splendor, of the age of Phidias and Pericles; for it was not merely by the generation whom the battle liberated from Hippias and the Medes that the transcendent importance of their victory was gratefully recognized. Through the whole epoch of her prosperity, through the long Olympiads of her decay, through centuries after her fall, Athens looked back on the day of Marathon as the brightest of her national existence.

By a natural blending of patriotic pride with grateful piety, the very spirits of the Athenians who fell at Marathon were deified by their countrymen. The inhabitants of the district of Marathon paid religious rites to them, and orators solemnly invoked them in their most impassioned adjurations before the assembled men of Athens. "Nothing was omitted that could keep alive the remembrance of a deed which had first taught the Athenian people to know its own strength, by measuring it with the power which had subdued the greater part of the known world. The consciousness thus awakened fixed its character, its station, and its destiny; it was the spring of its later great actions and ambitious enterprises."

It was not indeed by one defeat, however signal, that the pride of Persia could be broken, and her dreams of universal empire dispelled. Ten years afterward she renewed her attempts upon Europe on a grander scale of enterprise, and was repulsed by Greece with greater and reiterated loss. Larger forces and heavier slaughter than had been seen at Marathon signalized the conflicts of Greeks and Persians at Artemisium, Salamis, Plataea, and the Eurymedon. But, mighty and momentous as these battles were, they rank not with Marathon in importance. They originated no new impulse. They turned back no current of fate. They were merely confirmatory of the already existing bias which Marathon had created. The day of Marathon is the critical epoch in the history of the two nations. It broke forever the spell of Persian

invincibility, which had previously paralyzed men's minds. It generated among the Greeks the spirit which beat back Xerxes, and afterward led on Xenophon, Agesilaus, and Alexander, in terrible retaliation, through their Asiatic campaigns. It secured for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, the growth of free institutions, the liberal enlightenment of the Western world, and the gradual ascendancy for many ages of the great principles of European civilization.

CHAPTER II

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS

LEONIDAS AT THERMOPYLÆ—XERXES' INVASION AND FLIGHT

480 B. C.

THE disaster at Marathon, Xerxes, the son of Darius, determined to retrieve. It was his design to overwhelm the Greeks by vast masses poured into their country by land, while a fleet much larger than the former one should support them by sea. When at last the great force set out it was like a stream gathering impetus with progression. After passing from Asia into Europe, Doriskos was reached. Here on a wide plain Xerxes numbered his army by bringing a myriad of men into the smallest possible space and round this raising an inclosure into which other myriads were successively brought, until the infantry alone were found to number one million seven hundred thousand men. In such vast round numbers has the tradition of this mighty armament come down to us. We should have scarcely more reason to wonder if we were told that it numbered seventeen million; but it is at first sight surprising to be told that the number of the Persian ships was not five hundred or one hundred, but one thousand two hundred and seven. We find the enumeration, however, not only in Herodotus, but in the great drama of the Persians by

Æschylus; and the familiarity of Herodotus with that drama will probably be not generally questioned. But there is little doubt or none that Æschylus believed or asserted the number of the Persian ships to be not one thousand two hundred and seven, but precisely, as we should expect, one thousand. He adds indeed that the number of ships noted for swift sailing amounted to two hundred and seven; but he certainly does not say that these two hundred and seven were to be added to the grand total of one thousand. Even thus, however, the simple enumeration of the total by Æschylus stands on a very different footing from the list of factors which in Herodotus are made to yield the same result. With the exception of the seventeen ships which the Ægean islanders are said to have contributed, not a single uneven number is to be found among them. The Phœnicians furnish three hundred, the Egyptians two hundred, the Cilicians one hundred, the cities along the shores of the Euxine one hundred, the Pamphylians thirty, the Lycians fifty, the Cyprians one hundred and fifty, the Carians seventy. But if the grand total, as given by Æschylus, was well known to Athenians generally, there is nothing to surprise us in the fact that some one who misunderstood the lines in which he sums up the numbers made out the several factors which were to yield the desired result, and that Herodotus accepted these factors as historical. It is, however, quite possible that a spurious or forged list may contain factors which are accurately given; nor need we hesitate to say that the contingents of the Persian fleet which would be best known to the Western Greeks would be those of their Asiatic kinsfolk, together with the ships furnished by the islanders. The greatest stress must therefore be laid on the fact that the number of ships supplied by these Eastern Greeks, together with the islanders, amounts to precisely the two hundred and seven which Æschylus gives as the number of fast-sailing ships in the service of Xerxes—the Ionians contributing one hundred ships, the Eolians sixty, the Dorians thirty, the islanders seventeen. These ships would probably be the only vessels of which Æschylus would even pretend to have any personal knowledge; and his statement seems to lead us to the conclusion that this historical factor was merged in the artificial total of one thousand, while a certain

Hellenic pride may be traced in the implied fact that the Greek ships in the Persian fleet far surpassed in swiftness the vessels even of the Phœnicians. But although in these two hundred and seven ships we have a number undoubtedly historical, it is most remarkable that the one thousand vessels of which they formed a part make up in the drama of *Æschylus* the Persian fleet which fought at Salamis, whereas, according to Herodotus, this was the number which Xerxes reviewed with his land forces at Dōriskos. In the interval the Persians, as Herodotus affirms, lost six hundred and forty-seven ships, and gained only one hundred and twenty; and thus we see that the grand total in either case was suggested by Eastern ideas of completeness. When, then, we are informed that Xerxes led as far as Thermopylæ five million two hundred and eighty thousand men, besides a vast throng of women, we take the statement simply as evidence that the Persian host left everywhere by its size an impression of irresistible force. The great historian Thucydides confesses that he could not learn the exact number of the few thousand men engaged in the battle of Mantinia, of which he was probably himself an eye-witness: it would be strange indeed, therefore, if we had a trustworthy census of the Persian hordes at Doriskos.

But, in truth, Herodotus, although convinced that in speaking of these millions he was speaking of a historical fact, had an object in view of a higher and more solemn kind, which he sets forth in a singularly characteristic narrative. When, after the great review, Xerxes sent for Demaratus and asked him if he thought that the Greeks would dare to resist him, the Spartan exile replied by asking whether the king wished to hear pleasant things or only the truth. Receiving a pledge that no harm should befall him, he went on to tell him that the Greeks owed the courage by which they kept off both poverty and tyranny to their wisdom and to strength of law, and that, even if no count were taken of the rest, the Spartans would fight him to the last, even though they might not be able to muster a thousand men. "What?" said Xerxes laughing, "will a thousand men fight my great army? Tell me now, thou wast once their king, wilt thou fight straightway with ten men? Come, let us reason upon it. How could a myriad, or

five myriads, who are all free, and not ruled by one man, withstand so great a host? Being driven by the scourge they might perhaps go against a multitude larger than their own; but now, left to their freedom, they will do none of these things. Nay, even if their numbers were equal to ours, I doubt if they could withstand us, for among my spearbearers are some who will fight three Greeks at once; thus in thine ignorance thou speakest foolishly." In plainspoken and simple style Demaratus expressed his consciousness that the truth was not likely to be palatable, and reminded him how little he was likely to exaggerate the virtues of men who had robbed him of his honors and dignity, and driven him to a strange land. "I say not indeed that I am able to fight with ten men or with two, nor of my own will would I fight with one. So, too, the Spartans one by one are much like other men; but taken together they are the strongest of all men, for, though they are free, they are not without a lord. Law is their master, whom they fear much more than thy people fear thee. Whatever law commands, that they do; and it commands always the same thing, charging them never to fly from any enemy, but to remain in their ranks and to conquer or die." The value of this conversation lies wholly in the truth of the lesson which it teaches; and this lesson enforces the contrast between the principle of fear and the principle of voluntary obedience. It is profoundly true that brute force driven by the lash cannot be trusted in a conflict with minds moved by a deep moral impulse. The tyranny of few men has equaled that of Napoleon Bonaparte; but Bonaparte knew perfectly well that mere numbers and weapons were of little use, unless his soldiers could be stirred by a fierce enthusiasm. Not a little of his power lay in his ingenious use of claptrap to stir up this enthusiasm; and the point of the conversation between Xerxes and Demaratus is that to such a height even as this—the standard of mere deception—it was impossible for a Persian despot to rise. Nay, Cyrus, if not Darius, might have reminded Xerxes that the foundations of the Persian empire were not laid by men driven to battle by the scourge. He was making the confusion which Eastern kings are apt to make, between the force of hardy warriors urged on by the impulse of conquest, and the force of multitudes,

whose object is to do as little work, and to do it as badly, as they can.

Of the land march of the Persians from Doriskos it is almost enough to say that the army passed through the several places which lay naturally in its path. With little annoyance, except from some clans of Thracian mountaineers, it reached the city of Eion, on the Strymon, then governed by the Persian Boges whom Megabazos had probably left in charge of it. The Strymon was bridged over for their passage; but Xerxes could not leave the spot called Ennea Hodoi (the Nine Roads), the site of the future Amphipolis, without burying alive for luck's sake nine boys and nine girls taken from the people of the country. At length, after journeying on through the lands watered by the Echedorus, the army halted on the ground stretching from Therme to the banks of the Haliacmon. From Therme, as he looked westward and southward, the eyes of Xerxes rested on that magnificent chain of mountains which rises to a head in the crests of Olympus and Ossa, and, leaving between these two hills the defile through which the Penius flows out into the sea, stretches under the name of Pelion along the coast which was soon to make him feel the wrath of the invisible gods. Here, gazing in wonder at the mighty walls of rock which rose on either side, he is said to have asked whether it were possible to treat the Penius as Cyrus had treated the Gyndes. Among the tribes who stooped to give him earth and water, the Aleuad chieftains of Thessaly had been the most prominent and zealous. From these the question of Xerxes drew out the fact that they lived in a mere basin where the stoppage of the one outlet of its streams would make the whole land sea, and destroy every soul within its mountain barriers. Xerxes was not slow, we are told, in appreciating the true meaning of Thessalian ardor. People who live in a country which can be taken without trouble do wisely, he said, in allying themselves betimes with the invader.

Returning from the pass of Tempe, Xerxes was obliged to remain for some time at Therme, while his pioneers were cutting a path across the densely wooded hills; and from Therme, eleven days after his own departure with the land army for Gonnos, the fleet sailed in a single day to the Magnesian coast under Pelion,

there to feel in a few hours the wrath of the wind-god Boreas. Thus far the enterprise had been carried on, it is said, with unbroken good fortune; but we shall see presently in the narrative of his retreat signs which seem to show that the statement is, to say the least, questionable.

In Western Greece the course of events had been for some time determining the parts which Athens and Sparta were severally to play in the coming struggle. The long and uninteresting feud or war between Athens and Egina had at least one good result in fixing the attention of the Athenians rather on their fleet than on their army. The quarrel was concerned with the old strife between the oligarchic nobles and the Demos or people, of whom nearly seven hundred were murdered by the former, who in their turn were defeated by an Athenian force. By sea the Eginetan oligarchs were more fortunate. The Athenian fleet, being surprised in a state of disorder, lost four ships with their crews. This rebuff could not fail to bring home to the Athenians the lesson which, from the very beginning of his career, Themistocles had been straining every nerve to teach them. The change of policy on which, in order to develop the Athenian navy, he was led to insist, imbibited the antagonism which had already placed a gulf between himself and Aristides; and the political opposition of these two men involved so much danger to the state that Aristides himself, it is said, confessed that, if the Athenians were wise, they would put an end to their rivalry by throwing both into the Barathron. The Demos, so far taking the same view, sent him into exile by a vote of ostracism. This vote affirmed the adoption of the new policy in preference to the old conservative theory which regarded the navy as the seed-bed of novelty and change; and Themistocles would not fail to strengthen this resolution by dwelling on the certainty of a fresh effort on the part of the Persian king to carry out the design on which, as they knew, his father Darius had set his heart, and by assuring them not only that the power of the Persian empire was to be directed chiefly against themselves, but that it was as necessary to be prepared against the formidable Phœnician fleet as against any armies which might assail them by land. It was a happy thing both for Themistocles and for Athens

that the proposed expedition of Darius was delayed first by the revolt of Egypt, then by his death, and lastly by the long time which Xerxes allowed to pass before he left Sousa. Meanwhile the internal resources of Athens were being enormously increased by the proceeds of the silver mines of Laurion. During the military despotism of the Pisistratidæ the wealth of these mines had been used scantily or not at all; but the impulse given to enterprise by the constitutional reforms of Clisthenes had already been rewarded by a harvest of silver sufficient to furnish ten drachmas for every Athenian citizen. This petty personal profit Themistocles induced them to forego; and by his advice this sum of perhaps three hundred thousand drachmas was devoted to the building of two hundred ships to be employed nominally in that war with Egina which, in the forcible words of Herodotus, was nothing less than the salvation of Greece.

It can scarcely be said that the patriotic resolution of the Athenians was shared by the other Greek states. Some among them, it is true, began to see that they were not acting wisely by wasting their years in perpetual warfare or feud; and in a congress held at the Isthmus of Corinth they admitted the paramount need of making up existing quarrels in presence of a common danger. But although the men of Egina were thus constrained to lay aside for a time their quarrel with the Athenians, the Hellenic character was not changed. Of all the Greek cities the greater number were taking the part of the Persians, or, as it was phrased, Medizing, while those who refused to submit dreaded the very thought of a conflict with the Phœnician fleet. In this season of supreme depression the great impulse to hope and vigorous action came from Athens. It is the emphatic judgment of Herodotus that if the Athenians had Medized it would have been impossible to withstand the king by sea, while the Spartans would have been left to carry on an unavailing contest by land. Hence the Athenians are with him pre-eminently the saviors of Hellas; and his assertion has all the more value, because he declares that it was forced from him by a strong conviction of its truth, although he knew that in many quarters it would give great offense.

For the present the general aspect of things was gloomy enough.

The three men sent by the congress at Corinth to spy out the army of Xerxes at Sardis had returned with a report which we might suppose would be superfluous. All Asia, it is said, had for years resounded with the din of preparation; and the inhabitants of the Greek towns along the line of march could furnish accurate accounts of the quantities of corn laid up in their magazines. The three spies were caught, but Xerxes had them led round his camp and sent away unhurt; and their story came in to heighten the superstitious terrors inspired by signs and omens of approaching disaster. On entering the shrine at Delphi, the Athenian messengers were greeted with a pitiless response.

O wretched people, why sit ye still? Leave your homes and your strongholds, and flee away.
Head and body, feet and hands, nothing is sound, but all is wretched;
For fire and war, hastening hither on a Syrian chariot, will presently make it low.
Other strong places shall they destroy, not yours only,
And many temples of the undying gods shall they give to the flame.
Down their walls the big drops are streaming, as they tremble for fear;
But go ye from my holy place, and brace up your hearts for the evil.

Dismayed by these fearful warnings, the messengers received a glimmer of comfort from a Delphian, who bade them take olive-branches and try the god once more. To their prayer for a more merciful answer they added that, if it were not given, they would stay there till they died. Their entreaty was rewarded with these mysterious utterances:

Pallas cannot prevail with Zeus who lives on Olympus, though she has besought him with many prayers,
And his word which I now tell you is firmly fixed as a rock.
For thus saith Zeus that, when all else within the land of Cecrops is wasted, the wooden wall alone shall not be taken; and this shall help you and your children.
But wait not until the horsemen come and the footmen; turn your backs upon them now, and one day ye shall meet them.
And thou, divine Salamis, shalt destroy those that are born of women, when the seed-time comes or the harvest.

These words the messengers on their return to Athens read before the people. The very ease with which they were made to coincide

with the policy of Themistocles points to the influence which called them forth. The mind of the great statesman had been long made up that Athens should become a maritime power; and his whole career supplies evidence that he would adopt without scruple whatever measures might be needed to carry out his purpose. Thus, when the answer was read out, he could at once come forward and say, "Athenians, the soothsayers, who bid you leave your country and seek another elsewhere, are wrong; and so are the old men who bid you stay at home and guard the Acropolis, as though the god were speaking of this when he speaks of the wooden wall, because long ago there was a thorn hedge around it. This will not help you; and they are all leading you astray when they say that you must be beaten in a sea-fight at Salamis, and that this is meant by the words in which Salamis is called the destroyer of the children of women. The words do not mean this. If they had been spoken of us, the priestess would certainly have said 'Salamis the wretched,' not 'Salamis the divine.' They are spoken not of us, but of our enemies. Arm then for the fight at sea, for the fleet is your wooden wall." When we remember the means by which the responses were produced which bade Cleomenes drive the Pisistratidæ from Athens, we can scarcely suppose that Themistocles would fail to make use of an instrument so well fitted to further his designs. That to the grounds of encouragement thus obtained from Delphi he added the expression of his own conviction that Athens must conquer if she confined herself to her own proper path, is certain from the results which he brought about. It was only the mental condition of his time which threw into the background arguments better suited for a later generation.

But although by adopting the policy of Themistocles Athens insured her ultimate supremacy, the time was not yet come for its general recognition. The allies assembled in the congress at the Corinthian isthmus declared bluntly that they would rather withdraw from the confederacy than submit to any rule except that of Sparta; and with genuine patriotism the Athenians at once waived a claim on which they might fairly have insisted. They alone were ready to see their families exiled, their lands ravaged, and their city burned rather than suffer the ill-cemented mass of Hel-

lenic society to fall utterly to pieces. From Argos and from Bœotia generally they had nothing to hope. The Argives, sprung from the hero Perseus, professed to regard the Persians as their kinsfolk, and insisted on remaining neutral in the contest, while the Bœotian chiefs, keeping down a discontented population, committed themselves to an anti-Hellenic policy and clung to it with a desperate zeal. The Corcyreans met the messengers from the congress with assurances of ready help; but the sixty ships which they sent were under officers who were charged to linger on their voyage. They acted from the belief that the Greeks must inevitably be overwhelmed, and in this case they were to claim credit with Xerxes for not exerting against him a force which might have turned the scale the other way. If the Greeks should be the victors, they were to express their regret that adverse winds had baffled all their efforts to double the southern promontories of the Peloponnesus. The messengers sent to Gelon, the despot of Syracuse, met with not much better success. To their warning that if he failed to help his eastern kinsfolk he would leave the way open for the absorption of Sicily into the Persian empire, he replied by an indignant condemnation of their selfishness in refusing to help him when he was hard pressed by the Carthaginians. Still he promised to send them a vast force and to meet practically the whole expenses of the war, if they would recognize him as chief and leader of the Greeks against the barbarians. This was more than the Spartan envoy could endure. "In very deed," he cried, "would Agamemnon mourn, if he were to hear that the Spartans had been robbed of their honor by the Syracusans. Dream not that we shall ever yield it to you." But Gelon was not to be put down by high words. "Spartan friend," he answered, "abuse commonly makes a man angry; but I will not repay insults in kind. So far will I yield, that if ye rule by sea I will rule by land, and if ye rule by land, then I must rule on the sea." But here the Athenian envoy broke in with a protest that, although his countrymen were ready to follow Spartan leadership on land, they would give place to none on the sea; and Gelon closed the debate by telling them that they seemed likely to have many leaders, but few to be led, and by bidding them go back and tell the Greeks that the springtime had been taken out

of the year. But Herodotus, while he seems to give credit to this story, candidly admits that there were other versions of the tale, and that the genuine Sicilian tradition represented Gelon as prevented from aiding the Greeks not by Spartan claims to supremacy, but by the attack of a Carthaginian army under Hamilcar equal in number to the unwieldy force of the Persian king. As therefore he could not help them with men, this version speaks of him as sending in their stead a sum of money for their use to Delphi.

Amid all these discouragements, the Greeks, who were not disposed to Medize, fully felt the paramount need of guarding the entrances into the country, and thus of placing all possible hinderances in the invader's path. The first and apparently the most important of those passes was that of Tempe; and the wisdom of guarding this defile seemed to be proved by the eagerness with which this measure was urged by the Thessalian people. Along this pass for five miles a road is carried, nowhere more than twenty and in some parts not more than thirteen feet in width; and when it was occupied by Themistocles with a force of ten thousand hoplites or heavy-armed soldiers, it might have been thought that the progress of the barbarians was effectually barred. But they were soon reminded that a way lay open to the west by the Perrhebian town of Gonnes, and that they might thus be themselves taken in the rear and starved into submission. They were compelled therefore to abandon the pass; and the Thessalians, now left, as they had warned Themistocles that in this case they must be left, to the absolute dictation of their chiefs, became, perhaps from a natural feeling of irritation at the conduct of their allies, zealous partisans of the Persian king. But the resolution to retreat from Tempe was accompanied by a determination to fall back on Thermopylae, while the fleet should take up its station off Artemision or the northernmost coast of Eubœa, facing the Malian gulf.

The accumulation of mud at the mouth of the Sperchios has so changed the form of the Malian gulf since the time of Herodotus that some of the most material features in his description no longer apply to this memorable pass. The mouth of the Sperchios, which then flowed into the sea about five miles to the west of the pass, is now shifted to a distance nearly four miles to the east of it. We

look, therefore, in vain for the narrow space where the ridge of Eta, bearing here the name Anopea, came down above the town of Anthela so close to the water as to leave room for nothing more than a cart-track. Between this point (at a distance of perhaps a mile and a half to the east) and the first Locrian hamlet Alpenoi, another spur of the mountain locked in the wider space within which the army of Leonidas took up its post, but which, for all practical purposes, was as narrow as the passes at either extremity known as the Gates or Hot Gates, Pylæ or Thermopylæ. This narrow road was hemmed in by the precipitous mountain on the one side and on the other by the marshes produced by the hot springs which, under the name of Chytroi, or the Pans, formed a resort for bathers. To render the passage still more difficult than nature had made it, the Phocians had led the mineral waters almost over the whole of it, and had also built across it, near the western entrance, a wall with strong gates. Much of this work had fallen from age; but it was now repaired, and behind it the Greek army determined to await the attack of the invaders. Here, about the summer solstice, was assembled a force not exceeding, it would seem, at the utmost eight thousand or ten thousand men, under the Spartan Leonidas, who, having to his surprise succeeded to the kingly office, had, as Spartan custom permitted, married Gorgo, the daughter of his brother Cleomenes. Three hundred picked hoplites, or heavy-armed citizens, attended him on this his first and last expedition as king, and with these were ranged the contingents from the Arcadian Tegea, Mantinia, and Orchomenus, from Corinth, Phlius, and Mycenæ, from the Phocians and the Locrians of Opous, together with seven hundred Thespians, and, lastly, five hundred Thebans, taken as hostages for the fidelity of their city to the Greek cause.

The narrative of the events which took place in this formidable pass has been distorted, partly by the variations which the oral tradition of nearly half a century is sure to introduce into any story, but much more from the desire to glorify or stigmatize the citizens of particular towns. In some respects the true account has been so far overlaid as to be beyond recovery; but significant indications remain to show that the conflict in Thermopylæ was

more equal and the defeat of the Greeks far more serious than the story told by Herodotus would lead us to imagine. The great object of the narrators was to extol the heroism of Leonidas and his Spartan followers, just as at Salamis the chief credit of the victory was given to the Athenians; and this heroism would be brought out into the clearest light by representing these three hundred as sustaining not without some success the onset of three million. But the wild exaggeration of the Persian numbers is made manifest by the fact that the Greeks regarded a force of eight thousand or ten thousand men as sufficient to maintain the pass until the main body of their troops could be brought up; nor can we take the statement that one Athenian citizen was present there as anything more than a sign that there were many more. They had dispatched Themistocles with a large force to occupy the pass of Tempe; and it is to the last degree unlikely that they would make no effort to defend the still more important pass at Thermopylæ, or that the allies should fail to reproach them if they refused to discharge this duty.

While the Spartans were here awaiting the approach of their enemies by land, the Persian fleet underwent a terrible disaster on the narrow strip of Magnesian coast, which it reached on the eleventh day after the departure of Xerxes from Therme. Here, beneath the everlasting hills, the Divine Nemesis, or Retributive Justice, was to lay its hand on the overweening power of Xerxes. Bidden by the Delphian oracle to pray to the winds as their best allies, the Athenians invoked the aid of their kinsman Boreas (the northern blast), who had married Orithyia, the daughter of their king Erechtheus, and after the great storm they raised a temple in his honor on the banks of the River Ilissus. Fearing no danger, the Persian commanders moored on the beach those ships which came first, while the rest lay beyond them at anchor, ranged in rows eight deep facing the sea. At daybreak the air was clear and the sea still; but the breeze, called in these regions the wind of the Hellespont, soon rose, and gathered to a storm. Those who had time drew their ships up on the shore: but all the vessels which were out at sea were torn from their anchors and dashed upon the Ovens of Pelion and all along the beach as far as Castha-

nea. For four days the storm raged furiously. The shore was strewn with costly treasures of Eastern art and luxury; and the goblets of silver and gold gathered by the fortunate owner of this bleak domain made him a man of enormous wealth. Meanwhile the Greeks, who on the approach of the Persian fleet had retreated to the Euripus, heard, on the second day of the storm, how the Persians were faring at sea, and, plucking up courage, sailed back through the comparatively smooth waters of the Eubœan Sea to Artemisium. Their enemies, however, were not so much crippled as the Greeks had hoped to find them. When the storm abated, their ships, drawn down from the shore, sailed to Aphetæ, at the entrance of the Pagasean gulf, and took up their position precisely opposite to the Greek fleet at Artemisium. Some hours later, a Persian squadron, mistaking the Greek fleet for their own, sailed straight into the trap and were captured. From the prisoners, among whom was the satrap Sandoces, the Greeks obtained useful information of the movements and plans of the Persian king.

Xerxes, in the meanwhile, had advanced through Thessaly, and encamped in the Malian Trachis, distant a few miles only from the ground occupied by the defenders of the pass. Here, as we are told in the exquisitely beautiful narrative of Herodotus, the Persian king sent a horseman on to see what the Greeks might be doing. To the west of the old Phocian wall, the messenger saw the Spartans with their arms piled, while some were wrestling and others combing their hair. His report seemed to convict them of mere folly; but Demaratus assured him that the combing of their hair was a sign that the Spartans were preparing to face a mortal danger. "How can so few men ever fight with my great army?" asked the king; and for four days he waited, thinking that they must run away. At last he ordered his army to advance; but their efforts were vain. Troop after troop was hurled back, until the Immortals were bidden to carry the pass. But their spears were shorter than those of the Greeks; linen tunics were of little use in an encounter with iron-clad men; and mere numbers were a hindrance in the narrow pass. Pretending to fly, the Spartans drew the barbarians on, and then, turning round, cut them down without mercy. Thrice the king leaped from his throne in terror dur-

ing that terrible fight: but on the following day he renewed the onset, thinking that the enemy must be too tired to fight. The Greeks were all drawn out in battle array, except the Phocians, who had been detached to guard the path which led over the ridge Anopea. The scenes of the day before were repeated, and Xerxes was well-nigh at his wits' end when a Malian named Ephialtes told him of the mountain pathway. Having received the king's orders, Hydarnes set out from the camp as the daylight died away; and all night long with his men he followed the path, the mountains of Eta rising on the right hand and the hills of Trachis on the left. The day was dawning with the deep stillness which marks early morning in Greece when they reached the peak where the thousand Phocians were on guard. These knew nothing of the approach of the enemy while they were climbing the hill, which was covered with oak-trees; but they knew what had happened as soon as the Persians drew near to the summit. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and they heard the trampling of their feet as they trod on the fallen leaves. The barbarians were on them before they could well put on their arms. Dismayed at first, for he had not expected any resistance, Hydarnes drew out his men for battle; and the Phocians, covered with a shower of arrows, fell back from the path to the highest ground, and then made ready to fight and die. But the Persians had come with no notion of attacking them, and without taking further notice they hastened down the mountain. In the Greek camp the tidings that Hydarnes was at hand were received with mingled feelings. Among the Spartans they excited no surprise, for the soothsayer Megistias had told them the day before that on the morrow they must die. In some of the allies they created an unreasoning terror; and Leonidas, wishing that the Spartans might have all the glory, resolved on sending all away. The Thebans and Thespians alone remained, the former because Leonidas insisted on keeping them as pledges for their countrymen, the latter because they would not save their lives by treachery to the cause to which they had devoted themselves. When the sun rose, Xerxes poured out wine to the god, and, by the bidding of Ephialtes, tarried till the time of the filling of the market (about 9 A.M.). The battle, which began when the

signal was given for onset, was marked by fearful slaughter on the side of the barbarians, who were driven on with scourges and blows. Many fell into the sea and were drowned; many more were trampled down alive by one another. At length, overborne by sheer weight of numbers, Leonidas with other Spartans fell, fighting nobly; and a desperate conflict was maintained over his body, until Hydarnes came up with his men. Finding themselves thus taken in the rear, the Greeks went back into the narrow part within the wall, and here, after performing prodigies of valor, the Thespians and Spartans were all cut down; the bravest of the latter being, it was said, Dieneces, who, hearing from a Trachian just before the battle that when the Persians shot their arrows the sun was darkened by them, answered merrily, "Our friend from Trachis brings us good news: we shall fight in the shade." All were buried where they fell; and in after days the inscription over the allies recorded that four thousand Peloponnesians fought here with three hundred myriads. Over the Spartans was another writing, which said:

Tell the Spartans, at their bidding,
Stranger, here in death we lie.

Two only of the three hundred Spartans who came with Leonidas were lying sick at Alpenoi. The one, Eurytus, calling for his arms, bade his guide lead him into the battle (for his eyes were diseased), and plunging into the fight was there slain. The other, Aristodemus, went back to Sparta and was avoided by all as the dastard. But he got back his good name when he flung away his life at Plataea. As to the Thebans, they took the first opportunity of hastening to the king with a story which Herodotus calls the truest of all tales, saying that they were the first to give earth and water, and that they had gone into the fight sorely against their will. The issue of the battle set Xerxes pondering. Summoning Demaratus, he asked how many Spartans might be left, and received for answer that there might be about eight thousand. To the question how these men were to be conquered, Demaratus replied that there was but one way, and this was to send a detachment of the fleet to occupy the island of Cythera, off the southern-

most promontory of Peloponnesus. This suggestion was received with vehement outcries by some of the Persian generals. Four hundred ships had already been shattered by the storm on the Magnesian coast; if the fleet were further divided, as it would be by this proposal, the Greeks would at once be a match for them. The advice of the exiled Spartan king was rejected, and Xerxes applied himself to the task of turning to good purpose his victory at Thermopylæ. His order to behead and crucify the body of Leonidas was followed by a proclamation inviting all who might choose to do so to visit the battle-ground and see how the great king treated his enemies. The trick was transparent even to Eastern minds. In one heap were gathered the bodies of four thousand Greeks, in another lay those of one thousand Persians. One more incident points the great moral of the story of Thermopylæ. Some Arcadian deserters, on being asked by Xerxes what the Greeks were doing, answered that they were keeping the feast at Olympia, and looking on the contests of wrestlers and horsemen. A further question brought out the fact that the victors were rewarded with a simple olive wreath. "Ah! Mardonius," exclaimed Tritantaithmes, with emotion, which Xerxes ascribed to cowardice, "what men are these against whom you have brought us here to fight, who strive not for money, but for glory?"

Beautiful as this story of the battle may be, it is easy to see that it is not an accurate narrative of the events as they occurred. With a force numbering not much more than eight thousand men, Leonidas is said to have kept in check the whole Persian army for ten or twelve days, and to have inflicted on them very serious loss. Nothing can show more clearly that he might have held his ground successfully, had he chosen to place an effectual guard on the ridge of Anopea, and to keep under his own standard all who were not needed for that duty. The conduct of the Phocians destroyed, we are told, all chances of ultimate success, but it still left open the possibility of retreat, and more than four thousand troops were accordingly dismissed and got away safely. This, so far as we can see, seems impossible. Within an hour from the time of his leaving the Phocians on the top of the hill, Hydarnes with his men must have reached the Eastern Gates through which these four thou-

sand would have to pass; and it is absurd to suppose that, within a few minutes of the time when they learned that the Persians were at hand, so large a force could have made its way along a narrow strip of ground, in some parts scarcely wider than a cart-track. It is clear that if under such circumstances the retreat was effected at all, it must have been accomplished by sheer hard fighting; but the narrative speaks of a peaceable and even of a leisurely departure. Nor can we well avoid the conclusion that Leonidas would have taken a wiser course had he sent these four thousand along with the Phocians to guard Anopea, with orders that they were to hold it at all hazards. Nor is the story told of the Thebans in his camp less perplexing. Their behavior cannot be explained on the theory that they were citizens of the anti-Persian party, and that after the fall of Leonidas they were glad to take credit for a Medism which they did not feel. Distinctly contradicting any such supposition, Herodotus maintains that their profession of Medism was the truest of all pleas; nor would the Thessalians have vouched for the credit of men of whose Hellenic sympathies they must on this theory have been perfectly aware. But if they were thus kept in the Greek camp wholly against their will, it is strange indeed that they should forego all opportunities of aiding the cause of Xerxes, whether by openly joining Hydarnes or passively hindering the operations of Leonidas. When, further, we see that the special object of the whole narrative is to glorify the Spartans, we are justified in inferring that the care taken by the commanders of the Athenian fleet to obtain early tidings from the army of Thermopylæ indicates the presence of an Athenian force within the pass, and that the resistance to Xerxes was on a far larger scale than Herodotus has represented. A compulsory, and, still more, a disastrous, retreat of the allies might be veiled under the decent plea that they were dismissed by the Spartan chief; and if they were conscious of faint-heartedness, they would not care to hinder the growth of a story which covered their remissness in the Hellenic cause, while it enhanced the renown of Leonidas and his Three Hundred.

Of the disaster which befell the Persian fleet on the Magnesian coast, the Greeks on board their ships at the Euripus heard on the

second day after the beginning of the storm; and no sooner had they received the tidings than they set off with all speed for Artemisium. The storm lasted four days, and the Greek fleet had thus been stationed on the northern shore of Eubœa for eight-and-forty hours before the Persian ships became visible as they sailed to Aphetæ. Here the confederate fleet awaited their arrival, the whole number being two hundred and seventy-one ships, of which Athens furnished not less than one hundred and twenty-seven, or it may rather be said one hundred and forty-seven, if we take into account the twenty Athenian vessels manned by the Chalcidians. The supreme command of the force was in the hands of the Spartan Eurybiades. The other cities had insisted on this arrangement as an indispensable condition of the alliance; and, to their lasting credit, the Athenians, yielding at once, waited patiently until the turn of events opened the way to the most brilliant maritime dominion of the ancient world.

Reaching Aphetæ late in the afternoon of the fourth day after the beginning of the storm, the Persians saw the scanty Greek fleet awaiting their arrival off Artemisium. Their first impulse was to attack them immediately; they were restrained only by the wish that not a single Greek vessel should escape. A Persian squadron was accordingly sent, the same afternoon, round the east coast of Eubœa to take the enemy in the rear. Before the evening closed, or, at least, early the next morning, a deserter from the Persian fleet brought to the Greeks the news of the measures taken to place them between two fires, and it is expressly stated that until the Persian fleet became visible off Aphetæ they had no intention of retreating. But little room, therefore, is left for the story which tells us that on seeing the Persian fleet, which they had specially come up to attack, the Greeks resolved at once to fall back on Chalcis, and were prevented from so doing only by Themistocles, who bribed Eurybiades with five talents and the Corinthian leader Adimantus with three, to remain where they were until the Eubœans should have removed their families from the island. These eight talents formed part of a sum of thirty talents which the Eubœans, it is said, bestowed on Themistocles to secure his aid for this purpose; and we must note here four points: first,

that Themistocles retained for himself the huge sum of twenty-two talents; second, that, although they must in an hour or two have learned that their bribe was a useless waste of money, the Eubœans never sought to recover the whole or any portion of it; third, that if they had asked redress from the Athenians, the latter would readily have given it; and, fourth, that, although twice or thrice afterward it was a matter of vital moment that Themistocles should overcome the opposition of his colleagues, there is not even a hint that he ever attempted to bribe them again.

The debate which followed the receipt of the news that the Persian squadron had been sent round Eubœa, ended in the resolution to sail down the strait under cover of darkness, for the purpose of engaging the squadron separately; but finding, as the day wore on, that the Persian fleet remained motionless, they determined to use the remaining hours of light in attacking the enemy, and thus gaining some experience in their way of fighting. As the Greeks drew near, the Persians, as at Marathon, thought them mad, so it is said, and surrounded them with their more numerous and faster-sailing ships, to the dismay of the Ionians serving under Xerxes, who looked on their kinsfolk as on victims ready for the slaughter. But on a given signal, the Greeks drew their ships into a circle with their sterns inward and their prows ready for the charge. On the second signal a conflict ensued, in which the Greeks took thirty ships; and the desertion of a Lemnian vessel from the Persians showed the disposition of the Asiatic Greeks toward their western kinsfolk.

During the following night the storm again burst forth with terrific lightning and deluges of rain. The wrecks and the dead bodies were borne by the waves to Aphetæ; but the full stress of the tempest fell on the Persian squadron coasting round Eubœa for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the Greeks. Almost all were dashed against the rocks; and thus again, the historian adds, the divine Nemesis worked to bring their numbers more nearly to a par with those of their enemies. The morning brought no cheering sight to the barbarians at Aphetæ, while the Greeks, elated at the tidings that the Persian ships off Eubœa were destroyed, were further strengthened by a re-enforcement of fifty-

three Athenian ships. The allies attempted nothing more than an attack on a knot of ships which they captured, and then came back to their stations; but even this was presumption not to be endured, and the Persian leaders, seriously fearing the wrath of the king, resolved on fighting. The battle was fiercely contested. The Persians, with their ships drawn out crescentwise, sought to surround and overwhelm the confederate fleet, and they failed, we are told, more from the unwieldy numbers of their vessels than from any lack of spirit in their crews. Although the Greeks were on the whole the victors, the Spartans and their allies were so weakened that retreat once more appeared the only course open to them. The Eubœan money, we might suppose, might now have been used with advantage; but we are not told that Themistocles offered again to bribe them, and all efforts were useless, when a scout came with the tidings that Leonidas was slain, and that Xerxes was master of the pass which formed the gate of Southern Hellas. The Greek fleet at once began to retreat, the Corinthians leading the way, and the Athenians following last in order.

It is from this point that the courage of the Athenians rises to that patriotic devotion which drew forth the enthusiastic eulogies of Herodotus; and it rises just in proportion as the spirit of their allies gives way. The one thought of the latter was now fixed on the defense of the Peloponnesus alone. They had convinced themselves that no Persian fleet would visit the shores of Argolis and Laconia; and their natural conclusion was that if they guarded the Corinthian isthmus they needed to do nothing more. Against this plan Themistocles made an indignant protest; and although we are not told that the Eubœan money was employed to second his remonstrances, he persuaded them to make a stand at Salamis until the Athenians should have removed their households from Attica. Here, then, the fleet remained, while the Peloponnesians were working night and day in order to fortify the isthmus. Stones, bricks, pieces of wood, mats full of sand, brought by myriads of laborers, soon raised the wall to the needful height; but the completion of the barrier added little, it seems, to the confidence of its builders, and none to that of the Peloponnesian seamen at Salamis.

We have, in fact, reached the time of the greatest depression

on the part of the Greeks; and this depression marks the moment at which the enterprise of Xerxes had been brought most nearly to a successful issue. The story of Thermopylæ seems to indicate throughout that the Persian host was not so large, and the Greek army not so small, as they are represented; and the inaction set down to the score of the Carnian and Olympian festivals may be nothing more than an excuse invented at a later time to cover the failure of really strenuous efforts. To the average Greek the glory of the struggle lay in the defeat of millions by thousands; to us the splendor of the achievement is vastly enhanced, if the power of Xerxes lay not so much in his numbers as in the strength and spirit of his genuine Persian soldiers. The tales which represent his progress as that of a rolling snowball have their origin in the vulgar exaggerations of Eastern nations; and a pardonable feeling of vanity led the Greeks to regard these exaggerations as heightening the luster of their own exploits. The real strength of the army of Xerxes lay beyond doubt in the men whom Cyrus had led from conquest to conquest, and whose vigor and courage remain unsubdued after the lapse of five-and-twenty centuries; nor can we rightly appreciate the character of the struggle and its issue until we see that the Greeks were fighting against men little, if at all, inferior to themselves in any except the one point that the Eastern Aryan fought to establish the rule of one despotic will, while his Western brother strove to set up the dominion of an equal law.

Western freedom was, in truth, in far greater danger than it would have been but for this genuine element of strength in the Persian forces. There was now no time for dilatory counsels. Immediately after the arrival of the fleet from Artemisium, a proclamation was issued, warning all Athenians to remove their families from the country in all possible haste. How far this order may have been obeyed we cannot say; but from all those parts of the country which lay in the immediate path of the invader the inhabitants beyond doubt fled in haste, most of them to Trezen in the Argolic peninsula, some to Egina, and some to Salamis.

Meanwhile, to the north of Attica, Xerxes had overcome almost all real resistance. With the exception of Thespiæ and Plataea, all the Boeotian cities had submitted to him, while the Thessalians pro-

fessed a zeal in his cause which Herodotus ascribed wholly to their hatred of the Phocians. By way of revenging old affronts, the Thessalians led the Persians through the narrow little strip of Dorian land, and then let them loose on Phocis. The Phocian towns were all burned; and Abæ, the shrine and oracle of Apollo, was despoiled of its magnificent treasures. A little further on, the forces were divided. The larger portion went on through Bœotia under orders to join Xerxes. The rest marched, it is said, toward Delphi, which they hoped to treat as they had treated Abæ. The tidings of their approach so dismayed the Delphians that they asked the god whether they should bury his holy treasures or carry them away. "Move them not," answered the god, "I am able to guard them." Then, taking thought for themselves, the people fled, until there remained only sixty men with the prophet Aceratus. As the Persian host came into sight, the sacred arms, which hung in the holy place, and which it was not lawful for man to touch, were seen lying in front of the temple; and as the enemy drew nearer, the lightnings burst from heaven, and two cliffs, torn from the peaks of Parnassus, dashed down with a thundering sound, crushing great multitudes, while fierce cries and shoutings were heard from the chapel of Athene. In utter dismay the barbarians fled; and the Delphians, hurrying down from the mountain, slew without mercy all whom they overtook. The fugitives who escaped into Bœotia told how two hoplites, higher in stature than mortal man, had chased them with fearful slaughter from Delphi. The rocks which fell from Parnassus, Herodotus believed that he saw lying in the sacred ground of Athene.

This inroad on Delphi marks in the narrative of Herodotus the turning point in the enterprise of Xerxes. It is the most daring provocation of divine wrath by the barbarian despot; and while it is followed immediately by his own humiliation, it insures also the destruction of the army which he was to leave behind him with Mardonius. But we shall presently find Mardonius denying that any such enterprise had been attempted, while the narrative of Plutarch represents the Delphian temple not only as having been taken by the Persians, but as undergoing the fate of the shrine at Abæ. This tradition seems to be set aside by the statement of

Herodotus, that he had himself seen in the Delphian treasury the splendid gifts which bore the names of Gyges and of Crœsus; but it is certain that the story of the enterprise of Xerxes is repeated precisely in the story of the attempt made on Delphi by Bran (Brennus) and his Gauls just two centuries later; and the identity of the incidents in each seems to show that the form given to the narrative was demanded by the religious sentiment of the people.

In Bœotia Xerxes was still moving on upon the path which, as he fancied, was to lead him to his final triumph. Four months had passed since his army crossed over the Hellespont when the tyrant set his foot on Attic soil and found the land desolate. The city was abandoned, and on the Acropolis there remained only a few poor people and the guardians of the temples, who, to carry out the letter of the oracle, had blocked with a wooden palisade the only side which was supposed to lie open to attack. Once more the Pisistratidæ stood in their old home, and regarded themselves as practically repossessed of their ancient tyranny; but the offers which they made to the occupants of the Acropolis were rejected with contempt. In vain the Persians discharged against them arrows bearing lighted tow; and Xerxes, thus foiled, gave himself up to one of his fits of furious passion. But a fissure in the rock on the northern side enabled some Persians to scramble up to the summit. Of the defenders, a few threw themselves over the precipice, the rest took refuge in the temple of the goddess. Hurrying thither, the barbarians cut down every one of the suppliants; and Xerxes, now lord of Athens, forthwith sent a horseman to Sousa with the news. The streets of that royal city rang with shouts of joy when the tidings became known, and were strewn with myrtle branches. The fears of Artabanus were falsified, and the harems of the king and his nobles could now await patiently the coming of the Spartan and Athenian maidens whom Atossa had wished to make her slaves.

In revenge for the burning of the temple at Sardis the temples on the Acropolis were set on fire; but the Athenian exiles who had returned with him from Sousa were commanded by Xerxes to make their peace with Athene. Two days only had passed since the rock

was taken; but in the meantime the scorched stem of her sacred olive-tree was seen, it is said, by these exiles, when they came to offer sacrifice, to have thrown up a shoot of a cubit's height. If the Pisistratidæ chose to see in this marvel a sign of the greeting with which Athene welcomed them home, the Athenians drew from it a different lesson. Some encouragement they assuredly needed. The confederate fleet had been stationed at Salamis rather to cover the migration of the Athenians than with any purpose of making it a naval station; and the news of the taking of Athens determined the allies to retreat to the isthmus, where in case of defeat by sea they could fall back on the help of the land force. One man alone felt this decision must be fatal. Thessaly, Bœotia and Attica had been allowed to fall successively into the enemy's hand, under the plea that prudence demanded a retreat to the south or the west. What pledge could the Athenians have that the occupation of the isthmus would be followed by greater harmony of counsels or greater resolution of purpose? Convinced that the abandonment of Salamis would be a virtual confession that common action could no more be looked for, Themistocles resolved that by fair means or by foul he would not allow this further retreat to be carried out. Having prevailed on Eurybiades to summon a second council, he was hastening, it is said, to address the assembly without waiting for the formal opening of the debate, when the Corinthian Adimantus reminded him sharply that they who in the games rise before the signal are beaten. "Yes," said Themistocles gently; "but those who do not rise when the signal is given are not crowned." Then, turning to Eurybiades, he warned him that at the isthmus they would have to fight in the open sea, to the great disadvantage of their fewer and heavier ships, while a combat in the closed waters of Salamis would probably end in victory. At this point Adimantus, again breaking in upon his speech, told him rudely that, as since the fall of Athens he had no country, he could have no vote in the council, and that thus Eurybiades was debarred from even taking his opinion. The speech was a strange one to come from a man who had taken a bribe from the speaker; nor is it easy to see why, with more than twenty Eubœan talents still in his possession, Themistocles had not

again tried the effect of gold on the Corinthian leader before the council began. Telling Adimantus quietly that he had a better city than Corinth, so long as the Athenians had two hundred ships, Themistocles contented himself with warning Eurybiades plainly that, if the allies abandoned Salamis, their ships would convey the Athenians and their families to Italy, where they would find a home in their own city of Siris. The Spartan leader saw at once that without the Athenians the Peloponnesians would be at the mercy of the enemy, and gave orders for remaining. But the formal obedience of the allies could not kill their fears; and when, on the following day, after an earthquake by sea and land, they saw the Persian fleet manifestly preparing for battle, their discontent broke out into murmurs which made it clear that Eurybiades must give way. Without losing a moment, Themistocles left the council, and sent Sicinnus, his slave, and the tutor of his children, in a boat to the Persian fleet, bidding him tell the king that Themistocles desired the victory not of the Greeks, but of the Persians, that the Greeks were on the point of running away, and that in their present state of dismay they could be taken and crushed with little trouble. The Persians at once landed a large force on the island of Psyttalia, precisely opposite to the harbor of Piræus, for the purpose of saving the wrecks of ships, and slaying such of the enemy as might be driven thither. Toward midnight a portion of their fleet began to move along the Attic coast until the line extended to the northeastern promontory of Salamis, thus making it impossible for the Greeks to retreat to the isthmus without fighting. The leaders of the latter were spending the night in fierce discussion, when Themistocles, summoned from the council, found his banished rival Aristides waiting to tell him that they were now surrounded beyond all possibility of escape. In few words Themistocles informed him that the arrangement had been brought about by himself. The arrival of a Tenian ship, deserting from the Persian fleet, confirmed the news to which, as it came from the lips even of Aristides, they were disposed to give little credit. Once more they made ready to fight; and as the day dawned, Themistocles addressed not the chiefs, but the crews, laying before them all the lofty and mean motives by which men may be stimulated

to action, and, beseeching them to choose the higher, sent them to their ships.

Early in the morning the Persian king took his seat on the great throne raised for him on a spur of Mount Egaleus, to see how his slaves fought on his behalf. The day was yet young when the Greeks put out to sea and the barbarians advanced to meet them. According to the Eginetan tradition, a trireme sent to their island, to beseech the aid of the hero Eacus and his children, began the conflict after some hesitation, the form of a woman having been seen which cried out with a voice heard by all the Greeks, "Good men, how long will ye back water?" In the battle the Athenians found themselves opposed to the Phœnicians, who had the wing toward Eleusis, and the west, while the Ionians toward the east and the Piræus faced the Peloponnesians. Beyond this general arrangement and the issue of the fight, the historian himself admits that of this memorable battle he knew practically nothing. The issue, in his belief, was determined by the discipline and order of the Greeks; but it may have depended in part on the fact that the Persian seamen had been working all night, while the Athenians and their allies went on board their ships in the morning fresh from sleep and stirred by the vehement eloquence of Themistocles. But it is especially noted that the Persian forces fought far more bravely at Salamis than at Artemisium, and that few of the Ionians in the service of Xerxes hung back from the fight—a fact which would seem to show that the desertion of the Spartans and Athenians in the revolt of Aristagoras still rankled in their minds. On the other hand, there was a tradition that in the course of the battle the Phœnicians charged the Ionians with destroying the Phœnician ships and betraying their crews. Happily for the accused, an exploit performed by the Greeks of a Samothracian vessel in the service of Xerxes gave instant and conclusive proof of their fidelity, and Xerxes in a towering rage gave command that the heads of the Phœnicians should be struck off. If the charge was really made, the character of the Phœnician seamen may fairly be taken as proof that it was not altogether groundless. So strangely contradictory are the traditions related of the same event: but in some instances the inconsistency explains

itself. According to the Athenians, Adimantus, the Dauntless (for such is the meaning of his name), fled in terror at the very beginning of the fight, followed by his countrymen, and they were already well on their way when a boat, which no one was known to have sent, met them, and the men in it cried out, "So, Adimantus, thou hast basely forsaken the Greeks, who are now conquering their enemies as much as they had ever hoped to do." Adimantus would not believe it; but when the men said that they would go back with him and die if they should be found to have spoken falsely, he turned his ship and reached the scene of action when the issue of the fight was already decided. This story the Corinthians met with the stout assertion that they were among the foremost in the battle; and it is added that their rejoinder was borne out by all the rest of the Greeks. Of the two tales both may be false, one only can be true.

But, as at Marathon, whatever may have been the incidents of the battle, the issue was clear enough. The Persian fleet was ruined. Among the slain was the Persian admiral, a brother of Xerxes: on the Greek side the loss was small. The Persians, we are told, were, for the most part, unable to swim, and the greatest slaughter was owing to the confusion which followed the first attempts at flight. In the midst of this fearful disorder, Aristides landed a large body of hoplites on the islet of Psyttalia and slaughtered every one of its occupants. The Greeks drew up their disabled ships on the shore of Salamis, and made ready for another fight, thinking that the king would order his remaining ships to advance against them. But their fears were not to be realized. Xerxes had ascended his throne in the morning with the conviction that under his eye his seamen would be invincible: their defeat made him jump to the conclusion that they were absolutely worthless; and if it be true, as one story ran, that during the night which followed the battle the Phoenicians, dreading his wrath, sailed away to Asia, he had sufficient reason for discouragement. Without these hardy mariners the idea of carrying on the war by sea became absurd; and for the ships which yet remained to him he had a more pressing and immediate task in guarding the bridge across the Hellespont. The safety of this bridge he pro-

fessed to regard as the condition of his own return home; and although he ordered that a mole should be carried from Attica to Salamis, Mardonius was not to be tricked by commands which deceived others. He knew that the messenger had set out with the tidings, which, handed on from one horseman to another, until they reached the gates of Sousa, were to turn the shouts and songs of triumph to cries of grief for the king, and of indignation against himself as the stirrer-up of the mischief. But if he thus knew that except as a conqueror he could never hope to see Persia again, he may well have thought that his own chances of success would be vastly increased by the departure of a craven monarch who flung up his hands in despair while he yet had ample means for retrieving his disasters. He knew well with what material Cyrus had achieved his conquests; and with a proud satisfaction he insisted that the Persians had everywhere maintained their old reputation, and that, if they had failed, their failure was to be set down to the rabble which had hindered and clogged their efforts. He had therefore no hesitation in pledging himself to achieve the conquest of Hellas, if Xerxes would leave him behind with three hundred thousand men.

Such a proposal would come as a godsend to a tyrant quaking in abject terror; but we are told by Herodotus that he submitted it to the only woman who had accompanied him as the sovereign of a dependent city—Artemisia, the queen of Halicarnassus, the birthplace of the historian Herodotus. Her conclusion agreed with his own. His safe return to Sousa was the one matter of paramount importance; and if Mardonius and his men were all killed, it would be but the loss of a horde of useless slaves. Whatever may have been her advice, there can be not the least doubt that she never gave this reason for it. Xerxes knew well, as she must have known herself, that, in leaving with Mardonius his native Persian troops, he was leaving behind him the hardy soldiers on whom the very foundations of his empire rested; and the tale throws doubt on the narrative of some other scenes in which she appears as an actor. If in the council which preceded the battle of Salamis she raised her voice against all active operations by sea, she was opposing herself to the temper of the king as strongly as

after the fight she encouraged him in his determination to retreat. If she rested her advice on the opinion that the Egyptians and Pamphylians were, like the rest of his seamen, evil servants of a good man, her words were not merely disparaging, but even insulting, to those who heard them, and at the time actually unjust. Another tradition is even more perplexing, which relates that during the battle of Salamis her ship was chased by an Athenian captain who was anxious to get the prize of ten thousand drachmas promised to the man who should take her alive—so great, we are told, being their imitation of the Greeks that a woman should come against Athens; that Artemisia, having before her only ships of her own side, ran into a Calyndian vessel and sank it; that thereupon her pursuer, thinking that her ship was a Greek one, or that she was deserting from the Persians, turned away to chase others; and that Xerxes, hearing that Artemisia had sunk a Greek ship, cried out, "My men are women, and the women men."

In fact, from the moment of the defeat at Salamis to the hour when Xerxes entered Sardis, the popular tradition runs riot in fictions all tending to glorify the Greeks, and to show the utter humiliation and miserable cowardice of the Persian king. The general course of events is clear enough; nor is it a specially difficult task to disentangle such incidents as are historical. The discovery of the flight of the Persian fleet was followed by immediate pursuit; but the Greeks sailed as far as Andrus without seeing even the hindermost of the retreating ships. At Andrus a council was called, and an order was given for abandoning the chase. The tradition of a later day averred that Themistocles vehemently urged the allies to sail straight to the Hellespont and destroy the bridge by which Xerxes was to cross into Asia, and that he was dissuaded only when Eurybiades pointed out the folly of trying to keep the Persian king in a country where despair might make him formidable, whereas out of Europe he could do no mischief. The same or another tale also related that, being thus balked in his plans, Themistocles resolved on winning the goodwill of the tyrant by sending Sicinnus, as the bearer of a second message, to tell him that after great efforts he had succeeded in diverting the Greeks from their determination to hurry to the Hellespont and there destroy

the bridge. The story has a direct bearing on the disastrous sequel of his history; but apart from such considerations, the degree of faith which Xerxes would be likely to put in this second message may be measured by the caution of the child who has learned to dread the fire by being burned. Xerxes had already acted on one message from Themistocles, and the result had been the ruin of his fleet. Any second message he would assuredly interpret by contraries; for the memory of the first deadly wrong would be fixed in his mind with a strength which no lapse of time could weaken. Still more particularly must we mark that the idea of cutting off the retreat of Xerxes is one which could not even have entered the mind of Themistocles, so long as Mardonius with thirty myriads of men remained on the soil of Attica to carry out the work which his master had abandoned. To divert the strength of Athens for the sake of intercepting a miserable fugitive, and so to leave the allies powerless against an overwhelming foe, would be an act of mere madness; and as no charge of folly has been so much as urged against Themistocles, it follows that no such plan was proposed by him, and therefore that it could not be rejected by Eurybiades.

A few days later Mardonius chose out on the plains of Thessaly the forces with which he had resolved to conquer or to die. But before he parted from his master, a messenger came from Sparta, it is said, to bid the king of the Medes stand his trial for the murder of Leonidas, and make atonement for that crime. "The atonement shall be made by Mardonius," answered Xerxes with a laugh, pointing to the general by his side. Thus was the victim marked out for the sacrifice. The great king had been told that he was a criminal, and that the price of his crime must be paid; and the summons of the Spartan is therefore followed by a plunge into utter misery. For five-and-forty days, we are told, the army of Xerxes struggled onward over their road to the Hellespont, thousands upon thousands falling as they went from hunger, thirst, disease, and cold. A few might live on the harvests of the lands through which they passed; the rest were driven to feed on grass or the leaves and bark of trees, and disease followed in the track of famine. Eight months after Xerxes had crossed the Helles-

pont into Europe boats conveyed him across the strait, with the scanty remnant of his guards and followers, whose numbers were now still more thinned by the sudden change from starvation to plenty. Such is the tale which Herodotus gives as the true account of his invasion and retreat. [COXE.

CHAPTER III

THE SIEGE OF SYRACUSE

THE DEFEAT OF ATHENS AND THE PASSING OF HER SWAY

413 B. C.

FEW cities have undergone more memorable sieges during ancient and medieval times than has the city of Syracuse. Athenian, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Saracen, and Norman, have in turns beleaguered her walls; and the resistance which she successfully opposed to some of her early assailants was of the deepest importance not only to the fortunes of the generations then in being, but to all the subsequent current of human events. To adopt the eloquent expressions of Arnold respecting the check which she gave to the Carthaginian arms, "Syracuse was a breakwater which God's providence raised up to protect the yet immature strength of Rome." And her triumphant repulse of the great Athenian expedition against her was of even more widespread and enduring importance. It forms a decisive epoch in the strife for universal empire, in which all the great states of antiquity successively engaged and failed.

The present city of Syracuse is a place of little or no military strength, as the fire of artillery from the neighboring heights would almost completely command it. But in ancient warfare, its position, and the care bestowed on its walls, rendered it formidably strong against the means of offense which then were employed by besieging armies.

The ancient city, in its most prosperous times, was chiefly built on the knob of land which projects into the sea on the eastern coast of Sicily, between two bays; one of which, to the north, was called the Bay of Thapsus, while the southern one formed the great harbor of the city of Syracuse itself. A small island, or peninsula (for such it soon was rendered), lies at the southeastern extremity of this knob of land, stretching almost entirely across the mouth of the great harbor, and rendering it nearly land-locked. This island comprised the original settlement of the first Greek colonists from Corinth, who founded Syracuse two thousand five hundred years ago; and the modern city has shrunk again into these primary limits. But, in the fifth century before our era, the growing wealth and population of the Syracusans had led them to occupy and include within their city walls portion after portion of the mainland lying next to the little isle; so that, at the time of the Athenian expedition, the seaward part of the land between the two bays already spoken of was built over, and fortified from bay to bay, and constituted the larger part of Syracuse.

The landward wall, therefore, of this district of the city, traversed this knob of land, which continues to slope upward from the sea, and which, to the west of the old fortifications (that is, toward the interior of Sicily), rises rapidly for a mile or two, but diminishes in width, and finally terminates in a long narrow ridge, between which and Mount Hybla a succession of chasms and uneven low ground extends. On each flank of this ridge the descent is steep and precipitous from its summits to the strips of level land that lie immediately below it, both to the southwest and northwest.

The usual mode of assailing fortified towns in the time of the Peloponnesian war was to build a double wall round them, sufficiently strong to check any sally of the garrison from within, or any attack of a relieving force from without. The interval within the two walls of the circumvallation was roofed over, and formed barracks, in which the besiegers posted themselves, and awaited the effects of want or treachery among the besieged in producing a surrender; and, in every Greek city of those days, as in every Italian republic of the Middle Ages, the rage of domestic sedition between aristocrats and democrats ran high. Rancorous refugees

swarmed in the camp of every invading enemy; and every blockaded city was sure to contain within its walls a body of intriguing malcontents, who were eager to purchase a party triumph at the expense of a national disaster. Famine and faction were the allies on whom besiegers relied. The generals of that time trusted to the operation of these sure confederates as soon as they could establish a complete blockade. They rarely ventured on the attempt to storm any fortified post; for the military engines of antiquity were feeble in breaching masonry before the improvements which the first Dionysius effected in the mechanics of destruction, and the lives of spearmen the boldest and most high-trained would, of course, have been idly spent in charges against unshattered walls.

A city built close to the sea, like Syracuse, was impregnable, save by the combined operations of a superior hostile fleet and a superior hostile army; and Syracuse, from her size, her population, and her military and naval resources, not unnaturally thought herself secure from finding in another Greek city a foe capable of sending a sufficient armament to menace her with capture and subjection. But in the spring of 414 B.C., the Athenian navy was mistress of her harbor and the adjacent seas; an Athenian army had defeated her troops, and cooped them within the town; and from bay to bay a blockading wall was being rapidly carried across the strips of level ground and the high ridge outside the city (then termed Epipolæ), which, if completed, would have cut the Syracusans off from all succor from the interior of Sicily, and have left them at the mercy of the Athenian generals. The besiegers' works were, indeed, unfinished; but every day the unfortified interval in their lines grew narrower, and with it diminished all apparent hope of safety for the beleaguered town.

Athens was now staking the flower of her forces, and the accumulated fruits of seventy years of glory, on one bold throw for the dominion of the Western world. As Napoleon from Mount Cœur de Lion pointed to St. Jean d'Acre, and told his staff that the capture of that town would decide his destiny and would change the face of the world, so the Athenian officers, from the heights of Epipolæ, must have looked on Syracuse, and felt that

with its fall all the known powers of the earth would fall beneath them. They must have felt also that Athens, if repulsed there, must pause forever from her career of conquest, and sink from an imperial republic into a ruined and subservient community.

At Marathon, the first in date of the great battles of the world, we beheld Athens struggling for self-preservation against the invading armies of the East. At Syracuse she appears as the ambitious and oppressive invader of others. In her, as in other republics of old and of modern times, the same energy that had inspired the most heroic efforts in defense of the national independence, soon learned to employ itself in daring and unscrupulous schemes of self-aggrandizement at the expense of neighboring nations. In the interval between the Persian and the Peloponnesian wars she had rapidly grown into a conquering and dominant state, the chief of a thousand tributary cities, and the mistress of the largest and best-manned navy that the Mediterranean had yet beheld. The occupations of her territory by Xerxes and Mardonius, in the second Persian war, had forced her whole population to become mariners; and the glorious results of that struggle confirmed them in their zeal for their country's service at sea. The voluntary suffrage of the Greek cities of the coasts and islands of the *Ægean* first placed Athens at the head of the confederation formed for the further prosecution of the war against Persia. But this titular ascendancy was soon converted by her into practical and arbitrary dominion. She protected them from piracy and the Persian power, which soon fell into decrepitude and decay, but she exacted in return implicit obedience to herself. She claimed and enforced a prerogative of taxing them at her discretion, and proudly refused to be accountable for her mode of expending their supplies. Remonstrance against her assessments was treated as factious disloyalty, and refusal to pay was promptly punished as revolt. Permitting and encouraging her subject allies to furnish all their contingents in money, instead of part consisting of ships and men, the sovereign republic gained the double object of training her own citizens by constant and well-paid service in her fleets, and of seeing her confederates lose their skill and discipline by inaction, and become more and more passive and powerless under her yoke.

Their towns were generally dismantled, while the imperial city herself was fortified with the greatest care and sumptuousness; the accumulated revenues from her tributaries serving to strengthen and adorn to the utmost her havens, her docks, her arsenals, her theaters, and her shrines, and to array her in that plenitude of architectural magnificence, the ruins of which still attest the intellectual grandeur of the age and people which produced a Pericles to plan and a Phidias to execute.

All republics that acquire supremacy over other nations rule them selfishly and oppressively. There is no exception to this in either ancient or modern times. Carthage, Rome, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Holland, and Republican France, all tyrannized over every province and subject state where they gained authority. But none of them openly avowed their system of doing so upon principle with the candor which the Athenian republicans displayed when any remonstrance was made against the severe exactions which they imposed upon their vassal allies. They avowed that their empire was a tyranny, and frankly stated that they solely trusted to force and terror to uphold it. They appealed to what they called "the eternal law of nature, that the weak should be coerced by the strong." Sometimes they stated, and not without some truth, that the unjust hatred of Sparta against themselves forced them to be unjust to others in self-defense. To be safe, they must be powerful; and to be powerful, they must plunder and coerce their neighbors. They never dreamed of communicating any franchise, or share in office, to their dependents, but jealously monopolized every post of command, and all political and judicial power; exposing themselves to every risk with unflinching gallantry; embarking readily in every ambitious scheme; and never suffering difficulty or disaster to shake their tenacity of purpose: in the hope of acquiring unbounded empire for their country, and the means of maintaining each of the thirty thousand citizens who made up the sovereign republic, in exclusive devotion to military occupations, and to those brilliant sciences and arts in which Athens already had reached the meridian of intellectual splendor.

Her great political dramatist speaks of the Athenian empire as comprehending a thousand states. The language of the stage must

not to be taken too literally; but the number of the dependencies of Athens, at the time when the Peloponnesian confederacy attacked her, was undoubtedly very great. With a few trifling exceptions, all the islands of the Ægean, and all the Greek cities which in that age fringed the coasts of Asia Minor, the Hellespont, and Thrace, paid tribute to Athens, and implicitly obeyed her orders. The Ægean Sea was an Attic lake. Westward of Greece, her influence, though strong, was not equally predominant. She had colonies and allies among the wealthy and populous Greek settlements in Sicily and South Italy, but she had no organized system of confederates in those regions; and her galleys brought her no tribute from the Western seas. The extension of her empire over Sicily was the favorite project of her ambitious orators and generals. While her great statesman, Pericles, lived, his commanding genius kept his countrymen under control, and forbade them to risk the fortunes of Athens in distant enterprises, while they had unsubdued and powerful enemies at their own doors. He taught Athens this maxim; but he also taught her to know and to use her own strength, and, when Pericles had departed, the bold spirit which he had fostered overleaped the salutary limits which he had prescribed. When her bitter enemies, the Corinthians, succeeded, in 431 B.C., in inducing Sparta to attack her, and a confederacy was formed of five-sixths of the continental Greeks, all animated by anxious jealousy and bitter hatred of Athens; when armies far superior in numbers and equipment to those which had marched against the Persians were poured into the Athenian territory, and laid it waste to the city walls, the general opinion was that Athens would be reduced, in two or three years at the furthest, to submit to the requisitions of her invaders. But her strong fortifications, by which she was girt and linked to her principal haven, gave her, in those ages, almost all the advantages of an insular position. Pericles had made her trust to her empire of the seas. Every Athenian in those days was a practiced seaman. A state, indeed, whose members, of an age fit for service, at no time exceeded thirty thousand, and whose territorial extent did not equal half Sussex, could only have acquired such a naval dominion as Athens once held, by devoting and zealously training all its sons to service in

its fleets. In order to man the numerous galleys which she sent out, she necessarily employed large numbers of hired mariners and slaves at the oar; but the staple of her crews was Athenian, and all posts of command were held by native citizens. It was by reminding them of this, of their long practice in seamanship, and the certain superiority which their discipline gave them over the enemy's marine, that their great minister mainly encouraged them to resist the combined power of Lacedæmon and her allies. He taught them that Athens might thus reap the fruit of her zealous devotion to maritime affairs ever since the invasion of the Medes; "she had not, indeed, perfected herself; but the reward of her superior training was the rule of the sea—a mighty dominion, for it gave her the rule of much fair land beyond its waves, safe from the idle ravages with which the Lacedæmonians might harass Attica, but never could subdue Athens."

Athens accepted the war with which her enemies threatened her rather than descend from her pride of place; and though the awful visitation of the plague came upon her, and swept away more of her citizens than the Dorian spear laid low, she held her own gallantly against her enemies. If the Peloponnesian armies in irresistible strength wasted every spring her corn-lands, her vineyards and her olive groves with fire and sword, she retaliated on their coasts with her fleets; which, if resisted, were only resisted to display the pre-eminent skill and bravery of her seamen. Some of her subject allies revolted, but the revolts were in general sternly and promptly quelled. The genius of one enemy had indeed inflicted blows on her power in Thrace which she was unable to remedy; but he fell in battle in the tenth year of the war, and with the loss of Brasidas the Lacedæmonians seemed to have lost all energy and judgment. Both sides at length grew weary of the war, and in 421 a truce for fifty years was concluded, which, though ill kept, and though many of the confederates of Sparta refused to recognize it, and hostilities still continued in many parts of Greece, protected the Athenian territory from the ravages of enemies, and enabled Athens to accumulate large sums out of the proceeds of her annual revenues. So also, as a few years passed by, the havoc which the pestilence and the sword had made in her

population was repaired; and in 415 B.C. Athens was full of bold and restless spirits, who longed for some field of distant enterprise wherein they might signalize themselves and aggrandize the state, and who looked on the alarm of Spartan hostility as a mere old woman's tale. When Sparta had wasted their territory she had done her worst; and the fact of its always being in her power to do so seemed a strong reason for seeking to increase the transmarine dominion of Athens.

The West was now the quarter toward which the thoughts of every aspiring Athenian were directed. From the very beginning of the war Athens had kept up an interest in Sicily, and her squadron had, from time to time, appeared on its coasts and taken part in the dissensions in which the Sicilian Greeks were universally engaged one against each other. There were plausible grounds for a direct quarrel, and an open attack by the Athenians upon Syracuse.

With the capture of Syracuse, all Sicily, it was hoped, would be secured. Carthage and Italy were next to be attacked. With large levies of Iberian mercenaries she then meant to overwhelm her Peloponnesian enemies. The Persian monarchy lay in hopeless imbecility, inviting Greek invasion; nor did the known world contain the power that seemed capable of checking the growing might of Athens, if Syracuse once could be hers.

The national historian of Rome has left us an episode of his great work, a disquisition on the probable effects that would have followed if Alexander the Great had invaded Italy. Posterity has generally regarded that disquisition as proving Livy's patriotism more strongly than his impartiality or acuteness. Yet right or wrong, the speculations of the Roman writer were directed to the consideration of a very remote possibility. To whatever age Alexander's life might have been prolonged, the East would have furnished full occupation for his martial ambition, as well as for those schemes of commercial grandeur and imperial amalgamation of nations in which the truly great qualities of his mind loved to display themselves. With his death the dismemberment of his empire among his generals was certain, even as the dismemberment of Napoleon's empire among his marshals would certainly have en-

sued if he had been cut off in the zenith of his power. Rome, also, was far weaker when the Athenians were in Sicily than she was a century afterward in Alexander's time. There can be little doubt but that Rome would have been blotted out from the independent powers of the West, had she been attacked at the end of the fifth century B.C. by an Athenian army, largely aided by Spanish mercenaries, and flushed with triumphs over Sicily and Africa, instead of the collision between her and Greece having been deferred until the latter had sunk into decrepitude, and the Roman Mars had grown into full vigor.

The armament which the Athenians equipped against Syracuse was in every way worthy of the state which formed such projects of universal empire, and it has been truly termed "the noblest that ever yet had been sent forth by a free and civilized commonwealth." The fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty-four war-galleys, with a multitude of store-ships. A powerful force of the best heavy-armed infantry that Athens and her allies could furnish was sent on board it, together with a smaller number of slingers and bowmen. The quality of the forces was even more remarkable than the number. The zeal of individuals vied with that of the republic in giving every galley the best possible crew, and every troop the most perfect accouterments. And with private as well as public wealth eagerly lavished on all that could give splendor as well as efficiency to the expedition, the fated fleet began its voyage for the Sicilian shores in the summer of 415.

The Syracusans themselves, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, were a bold and turbulent democracy, tyrannizing over the weaker Greek cities in Sicily, and trying to gain in that island the same arbitrary supremacy which Athens maintained along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. In numbers and in spirit they were fully equal to the Athenians, but far inferior to them in military and naval discipline. When the probability of an Athenian invasion was first publicly discussed at Syracuse, and efforts were made by some of the wiser citizens to improve the state of the national defenses, and prepare for the impending danger, the rumors of coming war and the proposal for preparation were received by the mass of the Syracusans with scornful incredulity. The speech

of one of their popular orators is preserved to us in Thucydides, and many of its topics might, by a slight alteration of names and details, serve admirably for the party among ourselves at present, which opposes the augmentation of our forces, and derides the idea of our being in any peril from the sudden attack of a French expedition. The Syracusan orator told his countrymen to dismiss with scorn the visionary terrors which a set of designing men among themselves strove to excite, in order to get power and influence thrown into their own hands. He told them that Athens knew her own interest too well to think of wantonly provoking their hostility: "Even if the enemies were to come," said he, "so distant from their resources, and opposed to such a power as ours, their destruction would be easy and inevitable. Their ships will have enough to do to get to our island at all, and to carry such stores of all sorts as will be needed. They cannot therefore carry, besides, an army large enough to cope with such a population as ours. They will have no fortified place from which to commence their operations, but must rest them on no better base than a set of wretched tents, and such means as the necessities of the moment will allow them. But, in truth, I did not believe that they would even be able to effect a disembarkation. Let us, therefore, set at naught these reports as altogether of home manufacture; and be sure that if any enemy *does* come, the state will know how to defend itself in a manner worthy of the national honor."

Such assertions pleased the Syracusan assembly, and their counterparts find favor now among some portion of the English public. But the invaders of Syracuse came; made good their landing in Sicily; and, if they had promptly attacked the city itself, instead of wasting nearly a year in desultory operations in other parts of Sicily, the Syracusans must have paid the penalty of their self-sufficient carelessness in submission to the Athenian yoke. But, of the three generals who led the Athenian expedition, two only were men of ability, and one was most weak and incompetent. Fortunately for Syracuse, Alcibiades, the most skillful of the three, was soon deposed from his command by a factious and fanatic vote of his fellow-countrymen, and the other competent one, Lamachus, fell early in a skirmish; while, more fortunately still for her, the

feeble and vacillating Nicias remained unrecalled and unhurt, to assume the undivided leadership of the Athenian army and fleet, and to mar, by alternate over-caution and over-carelessness, every chance of success which the early part of the operations offered. Still, even under him, the Athenians nearly won the town. They defeated the raw levies of the Syracusans, cooped them within the walls, and, as before mentioned, almost effected a continuous fortification from bay to bay over Epipolæ, the completion of which would certainly have been followed by a capitulation.

Alcibiades, the most complete example of genius without principle that history produces, the Bolingbroke of antiquity, but with high military talents superadded to diplomatic and oratorical powers, on being summoned home from his command in Sicily to take his trial before the Athenian tribunal, had escaped to Sparta, and had exerted himself there with all the selfish rancor of a renegade to renew the war with Athens, and to send instant assistance to Syracuse.

When we read his words in the pages of Thucydides (who was himself an exile from Athens at this period, and may probably have been at Sparta, and heard Alcibiades speak), we are at a loss whether most to admire or abhor his subtile counsels. After an artful exordium, in which he tried to disarm the suspicions which he felt must be entertained of him, and to point out to the Spartans how completely his interests and theirs were identified, through hatred of the Athenian democracy, he thus proceeded:

“Hear me, at any rate, on the matters which require your grave attention, and which I, from the personal knowledge that I have of them, can and ought to bring before you. We Athenians sailed to Sicily with the design of subduing, first the Greek cities there, and next those in Italy. Then we intended to make an attempt on the dominions of Carthage, and on Carthage itself. If all these projects succeeded (nor did we limit ourselves to them in these quarters), we intended to increase our fleet with the inexhaustible supplies of ship timber which Italy affords, to put in requisition the whole military force of the conquered Greek states, and also to hire large armies of the barbarians, of the Iberians, and others in those regions, who are allowed to make the best possible soldiers.

Then, when we had done all this, we intended to assail Peloponnesus with our collected force. Our fleets would blockade you by sea, and desolate your coasts, our armies would be landed at different points and assail your cities. Some of these we expected to storm, and others we meant to take by surrounding them with fortified lines. We thought that it would thus be an easy matter thoroughly to war you down; and then we should become the masters of the whole Greek race. As for expense, we reckoned that each conquered state would give us supplies of money and provisions sufficient to pay for its own conquest, and furnish the means for the conquest of its neighbors.

“Such are the designs of the present Athenian expedition to Sicily, and you have heard them from the lips of the man who, of all men living, is most accurately acquainted with them. The other Athenian generals, who remain with the expedition, will endeavor to carry out these plans. And be sure that without your speedy interference they will all be accomplished. The Sicilian Greeks are deficient in military training; but still, if they could at once be brought to combine in an organized resistance to Athens, they might even now be saved. But as for the Syracusans resisting Athens by themselves, they have already, with the whole strength of their population, fought a battle and been beaten; they cannot face the Athenians at sea; and it is quite impossible for them to hold out against the force of their invaders. And if this city falls into the hands of the Athenians, all Sicily is theirs, and presently Italy also; and the danger, which I warned you of from that quarter, will soon fall upon yourselves. You must, therefore, in Sicily, fight for the safety of Peloponnesus. Send some galleys thither instantly. Put men on board who can work their own way over, and who, as soon as they land, can do duty as regular troops. But, above all, let one of yourselves, let a man of Sparta, go over to take the chief command, to bring into order and effective discipline the forces that are in Syracuse, and urge those who at present hang back to come forward and aid the Syracusans. The presence of a Spartan general at this crisis will do more to save the city than a whole army.” The renegade then proceeded to urge on them the necessity of encouraging their friends in Sicily, by showing that

they themselves were in earnest in hostility to Athens. He exhorted them not only to march their armies into Attica again, but to take up a permanent fortified position in the country; and he gave them in detail information of all that the Athenians most dreaded, and how his country might receive the most distressing and enduring injury at their hands.

The Spartans resolved to act on his advice, and appointed Gylippus to the Sicilian command. Gylippus was a man who, to the national bravery and military skill of a Spartan, united political sagacity that was worthy of his great fellow-countryman Brasidas; but his merits were debased by mean and sordid vices; and his is one of the cases in which history has been austere just, and where little or no fame has been accorded to the successful but venal soldier. But for the purpose for which he was required in Sicily, an abler man could not have been found in Lacedæmon. His country gave him neither men nor money, but she gave him her authority; and the influence of her name and of his own talents was speedily seen in the zeal with which the Corinthians and other Peloponnesian Greeks began to equip a squadron to act under him for the rescue of Sicily. As soon as four galleys were ready, he hurried over with them to the southern coast of Italy, and there, though he received such evil tidings of the state of Syracuse that he abandoned all hope of saving that city, he determined to remain on the coast, and do what he could in preserving the Italian cities from the Athenians.

So nearly, indeed, had Nicias completed his beleaguering lines, and so utterly desperate had the state of Syracuse seemingly become, that an assembly of the Syracusans was actually convened, and they were discussing the terms on which they should offer to capitulate, when a galley was seen dashing into the great harbor, and making her way toward the town with all the speed which her rowers could supply. From her shunning the part of the harbor where the Athenian fleet lay, and making straight for the Syracusan side, it was clear that she was a friend; the enemy's cruisers, careless through confidence of success, made no attempt to cut her off; she touched the beach, and a Corinthian captain, springing on shore from her, was eagerly conducted to the assembly of the Syra-

cusan people just in time to prevent the fatal vote being put for a surrender.

Providentially for Syracuse, Gongylus, the commander of the galley, had been prevented by an Athenian squadron from following Gylippus to South Italy, and he had been obliged to push direct for Syracuse from Greece.

The sight of actual succor, and the promise of more, revived the drooping spirits of the Syracusans. They felt that they were not left desolate to perish, and the tidings that a Spartan was coming to command them confirmed their resolution to continue their resistance. Gylippus was already near the city. He had learned at Locri that the first report which had reached him of the state of Syracuse was exaggerated, and that there was unfinished space in the besiegers' lines through which it was barely possible to introduce re-enforcements into the town. Crossing the Straits of Messina, which the culpable negligence of Nicias had left unguarded, Gylippus landed on the northern coast of Sicily, and there began to collect from the Greek cities an army, of which the regular troops that he brought from Peloponnesus formed the nucleus. Such was the influence of the name of Sparta, and such were his own abilities and activity, that he succeeded in raising a force of about two thousand fully-armed infantry, with a larger number of irregular troops. Nicias, as if infatuated, made no attempt to counteract his operations, nor, when Gylippus marched his little army toward Syracuse, did the Athenian commander endeavor to check him. The Syracusans marched out to meet him; and while the Athenians were solely intent on completing their fortifications on the southern side toward the harbor, Gylippus turned their position by occupying the high ground in the extreme rear of Epipolæ. He then marched through the unfortified interval of Nicias' lines into the besieged town, and joining his troops with the Syracusan forces, after some engagements with varying success, gained the mastery over Nicias, drove the Athenians from Epipolæ, and hemmed them into a disadvantageous position in the low grounds near the great harbor.

The attention of all Greece was now fixed on Syracuse, and every enemy of Athens felt the importance of the opportunity now

offered of checking her ambition, and, perhaps, of striking a deadly blow at her power. Large re-enforcements from Corinth, Thebes and other cities now reached the Syracusans, while the baffled and dispirited Athenian general earnestly besought his countrymen to recall him, and represented the further prosecution of the siege as hopeless.

But Athens had made it a maxim never to let difficulty or disaster drive her back from any enterprise once undertaken, so long as she possessed the means of making any effort, however desperate, for its accomplishment. With indomitable pertinacity, she now decreed, instead of recalling her first armament from before Syracuse, to send out a second, though her enemies near home had now renewed open warfare against her, and by occupying a permanent fortification in her territory had severely distressed her population, and were pressing her with almost all the hardships of an actual siege. She still was mistress of the sea, and she sent forth another fleet of seventy galleys, and another army, which seemed to drain almost the last reserves of her military population, to try if Syracuse could not yet be won, and the honor of the Athenian arms be preserved from the stigma of a retreat. Hers was, indeed, a spirit that might be broken, but never would bend. At the head of this second expedition she wisely placed her best general, Demosthenes, one of the most distinguished officers that the long Peloponnesian war had produced, and who, if he had originally held the Sicilian command, would soon have brought Syracuse to submission.

The fame of Demosthenes the general has been dimmed by the superior luster of his great countryman, Demosthenes the orator. When the name of Demosthenes is mentioned, it is the latter alone that is thought of. The soldier has found no biographer. Yet out of the long list of great men whom the Athenian republic produced, there are few that deserve to stand higher than this brave, though finally unsuccessful, leader of her fleets and armies in the first half of the Peloponnesian war. In his first campaign in *Ætolia* he had shown some of the rashness of youth, and had received a lesson of caution by which he profited throughout the rest of his career, but without losing any of his natural energy in enterprise or in exe-

cution. He had performed the distinguished service of rescuing Naupactus from a powerful hostile armament in the seventh year of the war; he had then, at the request of the Acarnanian republics, taken on himself the office of commander-in-chief of all their forces, and at their head he had gained some important advantages over the enemies of Athens in Western Greece. His most celebrated exploits had been the occupation of Pylos on the Messenian coast, the successful defense of that place against the fleet and armies of Lacedæmon, and the subsequent capture of the Spartan forces on the isle of Sphacteria, which was the severest blow dealt to Sparta throughout the war, and which had mainly caused her to humble herself to make the truce with Athens. Demosthenes was as honorably unknown in the war of party politics at Athens as he was eminent in the war against the foreign enemy. We read of no intrigues of his on either the aristocratic or democratic side. He was neither in the interest of Nicias nor of Cleon. His private character was free from any of the stains which polluted that of Alcibiades. On all these points the silence of the comic dramatist is decisive evidence in his favor. He had also the moral courage, not always combined with physical, of seeking to do his duty to his country, irrespective of any odium that he himself might incur, and unhampered by any petty jealousy of those who were associated with him in command. There are few men named in ancient history of whom posterity would gladly know more, or whom we sympathize with more deeply in the calamities that befell them, than Demosthenes, the son of Alcisthenes, who, in the spring of the year 413 B.C., left Piræus at the head of the second Athenian expedition against Sicily.

His arrival was critically timed; for Gylippus had encouraged the Syracusans to attack the Athenians under Nicias by sea as well as by land, and by one able stratagem of Ariston, one of the admirals of the Corinthian auxiliary squadron, the Syracusans and their confederates had inflicted on the fleet of Nicias the first defeat that the Athenian navy had ever sustained from a numerically inferior enemy. Gylippus was preparing to follow up his advantage by fresh attacks on the Athenians on both elements, when the arrival of Demosthenes completely changed the aspect of affairs,

and restored the superiority to the invaders. With seventy-three war-galleys in the highest state of efficiency, and brilliantly equipped, with a force of five thousand picked men of the regular infantry of Athens and her allies, and a still larger number of bow-men, javelin-men, and slingers on board, Demosthenes rowed round the great harbor with loud cheers and martial music, as if in defiance of the Syracusans and their confederates. His arrival had indeed changed their newly-born hopes into the deepest consternation. The resources of Athens seemed inexhaustible, and resistance to her hopeless. They had been told that she was reduced to the last extremities, and that her territory was occupied by an enemy; and yet here they saw her sending forth, as if in prodigality of power, a second armament to make foreign conquests, not inferior to that with which Nicias had first landed on the Sicilian shores.

With the intuitive decision of a great commander, Demosthenes at once saw that the possession of Epipolæ was the key to the possession of Syracuse, and he resolved to make a prompt and vigorous attempt to recover that position, while his force was unimpaired, and the consternation which its arrival had produced among the besieged remained unabated. The Syracusans and their allies had run out an outwork along Epipolæ from the city walls, intersecting the fortified lines of circumvallation which Nicias had commenced, but from which he had been driven by Gylippus. Could Demosthenes succeed in storming this outwork, and in re-establishing the Athenian troops on the high ground, he might fairly hope to be able to resume the circumvallation of the city, and become the conqueror of Syracuse; for when once the besiegers' lines were completed, the number of the troops with which Gylippus had garrisoned the place would only tend to exhaust the stores of provisions and accelerate its downfall.

An easily-repelled attack was first made on the outwork in the daytime, probably more with the view of blinding the besieged to the nature of the main operations than with any expectation of succeeding in an open assault, with every disadvantage of the ground to contend against. But, when the darkness had set in, Demosthenes formed his men in columns, each soldier taking with

him five days' provisions, and the engineers and workmen of the camp following the troops with their tools, and all portable implements of fortification, so as at once to secure any advantage of ground that the army might gain. Thus equipped and prepared, he led his men along by the foot of the southern flank of Epipolæ, in a direction toward the interior of the island, till he came immediately below the narrow ridge that forms the extremity of the high ground looking westward. He then wheeled his vanguard to the right, sent them rapidly up the paths that wind along the face of the cliff, and succeeded in completely surprising the Syracusan outposts, and in placing his troops fairly on the extreme summit of the all-important Epipolæ. Thence the Athenians marched eagerly down the slope toward the town, routing some Syracusan detachments that were quartered in their way, and vigorously assailing the unprotected side of the outwork. All at first favored them. The outwork was abandoned by its garrison, and the Athenian engineers began to dismantle it. In vain Gylippus brought up fresh troops to check the assault; the Athenians broke and drove them back, and continued to press hotly forward, in the full confidence of victory. But, amid the general consternation of the Syracusans and their confederates, one body of infantry stood firm. This was a brigade of their Boeotian allies, which was posted low down the slope of Epipolæ, outside the city walls. Coolly and steadily the Boeotian infantry formed their line, and, undismayed by the current of flight around them, advanced against the advancing Athenians. This was the crisis of the battle. But the Athenian van was disorganized by its own previous successes; and, yielding to the unexpected charge thus made on it by troops in perfect order, and of the most obstinate courage, it was driven back in confusion upon the other divisions of the army that still continued to press forward. When once the tide was thus turned, the Syracusans passed rapidly from the extreme of panic to the extreme of vengeful daring, and with all their forces they now fiercely assailed the embarrassed and receding Athenians. In vain did the officers of the latter strive to re-form their line. Amid the din and the shouting of the fight, and the confusion inseparable upon a night engagement, especially one where many thousand

combatants were pent and whirled together in a narrow and uneven area, the necessary maneuvers were impracticable; and though many companies still fought on desperately, wherever the moonlight showed them the semblance of a foe, they fought without concert or subordination; and not infrequently, amid the deadly chaos, Athenian troops assailed each other. Keeping their ranks close, the Syracusans and their allies pressed on against the disorganized masses of the besiegers, and at length drove them, with heavy slaughter, over the cliffs, which an hour or two before they had scaled full of hope, and apparently certain of success.

This defeat was decisive of the event of the siege. The Athenians afterward struggled only to protect themselves from the vengeance which the Syracusans sought to wreak in the complete destruction of their invaders. Never, however, was vengeance more complete and terrible. A series of sea-fights followed, in which the Athenian galleys were utterly destroyed or captured. The mariners and soldiers who escaped death in disastrous engagements, and a vain attempt to force a retreat into the interior of the island, became prisoners of war. Nicias and Demosthenes were put to death in cold blood, and their men either perished miserably in the Syracusan dungeons, or were sold into slavery to the very persons whom, in their pride of power, they had crossed the seas to enslave.

All danger from Athens to the independent nations of the West was now forever at an end. She, indeed, continued to struggle against her combined enemies and revolted allies with unparalleled gallantry, and many more years of varying warfare passed away before she surrendered to their arms. But no success in subsequent contests could ever have restored her to the pre-eminence in enterprise, resources, and maritime skill which she had acquired before her fatal reverses in Sicily. Nor among the rival Greek republics, whom her own rashness aided to crush her, was there any capable of reorganizing her empire, or resuming her schemes of conquest. The dominion of Western Europe was left for Rome and Carthage to dispute two centuries later, in conflicts still more terrible, and with higher displays of military daring and genius than Athens had witnessed either in her rise, her meridian, or her fall. [CREASY.

CHAPTER IV

THE VICTORY OF ARBELA

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: HIS CONQUEST OF ASIA AND
ENTRY INTO BABYLON

331 B. C.

A RRIAN, who wrote his history of Alexander when Hadrian was emperor of the Roman world, and when the spirit of declamation and dogmatism was at its full height, but who was himself, unlike the dreaming pedants of the schools, a statesman and a soldier of practical and proved ability, well rebuked the malevolent aspersions which he heard continually thrown upon the memory of the great conqueror of the East. He truly says, "Let the man who speaks evil of Alexander not merely bring forward those passages of Alexander's life which were really evil, but let him collect and review *all* the actions of Alexander, and then let him thoroughly consider first who and what manner of man he himself is, and what has been his own career; and then let him consider who and what manner of man Alexander was, and to what an eminence of human grandeur *he* arrived. Let him consider that Alexander was a king and the undisputed lord of the two continents, and that his name is renowned throughout the whole earth. Let the evil-speaker against Alexander bear all this in mind, and then let him reflect on his own insignificance, the pettiness of his own circumstances and affairs, and the blunders that he makes about these, paltry and trifling as they are. Let him then ask himself whether he is a fit person to censure and revile such a man as Alexander. I believe that there was in his time no nation of men, no city, nay, no single individual with whom Alexander's name had not become a familiar word. I therefore

hold that such a man, who was like no ordinary mortal, was not born into the world without some special providence."

And one of the most distinguished soldiers and writers, Sir Walter Raleigh, though he failed to estimate justly the full merits of Alexander, has expressed his sense of the grandeur of the part played in the world by "the great Emathian conqueror" in language that well deserves quotation:

"So much hath the spirit of some one man excelled as it hath undertaken and effected the alteration of the greatest states and commonweals, the erection of monarchies, the conquest of kingdoms and empires, guided handfuls of men against multitudes of equal bodily strength, contrived victories beyond all hope and discourse of reason, converted the fearful passions of his own followers into magnanimity, and the valor of his enemies into cowardice; such spirits have been stirred up in sundry ages of the world, and in divers parts thereof, to erect and cast down again, to establish and to destroy, and to bring all things, persons and states to the same certain ends, which the infinite spirit of the *Universal*, piercing, moving and governing all things, hath ordained. Certainly, the things that this king did were marvelous, and would hardly have been undertaken by any one else; and though his father had determined to have invaded the Lesser Asia, it is like enough that he would have contented himself with some part thereof, and not have discovered the river of Indus, as this man did." *

A higher authority than either Arrian or Raleigh may now be referred to by those who wish to know the real merit of Alexander as a general, and how far the commonplace assertions are true that his successes were the mere results of fortunate rashness and unreasoning pugnacity. Napoleon selected Alexander as one of the seven greatest generals whose noble deeds history has handed down to us, and from the study of whose campaigns the principles of war are to be learned. The critique of the greatest conqueror of modern times on the military career of the great conqueror of the Old World is no less graphic than true:

"Alexander crossed the Dardanelles 334 B.C., with an army

* "The Historie of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, p. 648.

of about forty thousand men, of which one-eighth was cavalry; he forced the passage of the Granicus in opposition to an army under Memnon, the Greek, who commanded for Darius on the coast of Asia, and he spent the whole of the year 333 in establishing his power in Asia Minor. He was seconded by the Greek colonies, who dwelt on the borders of the Black Sea and on the Mediterranean, and in Sardis, Ephesus, Tarsus, Miletus, etc. The kings of Persia left their provinces and towns to be governed according to their own particular laws. Their empire was a union of confederated states, and did not form one nation; this facilitated its conquest. As Alexander only wished for the throne of the monarch, he easily effected the change by respecting the customs, manners and laws of the people, who experienced no change in their condition.

"In the year 332 he met with Darius at the head of sixty thousand men, who had taken up a position near Tarsus, on the banks of the Issus, in the province of Cilicia. He defeated him, entered Syria, took Damascus, which contained all the riches of the Great King, and laid siege to Tyre. This superb metropolis of the commerce of the world detained him nine months. He took Gaza after a siege of two months; crossed the Desert in seven days; entered Pelusium and Memphis, and founded Alexandria. In less than two years, after two battles and four or five sieges, the coasts of the Black Sea, from Phasis to Byzantium, those of the Mediterranean as far as Alexandria, all Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, had submitted to his arms.

"In 331 he repassed the Desert, encamped in Tyre, recrossed Syria, entered Damascus, passed the Euphrates and Tigris, and defeated Darius on the field of Arbela when he was at the head of a still stronger army than that which he commanded on the Issus, and Babylon opened her gates to him. In 330 he overran Susa and took that city, Persepolis, and Pasargada, which contained the tomb of Cyrus. In 329 he directed his course northward, entered Ecbatana, and extended his conquests to the coasts of the Caspian, punished Bessus, the cowardly assassin of Darius, penetrated into Scythia, and subdued the Scythians. In 328 he forced the passage of the Oxus, received sixteen thousand recruits

from Macedonia, and reduced the neighboring people to subjection. In 327 he crossed the Indus, vanquished Porus in a pitched battle, took him prisoner, and treated him as a king. He contemplated passing the Ganges, but his army refused. He sailed down the Indus, in the year 326, with eight hundred vessels; having arrived at the ocean, he sent Nearchus with a fleet to run along the coasts of the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf as far as the mouth of the Euphrates. In 325 he took sixty days in crossing from Gedrosia, entered Keramania, returned to Pasargada, Persepolis, and Susa, and married Statira, the daughter of Darius. In 324 he marched once more to the north, passed Ecbatana, and terminated his career at Babylon."

The enduring importance of Alexander's conquests is to be estimated, not by the duration of his own life and empire, or even by the duration of the kingdoms which his generals after his death formed out of the fragments of that mighty dominion. In every region of the world that he traversed, Alexander planted Greek settlements and founded cities, in the populations of which the Greek element at once asserted its predominance. Among his successors, the Seleucidæ and the Ptolemies imitated their great captain in blending schemes of civilization, of commercial intercourse, and of literary and scientific research, with all their enterprises of military aggrandizement and with all their systems of civil administration. Such was the ascendancy of the Greek genius, so wonderfully comprehensive and assimilating was the cultivation which it introduced, that, within thirty years after Alexander crossed the Hellespont, the Greek language was spoken in every country from the shores of the Ægean to the Indus, and also throughout Egypt—not, indeed, wholly to the extirpation of the native dialects, but it became the language of every court, of all literature, of every judicial and political function, and formed a medium of communication among the many myriads of mankind inhabiting these large portions of the Old World. Throughout Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, the Hellenic character that was thus imparted remained in full vigor down to the time of the Mohammedan conquests. The infinite value of this to humanity in the highest and holiest point of view has often been pointed out,

and the workings of the finger of Providence have been gratefully recognized by those who have observed how the early growth and progress of Christianity were aided by that diffusion of the Greek language and civilization throughout Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, which had been caused by the Macedonian conquest of the East.

In Upper Asia, beyond the Euphrates, the direct and material influence of Greek ascendancy was more shortlived. Yet, during the existence of the Hellenic kingdoms in these regions, especially of the Greek kingdom of Bactria, the modern Bokhara, very important effects were produced on the intellectual tendencies and tastes of the inhabitants of those countries, and of the adjacent ones, by the animating contact of the Grecian spirit. Much of Hindu science and philosophy, much of the literature of the later Persian kingdom of the Arsacidæ, either originated from, or was largely modified by, Grecian influences. So, also, the learning and science of the Arabians were in a far less degree the result of original invention and genius than the reproduction, in an altered form, of the Greek philosophy and the Greek lore acquired by the Saracenic conquerors, together with their acquisition of the provinces which Alexander had subjugated, nearly a thousand years before the armed disciples of Mohammed commenced their career in the East. It is well known that Western Europe in the Middle Ages drew its philosophy, its arts, and its science principally from Arabian teachers. And thus we see how the intellectual influence of ancient Greece, poured on the Eastern world by Alexander's victories, and then brought back to bear on Medieval Europe by the spread of the Saracenic powers, has exerted its action on the elements of modern civilization by this powerful though indirect channel, as well as by the more obvious effects of the remnants of classic civilization which survived in Italy, Gaul, Britain, and Spain, after the irruption of the Germanic nations.

These considerations invest the Macedonian triumphs in the East with never-dying interest, such as the most showy and sanguinary successes of mere "low ambition and the pride of kings," however they may dazzle for a moment, can never retain with posterity. Whether the old Persian empire which Cyrus founded could have survived much longer than it did, even if Darius had been

victorious at Arbela, may safely be disputed. That ancient dominion, like the Turkish at the present time, labored under every cause of decay and dissolution. The satraps, like the modern pashas, continually rebelled against the central power, and Egypt in particular was almost always in a state of insurrection against its nominal sovereign. There was no longer any effective central control, or any internal principle of unity fused through the huge mass of the empire, and binding it together. Persia was evidently about to fall; but, had it not been for Alexander's invasion of Asia, she would most probably have fallen beneath some other Oriental power, as Media and Babylon had formerly fallen before herself, and as, in after times, the Parthian supremacy gave way to the revived ascendancy of Persia in the East, under the scepters of the Arsacidæ. A revolution that merely substituted one Eastern power for another would have been utterly barren and unprofitable to mankind.

Alexander's victory at Arbela not only overthrew an Oriental dynasty, but established European rulers in its stead. It broke the monotony of the Eastern world by the impression of Western energy and superior civilization, even as England's present mission is to break up the mental and moral stagnation of India and Cathay by pouring upon and through them the impulsive current of Anglo-Saxon commerce and conquest.

Arbela, the city which has furnished its name to the decisive battle which gave Asia to Alexander, lies more than twenty miles from the actual scene of conflict. The little village then named Gaugamela is close to the spot where the armies met, but has ceded the honor of naming the battle to its more euphonious neighbor. Gaugamela is situate in one of the wide plains that lie between the Tigris and the mountains of Kurdistan. A few undulating hillocks diversify the surface of this sandy tract; but the ground is generally level, and admirably qualified for the evolutions of cavalry, and also calculated to give the larger of two armies the full advantage of numerical superiority. The Persian king (who, before he came to the throne, had proved his personal valor as a soldier and his skill as a general) had wisely selected this region for the third and decisive encounter between his forces and

the invader. The previous defeats of his troops, however severe they had been, were not looked on as irreparable. The Granicus had been fought by his generals rashly and without mutual concert; and, though Darius himself had commanded and been beaten at Issus, that defeat might be attributed to the disadvantageous nature of the ground, where, cooped up between the mountains, the river and the sea, the numbers of the Persians confused and clogged alike the general's skill and the soldiers' prowess, and their very strength had been made their weakness. Here, on the broad plains of Kurdistan, there was scope for Asia's largest host to array its lines, to wheel, to skirmish, to condense or expand its squadrons, to maneuver, and to charge at will. Should Alexander and his scanty band dare to plunge into that living sea of war, their destruction seemed inevitable.

Darius felt, however, the critical nature to himself as well as to his adversary of the coming encounter. He could not hope to retrieve the consequences of a third overthrow. The great cities of Mesopotamia and Upper Asia, the central provinces of the Persian empire, were certain to be at the mercy of the victor. Darius knew also the Asiatic character well enough to be aware how it yields to the prestige of success and the apparent career of destiny. He felt that the diadem was now either to be firmly replaced on his brow, or to be irrevocably transferred to the head of his European conqueror. He, therefore, during the long interval left him after the battle of Issus, while Alexander was subjugating Syria and Egypt, assiduously busied himself in selecting the best troops which his vast empire supplied, and in training his varied forces to act together with some uniformity of discipline and system.

The hardy mountaineers of Afghanistan, Bokhara, Khiva, and Thibet were then, as at present, far different to the generality of Asiatics in warlike spirit and endurance. From these districts Darius collected large bodies of admirable infantry; and the countries of the modern Kurds and Turkomans supplied, as they do now, squadrons of horsemen, hardy, skillful, bold, and trained to a life of constant activity and warfare. It is not uninteresting to notice that the ancestors of our own late enemies, the Sikhs, served as allies

of Darius against the Macedonians. They are spoken of in Arrian as Indians who dwelt near Bactria. They were attached to the troops of that satrapy, and their cavalry was one of the most formidable forces in the whole Persian army.

Besides these picked troops, contingents also came in from the numerous other provinces that yet obeyed the Great King. Altogether, the horse are said to have been forty thousand, the scythe-bearing chariots two hundred, and the armed elephants fifteen in number. The amount of infantry is uncertain; but the knowledge which both ancient and modern times supply of the usual character of Oriental armies, and of their populations of camp followers, may warrant us in believing that many myriads were prepared to fight, or to encumber those who fought, for the last Darius.

The position of the Persian king near Mesopotamia was chosen with great military skill. It was certain that Alexander, on his return from Egypt, must march northward along the Syrian coast before he attacked the central provinces of the Persian empire. A direct eastward march from the lower part of Palestine across the great Syrian Desert was then, as ever, utterly impracticable. Marching eastward from Syria, Alexander would, on crossing the Euphrates, arrive at the vast Mesopotamian plains. The wealthy capitals of the empire, Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis, would then lie to the south; and if he marched down through Mesopotamia to attack them, Darius might reasonably hope to follow the Macedonians with his immense force of cavalry, and, without even risking a pitched battle, to harass and finally overwhelm them. We may remember that three centuries afterward a Roman army under Crassus was thus actually destroyed by the Oriental archers and horsemen in these very plains, and that the ancestors of the Parthians who thus vanquished the Roman legions served by thousands under King Darius. If, on the contrary, Alexander should defer his march against Babylon, and first seek an encounter with the Persian army, the country on each side of the Tigris in this latitude was highly advantageous for such an army as Darius commanded, and he had close in his rear the mountainous districts of Northern Media, where he himself had in early life been satrap, where he had acquired reputation as a soldier and

a general, and where he justly expected to find loyalty to his person, and a safe refuge in case of defeat.

His great antagonist came on across the Euphrates against him, at the head of an army which Arrian, copying from the journals of Macedonian officers, states to have consisted of forty thousand foot and seven thousand horse. In studying the campaigns of Alexander, we possess the peculiar advantage of deriving our information from two of Alexander's generals of division, who bore an important part in all his enterprises. Aristobulus and Ptolemy (who afterward became king of Egypt) kept regular journals of the military events which they witnessed, and these journals were in the possession of Arrian when he drew up his history of Alexander's expedition. The high character of Arrian for integrity makes us confident that he used them fairly, and his comments on the occasional discrepancies between the two Macedonian narratives prove that he used them sensibly. He frequently quotes the very words of his authorities; and his history thus acquires a charm such as very few ancient or modern military narratives possess. The anecdotes and expressions which he records we fairly believe to be genuine, and not to be the coinage of a rhetorician, like those in Curtius. In fact, in reading Arrian, we read General Aristobulus and General Ptolemy on the campaigns of the Macedonians, and it is like reading General Jomini or General Foy on the campaigns of the French.

The estimate which we find in Arrian of the strength of Alexander's army seems reasonable enough, when we take into account both the losses which he had sustained and the re-enforcements which he had received since he left Europe. Indeed, to Englishmen, who know with what mere handfuls of men our own generals have, at Plassy, at Assaye, at Meeanee, and other Indian battles, routed large hosts of the Asiatics, the disparity of numbers that we read of in the victories won by the Macedonians over the Persians presents nothing incredible. The army which Alexander now led was wholly composed of veteran troops in the highest possible state of equipment and discipline, enthusiastically devoted to their leader, and full of confidence in his military genius and his victorious destiny.

The celebrated Macedonian phalanx formed the main strength of his infantry. This force had been raised and organized by his father Philip, who, on his accession to the Macedonian throne, needed a numerous and quickly-formed army, and who, by lengthening the spear of the ordinary Greek phalanx, and increasing the depth of the files, brought the tactic of armed masses to the highest extent of which it was capable with such materials as he possessed. He formed his men sixteen deep, and placed in their grasp the *sarissa*, as the Macedonian pike was called, which was four-and-twenty feet in length, and, when couched for action, reached eighteen feet in front of the soldier; so that, as a space of about two feet was allowed between the ranks, the spears of the five files behind him projected in front of each front-rank man. The phalangite soldier was fully equipped in the defensive armor of the regular Greek infantry. And thus the phalanx presented a ponderous and bristling mass, which, as long as its order was kept compact, was sure to bear down all opposition. The defects of such an organization are obvious, and were proved in after years, when the Macedonians were opposed to the Roman legions. But it is clear that under Alexander the phalanx was not the cumbrous, unwieldy body which it was at Cynoscephalæ and Pydna. His men were veterans; and he could obtain from them an accuracy of movement and steadiness of evolution such as probably the recruits of his father would only have floundered in attempting, and such as certainly were impracticable in the phalanx when handled by his successors, especially as under them it ceased to be a standing force, and became only a militia. Under Alexander the phalanx consisted of an aggregate of eighteen thousand men, who were divided into six brigades of three thousand each. These were again subdivided into regiments and companies; and the men were carefully trained to wheel, to face about, to take more ground, or to close up, as the emergencies of the battle required. Alexander also arrayed troops armed in a different manner in the intervals of the regiments of his phalangites, who could prevent their line from being pierced and their companies taken in flank, when the nature of the ground prevented a close formation, and who could be withdrawn when a favorable opportunity arrived for closing up the

phalanx or any of its brigades for a charge, or when it was necessary to prepare to receive cavalry.

Besides the phalanx, Alexander had a considerable force of infantry who were called shield-bearers: they were not so heavily armed as the phalangites, or as was the case with the Greek regular infantry in general, but they were equipped for close fight as well as for skirmishing, and were far superior to the ordinary irregular troops of Greek warfare. They were about six thousand strong. Besides these, he had several bodies of Greek regular infantry; and he had archers, slingers, and javelin-men, who fought also with broadsword and target, and who were principally supplied him by the highlanders of Illyria and Thracia. The main strength of his cavalry consisted in two chosen regiments of cuirassiers, one Macedonian and one Thessalian, each of which was about fifteen hundred strong. They were provided with long lances and heavy swords, and horse as well as man was fully equipped with defensive armor. Other regiments of regular cavalry were less heavily armed, and there were several bodies of light horsemen, whom Alexander's conquests in Egypt and Syria had enabled him to mount superbly.

A little before the end of August, Alexander crossed the Euphrates at Thapsacus, a small corps of Persian cavalry under Mazæus retiring before him. Alexander was too prudent to march down through the Mesopotamian deserts, and continued to advance eastward with the intention of passing the Tigris, and then, if he was unable to find Darius and bring him to action, of marching southward on the left side of that river along the skirts of a mountainous district where his men would suffer less from heat and thirst, and where provisions would be more abundant.

Darius, finding that his adversary was not to be enticed into the march through Mesopotamia against his capital, determined to remain on the battle-ground which he had chosen on the left of the Tigris; where, if his enemy met a defeat or a check, the destruction of the invaders would be certain with two such rivers as the Euphrates and the Tigris in their rear. The Persian king availed himself to the utmost of every advantage in his power. He caused a large space of ground to be carefully leveled for the

operation of his scythe-armed chariots; and he deposited his military stores in the strong town of Arbela, about twenty miles in his rear. The rhetoricians of after ages have loved to describe Darius Codomanus as a second Xerxes in ostentation and imbecility; but a fair examination of his generalship in this his last campaign shows that he was worthy of bearing the same name as his great predecessor, the royal son of Hystaspes.

On learning that Darius was with a large army on the left of the Tigris, Alexander hurried forward and crossed that river without opposition. He was at first unable to procure any certain intelligence of the precise position of the enemy, and after giving his army a short interval of rest, he marched for four days down the left bank of the river. A moralist may pause upon the fact that Alexander must in this march have passed within a few miles of the ruins of Nineveh, the great city of the primeval conquerors of the human race. Neither the Macedonian king nor any of his followers knew what those vast mounds had once been. They had already sunk into utter destruction; and it is only within the last few years that the intellectual energy of one of our own countrymen has rescued Nineveh from its long centuries of oblivion.

On the fourth day of Alexander's southward march, his advanced guard reported that a body of the enemy's cavalry was in sight. He instantly formed his army in order for battle, and directing them to advance steadily, he rode forward at the head of some squadrons of cavalry, and charged the Persian horse, whom he found before him. This was a mere reconnoitering party, and they broke and fled immediately; but the Macedonians made some prisoners, and from them Alexander found that Darius was posted only a few miles off, and learned the strength of the army that he had with him. On receiving this news Alexander halted and gave his men repose for four days, so that they should go into action fresh and vigorous. He also fortified his camp and deposited in it all his military stores, and all his sick and disabled soldiers, intending to advance upon the enemy with the serviceable part of his army perfectly unencumbered. After this halt, he moved forward, while it was yet dark, with the intention of reaching the

enemy, and attacking them at break of day. About half way between the camps there were some undulations of the ground, which concealed the two armies from each other's view; but, on Alexander arriving at their summit, he saw, by the early light, the Persian host arrayed before him, and he probably also observed traces of some engineering operation having been carried on along part of the ground in front of them. Not knowing that these marks had been caused by the Persians having leveled the ground for the free use of their war-chariots, Alexander suspected that hidden pitfalls had been prepared with a view of disordering the approach of his cavalry. He summoned a council of war forthwith. Some of the officers were for attacking instantly, at all hazards; but the more prudent opinion of Parmenio prevailed, and it was determined not to advance further till the battleground had been carefully surveyed.

Alexander halted his army on the heights, and, taking with him some light-armed infantry and some cavalry, he passed part of the day in reconnoitering the enemy, and observing the nature of the ground which he had to fight on. Darius wisely refrained from moving from his position to attack the Macedonians on the eminences which they occupied, and the two armies remained until night without molesting each other. On Alexander's return to his headquarters, he summoned his generals and superior officers together, and telling them that he knew well that *their* zeal wanted no exhortation, he besought them to do their utmost in encouraging and instructing those whom each commanded, to do their best in the next day's battle. They were to remind them that they were now not going to fight for a province as they had hitherto fought, but they were about to decide by their swords the dominion of all Asia. Each officer ought to impress this upon his subalterns, and they should urge it on their men. Their natural courage required no long words to excite its ardor; but they should be reminded of the paramount importance of steadiness in action. The silence in the ranks must be unbroken as long as silence was proper; but when the time came for the charge, the shout and the cheer must be full of terror for the foe. The officers were to be alert in receiving and communicating orders; and every one was

to act as if he felt that the whole result of the battle depended on his own single good conduct.

Having thus briefly instructed his generals, Alexander ordered that the army should sup and take their rest for the night.

Darkness had closed over the tents of the Macedonians, when Alexander's veteran general, Parmenio, came to him, and proposed that they should make a night attack on the Persians. The king is said to have answered that he scorned to filch a victory, and that Alexander must conquer openly and fairly. Arrian justly remarks that Alexander's resolution was as wise as it was spirited. Besides the confusion and uncertainty which are inseparable from night engagements, the value of Alexander's victory would have been impaired, if gained under circumstances which might supply the enemy with any excuse for his defeat, and encouraged him to renew the contest. It was necessary for Alexander not only to beat Darius, but to gain such a victory as should leave his rival without apology and without hope of recovery.

The Persians, in fact, expected, and were prepared to meet, a night attack. Such was the apprehension that Darius entertained of it that he formed his troops at evening in order of battle, and kept them under arms all night. The effect of this was that the morning found them jaded and dispirited, while it brought their adversaries all fresh and vigorous against them.

The written order of battle which Darius himself caused to be drawn up fell into the hands of the Macedonians after the engagement, and Aristobulus copied it into his journal. We thus possess, through Arrian, unusually authentic information as to the composition and arrangement of the Persian army. On the extreme left were the Bactrian, Daan, and Arachosian cavalry. Next to these Darius placed the troops from Persia proper, both horse and foot. Then came the Susians, and next to these the Cadusians. These forces made up the left wing. Darius's own station was in the center. This was composed of the Indians, the Carians, the Mardian archers, and the division of Persians who were distinguished by the golden apples that formed the knobs of their spears. Here also were stationed the bodyguard of the Persian nobility. Besides these, there were, in the center, formed in deep order, the

Uxian and Babylonian troops, and the soldiers from the Red Sea. The brigade of Greek mercenaries whom Darius had in his service, and who alone were considered fit to stand the charge of the Macedonian phalanx, was drawn up on either side of the royal chariot. The right wing was composed of the Coelosyrians and Mesopotamians, the Medes, the Parthians, the Sacians, the Tapurians, Hyrcanians, Albanians, and Sacasinæ. In advance of the line on the left wing were placed the Scythian cavalry, with a thousand of the Bactrian horse, and a hundred scythe-armed chariots. The elephants and fifty scythe-armed chariots were ranged in front of the center; and fifty more chariots, with the Armenian and Cappadocian cavalry, were drawn up in advance of the right wing.

Thus arrayed, the great host of King Darius passed the night that to many thousands of them was the last of their existence. The morning of the first of October, two thousand one hundred and eighty-two years ago, dawned slowly to their wearied watching, and they could hear the note of the Macedonian trumpet sounding to arms, and could see King Alexander's forces descend from their tents on the heights, and form in order of battle on the plain.

There was deep need of skill, as well as of valor, on Alexander's side; and few battlefields have witnessed more consummate generalship than was now displayed by the Macedonian king. There were no natural barriers by which he could protect his flanks; and not only was he certain to be overlapped on either wing by the vast lines of the Persian army, but there was imminent risk of their circling round him, and charging him in the rear, while he advanced against their center. He formed, therefore, a second or reserve line, which was to wheel round, if required, or to detach troops to either flank, as the enemy's movements might necessitate; and thus, with their whole army ready at any moment to be thrown into one vast hollow square, the Macedonians advanced in two lines against the enemy, Alexander himself leading on the right wing, and the renowned phalanx forming the center, while Parmenio commanded on the left.

Such was the general nature of the disposition which Alexander made of his army. But we have in Arrian the details of the posi-

tion of each brigade and regiment; and as we know that these details were taken from the journals of Macedonian generals, it is interesting to examine them, and to read the names and stations of King Alexander's generals and colonels in this, the greatest of his battles.

The eight regiments of the royal horse-guards formed the right of Alexander's line. Their colonels were Cleitus (whose regiment was on the extreme right, the post of peculiar danger), Glaucias, Ariston, Sopolis, Heracleides, Demetrius, Meleager, and Hegelochus. Philotas was general of the whole division. Then came the shield-bearing infantry: Nicanor was their general. Then came the phalanx in six brigades. Coenus's brigade was on the right, and nearest to the shield-bearers; next to this stood the brigade of Perdiccas, then Meleager's, then Polysperchon's; and then the brigade of Amyntas, but which was now commanded by Simmias, as Amyntas had been sent to Macedonia to levy recruits. Then came the infantry of the left wing, under the command of Craterus. Next to Craterus's infantry were placed the cavalry regiments of the allies, with Eriguius for their general. The Thessalian cavalry, commanded by Philippus, were next, and held the extreme left of the whole army. The whole left wing was intrusted to the command of Parmenio, who had round his person the Pharsalian regiment of cavalry, which was the strongest and best of all the Thessalian horse regiments.

The center of the second line was occupied by a body of phalangite infantry, formed of companies which were drafted for this purpose from each of the brigades of their phalanx. The officers in command of this corps were ordered to be ready to face about, if the enemy should succeed in gaining the rear of the army. On the right of this reserve infantry, in the second line, and behind the royal horse-guards, Alexander placed half the Agrian light-armed infantry under Attalus, and with them Brison's body of Macedonian archers and Cleander's regiment of foot. He also placed in this part of his army Menidas's squadron of cavalry, and Aretes's and Ariston's light horse. Menidas was ordered to watch if the enemy's cavalry tried to turn their flank, and, if they did so, to charge them before they wheeled completely round, and so

take them in flank themselves. A similar force was arranged on the left of the second line for the same purpose. The Thracian infantry of Sitalces were placed there, and Cœranus's regiment of the cavalry of the Greek allies, and Agathon's troops of the Odrysian irregular horse. The extreme left of the second line in this quarter was held by Andromachus's cavalry. A division of Thracian infantry was left in guard of the camp. In advance of the right wing and center was scattered a number of light-armed troops, of javelin-men and bow-men, with the intention of warding off the charge of the armed chariots.

Conspicuous by the brilliancy of his armor, and by the chosen band of officers who were round his person, Alexander took his own station, as his custom was, in the right wing, at the head of his cavalry; and when all the arrangements for the battle were complete, and his generals were fully instructed how to act in each probable emergency, he began to lead his men toward the enemy.

It was ever his custom to expose his life freely in battle, and to emulate the personal prowess of his great ancestor, Achilles. Perhaps, in the bold enterprise of conquering Persia, it was politic for Alexander to raise his army's daring to the utmost by the example of his own heroic valor; and, in his subsequent campaigns, the love of the excitement, of "the raptures of the strife," may have made him, like Murat, continue from choice a custom which he commenced from duty. But he never suffered the ardor of the soldier to make him lose the coolness of the general.

Great reliance had been placed by the Persian king on the effects of the scythe-bearing chariots. It was designed to lanch these against the Macedonian phalanx, and to follow them up by a heavy charge of cavalry, which, it was hoped, would find the ranks of the spearmen disordered by the rush of the chariots, and easily destroy this most formidable part of Alexander's force. In front, therefore, of the Persian center, where Darius took his station and which it was supposed that the phalanx would attack, the ground had been carefully leveled and smoothed, so as to allow the chariots to charge over it with their full sweep and speed. As the Macedonian army approached the Persian, Alexander found that the front of his whole line barely equaled the front of the Persian cen-

ter, so that he was outflanked on his right by the entire left wing of the enemy, and by their entire right wing on his left. His tactics were to assail some one point of the hostile army, and gain a decisive advantage, while he refused, as far as possible, the encounter along the rest of the line. He therefore inclined his order of march to the right, so as to enable his right wing and center to come into collision with the enemy on as favorable terms as possible, although the maneuver might in some respect compromise his left.

The effect of this oblique movement was to bring the phalanx and his own wing nearly beyond the limits of the ground which the Persians had prepared for the operations of the chariots; and Darius, fearing to lose the benefit of this arm against the most important parts of the Macedonian force, ordered the Scythian and Bactrian cavalry, who were drawn up in advance on his extreme left, to charge round upon Alexander's right wing, and check its further lateral progress. Against these assailants Alexander sent from his second line Menidas's cavalry. As these proved too few to make head against the enemy, he ordered Ariston also from the second line with his light horse, and Cleander with his foot, in support of Menidas. The Bactrians and Scythians now began to give way; but Darius re-enforced them by the mass of Bactrian cavalry from his main line, and an obstinate cavalry fight now took place. The Bactrians and Scythians were numerous, and were better armed than the horsemen under Menidas and Ariston; and the loss at first was heaviest on the Macedonian side. But still the European cavalry stood the charge of the Asiatics, and at last, by their superior discipline, and by acting in squadrons that supported each other, instead of fighting in a confused mass like the barbarians, the Macedonians broke their adversaries, and drove them off the field.

Darius now directed the scythe-armed chariots to be driven against Alexander's horse-guards and the phalanx, and these formidable vehicles were accordingly sent rattling across the plain, against the Macedonian line. When we remember the alarm which the war-chariots of the Britons created among Cæsar's legions, we shall not be prone to deride this arm of ancient warfare as always

useless. The object of the chariots was to create unsteadiness in the ranks against which they were driven, and squadrons of cavalry followed close upon them to profit by such disorder. But the Asiatic chariots were rendered ineffective at Arbela by the light-armed troops, whom Alexander had specially appointed for the service, and who, wounding the horses and drivers with their missile weapons, and running alongside so as to cut the traces or seize the reins, marred the intended charge; and the few chariots that reached the phalanx passed harmlessly through the intervals which the spearmen opened for them, and were easily captured in the rear.

A mass of the Asiatic cavalry was now, for the second time, collected against Alexander's extreme right, and moved round it, with the view of gaining the flank of his army. At the critical moment, when their own flanks were exposed by this evolution, Aretes dashed on the Persian squadrons with his horsemen from Alexander's second line. While Alexander thus met and baffled all the flanking attacks of the enemy with troops brought up from his second line, he kept his own horse-guards and the rest of the front line of his wing fresh, and ready to take advantage of the first opportunity for striking a decisive blow. This soon came. A large body of horse, who were posted on the Persian left wing nearest to the center, quitted their station, and rode off to help their comrades in the cavalry fight that still was going on at the extreme right of Alexander's wing against the detachments from his second line. This made a huge gap in the Persian array, and into this space Alexander instantly charged with his guard and all the cavalry of his wing; and then pressing toward his left, he soon began to make havoc in the left flank of the Persian center. The shield-bearing infantry now charged also among the reeling masses of the Asiatics; and five of the brigades of the phalanx, with the irresistible might of their sarissas, bore down the Greek mercenaries of Darius, and dug their way through the Persian center. In the early part of the battle Darius had showed skill and energy; and he now, for some time, encouraged his men, by voice and example, to keep firm. But the lances of Alexander's cavalry and the pikes of the phalanx now pressed nearer and nearer to him. His charioteer was struck down by a javelin at his side; and at last Darius's

nerve failed him, and, descending from his chariot, he mounted on a fleet horse and galloped from the plain, regardless of the state of the battle in other parts of the field, where matters were going on much more favorably for his cause, and where his presence might have done much toward gaining a victory.

Alexander's operations with his right and center had exposed his left to an immensely preponderating force of the enemy. Parmenio kept out of action as long as possible; but Mazæus, who commanded the Persian right wing, advanced against him, completely outflanked him, and pressed him severely with reiterated charges by superior numbers. Seeing the distress of Parmenio's wing, Simmias, who commanded the sixth brigade of the phalanx, which was next to the left wing, did not advance with the other brigades in the great charge upon the Persian center, but kept back to cover Parmenio's troops on *their* right flank, as otherwise they would have been completely surrounded and cut off from the rest of the Macedonian army. By so doing, Simmias had unavoidably opened a gap in the Macedonian left center; and a large column of Indian and Persian horse, from the Persian right center, had galloped forward through this interval, and right through the troops of the Macedonian second line. Instead of then wheeling round upon Parmenio, or upon the rear of Alexander's conquering wing, the Indian and Persian cavalry rode straight on to the Macedonian camp, overpowered the Thracians who were left in charge of it, and began to plunder. This was stopped by the phalangite troops of the second line, who, after the enemy's horsemen had rushed by them, faced about, countermarched upon the camp, killed many of the Indians and Persians in the act of plundering, and forced the rest to ride off again. Just at this crisis, Alexander had been recalled from his pursuit of Darius by tidings of the distress of Parmenio, and of his inability to bear up any longer against the hot attacks of Mazæus. Taking his horse-guards with him, Alexander rode toward the part of the field where his left wing was fighting; but on his way thither he encountered the Persian and Indian cavalry, on their return from his camp.

These men now saw that their only chance of safety was to cut their way through, and in one huge column they charged desper-

ately upon the Macedonian regiments. There was here a close hand-to-hand fight, which lasted some time, and sixty of the royal horse-guards fell, and three generals, who fought close to Alexander's side, were wounded. At length the Macedonian discipline and valor again prevailed, and a large number of the Persian and Indian horsemen were cut down, some few only succeeding in breaking through and riding away. Relieved of these obstinate enemies, Alexander again formed his regiments of horse-guards, and led them toward Parmenio; but by this time that general also was victorious. Probably the news of Darius's flight had reached Mazæus, and had damped the ardor of the Persian right wing, while the tidings of their comrades' success must have proportionally encouraged the Macedonian forces under Parmenio. His Thessalian cavalry particularly distinguished themselves by their gallantry and persevering good conduct; and by the time that Alexander had ridden up to Parmenio, the whole Persian army was in full flight from the field.

It was of the deepest importance to Alexander to secure the person of Darius, and he now urged on the pursuit. The River Lycus was between the field of battle and the city of Arbela, whither the fugitives directed their course, and the passage of this river was even more destructive to the Persians than the swords and spears of the Macedonians had been in the engagement. The narrow bridge was soon choked up by the flying thousands who rushed toward it, and vast numbers of the Persians threw themselves, or were hurried by others, into the rapid stream, and perished in its waters. Darius had crossed it, and had ridden on through Arbela without halting. Alexander reached the city on the next day, and made himself master of all Darius's treasure and stores; but the Persian king, unfortunately for himself, had fled too fast for his conqueror. He had only escaped to perish by the treachery of his Bactrian satrap, Bessus.

A few days after the battle, Alexander entered Babylon, "the oldest seat of earthly empire" then in existence, as its acknowledged lord and master. There were yet some campaigns of his brief and bright career to be accomplished. Central Asia was yet to witness the march of his phalanx. He was yet to effect that

conquest of Afghanistan in which England since has failed. His generalship, as well as his valor, were yet to be signalized on the banks of the Hydaspes and the field of Chillianwallah; and he was yet to precede the Queen of England in annexing the Punjab to the dominions of a European sovereign. But the crisis of his career was reached; the great object of his mission was accomplished; and the ancient Persian empire, which once menaced all the nations of the earth with subjection, was irreparably crushed when Alexander had won his crowning victory at Arbela. [CREASY.

CHAPTER V

THE DEFEAT OF HANNIBAL

THE PUNIC WARS — THE BATTLE OF METAURUS — THE
SUPREMACY OF ROME

207 B. C.

ASIA beheld with terror the uninterrupted progress of Alexander, the sweep of whose conquests was as wide as that of her own barbaric kings, or of the Scythian or Chaldæan hordes; but, far unlike the transient whirlwinds of Asiatic warfare, the advance of the Macedonian leader was no less deliberate than rapid: at every step the Greek power took root, and the language and the civilization of Greece were planted from the shores of the Ægean to the banks of the Indus, from the Caspian and the great Hyrcanian plain to the cataracts of the Nile; to exist actually for nearly a thousand years, and in their effects to endure forever.

But though the influence survived, sovereignty crumbled. Under his successors, the Selucidæ, the vast empire diminished, its might declined. In its place Rome was rearing her head. In the year 275 B.C., the latter, from the Rubicon to the Straits of Messina, was mistress of all Italy. Her rival, originally her friend, was Carthage. Conflict between these two powers was inevitable.

Three ensued. They are known as the Punic wars. The first resulted in a loss to Carthage of Sicily and Sardinia. In the second Spain went. In the third Carthage was razed to the ground. In the course of the second, Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, invaded Italy. A great battle was fought. It took place at a stream still called the Metauro. Livy called it the most memorable of wars. He wrote in no spirit of exaggeration; for it is not in ancient, but in modern history, that parallels for its incidents and its heroes are to be found. The similitude between the contest which Rome maintained against Hannibal, and that which England was for many years engaged in against Napoleon, has not passed unobserved by recent historians. "Twice," says Arnold, "has there been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation, and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Bonaparte strove against England: the efforts of the first ended in Zama; those of the second in Waterloo." One point, however, of the similitude between the two wars has scarcely been adequately dwelt on; that is, the remarkable parallel between the Roman general who finally defeated the great Carthaginian, and the English general who gave the last deadly overthrow to the French emperor. Scipio and Wellington both held for many years commands of high importance, but distant from the main theaters of warfare. The same country was the scene of the principal military career of each. It was in Spain that Scipio, like Wellington, successively encountered and overthrew nearly all the subordinate generals of the enemy before being opposed to the chief champion and conqueror himself. Both Scipio and Wellington restored their countrymen's confidence in arms when shaken by a series of reverses, and each of them closed a long and perilous war by a complete and overwhelming defeat of the chosen leader and the chosen veterans of the foe.

Nor is the parallel between them limited to their military characters and exploits. Scipio, like Wellington, became an important leader of the aristocratic party among his countrymen, and was exposed to the unmeasured invectives of the violent section of his political antagonists. When, early in the last reign, an infuriated

mob assaulted the Duke of Wellington in the streets of the English capital on the anniversary of Waterloo, England was even more disgraced by that outrage than Rome was by the factious accusations which demagogues brought against Scipio, but which he proudly repelled on the day of trial by reminding the assembled people that it was the anniversary of the battle of Zama. Happily, a wiser and a better spirit has now for years pervaded all classes of our community, and we shall be spared the ignominy of having worked out to the end the parallel of national ingratitude. Scipio died a voluntary exile from the malevolent turbulence of Rome. Englishmen of all ranks and politics have now long united in affectionate admiration of our modern Scipio; and even those who have most widely differed from the duke on legislative or administrative questions, forget what they deem the political errors of that time-honored head, while they gratefully call to mind the laurels that have wreathed it.

Scipio at Zama trampled in the dust the power of Carthage, but that power had been already irreparably shattered in another field, where neither Scipio nor Hannibal commanded. When the Metaurus witnessed the defeat and death of Hasdrubal, it witnessed the ruin of the scheme by which alone Carthage could hope to organize decisive success—the scheme of enveloping Rome at once from the north and the south of Italy by two chosen armies, led by two sons of Hamilcar. That battle was the determining crisis of the contest, not merely between Rome and Carthage, but between the two great families of the world, which then made Italy the arena of their oft-renewed contest for pre-eminence.

The French historian, Michelet, whose “*Histoire Romaine*” would have been invaluable if the general industry and accuracy of the writer had in any degree equaled his originality and brilliancy, eloquently remarks, “It is not without reason that so universal and vivid a remembrance of the Punic wars has dwelt in the memories of men. They formed no mere struggle to determine the lot of two cities or two empires; but it was a strife, on the event of which depended the fate of two races of mankind, whether the dominion of the world should belong to the Indo-Germanic or to the Semitic family of nations. Bear in mind that the first of

these comprises, besides the Indians and the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Germans. In the other are ranked the Jews and the Arabs, the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians. On the one side is the genius of heroism, of art, and legislation; on the other is the spirit of industry, of commerce, of navigation. The two opposite races have everywhere come into contact, everywhere into hostility. In the primitive history of Persia and Chaldea, the heroes are perpetually engaged in combat with their industrious and perfidious neighbors. The struggle is renewed between the Phœnicians and the Greeks on every coast of the Mediterranean. The Greek supplants the Phœnician in all his factories, all his colonies in the East: soon will the Roman come, and do likewise in the West. Alexander did far more against Tyre than Salmanasar or Nabuchodonosor had done. Not content with crushing her, he took care that she never should revive; for he founded Alexandria as her substitute, and changed forever the track of the commerce of the world. There remained Carthage—the great Carthage, and her mighty empire—mighty in a far different degree than Phœnicia's had been. Rome annihilated it. Then occurred that which has no parallel in history—an entire civilization perished at one blow—banished, like a falling star. The “Periplus” of Hanno, a few coins, a score of lines in Plautus, and, lo, all that remains of the Carthaginian world!

“Many generations must needs pass away before the struggle between the two races could be renewed; and the Arabs, that formidable rearguard of the Semitic world, dashed forth from their deserts. The conflict between the two races then became the conflict of two religions. Fortunate was it that those daring Saracenic cavaliers encountered in the East the impregnable walls of Constantinople, in the West the chivalrous valor of Charles Martel, and the sword of the Cid. The Crusades were the natural reprisals for the Arab invasions, and form the last epoch of that great struggle between the two principal families of the human race.”

It is difficult, amid the glimmering light supplied by the allusions of the classical writers, to gain a full idea of the character and institutions of Rome's great rival. But we can perceive how inferior Carthage was to her competitor in military resources, and

how far less fitted than Rome she was to become the founder of centralized and centralizing dominion, that should endure for centuries, and fuse into imperial unity the narrow nationalities of the ancient races that dwelt around and near the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

Carthage was originally neither the most ancient nor the most powerful of the numerous colonies which the Phœnicians planted on the coast of Northern Africa. But her advantageous position, the excellence of her constitution (of which, though ill-informed as to its details, we know that it commanded the admiration of Aristotle), and the commercial and political energy of her citizens, gave her the ascendancy over Hippo, Utica, Leptis, and her other sister Phœnician cities in those regions; and she finally reduced them to a condition of dependency, similar to that which the subject allies of Athens occupied relatively to that once imperial city. When Tyre and Sidon, and the other cities of Phœnicia itself, sank from independent republics into mere vassal states of the great Asiatic monarchies, and obeyed by turns a Babylonian, a Persian, and a Macedonian master, their power and their traffic rapidly declined, and Carthage succeeded to the important maritime and commercial character which they had previously maintained. The Carthaginians did not seek to compete with the Greeks on the northeastern shores of the Mediterranean, or in the three inland seas which are connected with it; but they maintained an active intercourse with the Phœnicians, and through them with Lower and Central Asia; and they, and they alone, after the decline and fall of Tyre, navigated the waters of the Atlantic. They had the monopoly of all the commerce of the world that was carried on beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. We have yet extant (in a Greek translation) the narrative of the voyage of Hanno, one of their admirals, along the western coast of Africa as far as Sierra Leone; and in the Latin poem of Festus Avienus frequent references are made to the records of the voyages of another celebrated Carthaginian admiral, Himilco, who had explored the northwestern coast of Europe. Our own islands are mentioned by Himilco as the lands of the Hiberni and Albioni. It is indeed certain that the Carthaginians frequented the Cornish coast (as the Phœnicians had done before

them), for the purpose of procuring tin; and there is every reason to believe that they sailed as far as the coasts of the Baltic for amber. When it is remembered that the mariner's compass was unknown in those ages, the boldness and skill of the seamen of Carthage, and the enterprise of her merchants, may be paralleled with any achievements that the history of modern navigation and commerce can produce.

In their Atlantic voyages along the African shores, the Carthaginians followed the double object of traffic and colonization. The numerous settlements that were planted by them along the coast from Morocco to Senegal provided for the needy members of the constantly increasing population of a great commercial capital, and also strengthened the influence which Carthage exercised among the tribes of the African coast. Besides her fleets, her caravans gave her a large and lucrative trade with the native Africans; nor must we limit our belief of the extent of the Carthaginian trade with the tribes of Central and Western Africa by the narrowness of the commercial intercourse which civilized nations of modern times have been able to create in those regions.

Although essentially a mercantile and seafaring people, the Carthaginians by no means neglected agriculture. On the contrary, the whole of their territory was cultivated like a garden. The fertility of the soil repaid the skill and toil bestowed on it; and every invader, from Agathocles to Scipio Æmilianus, was struck with admiration at the rich pasture lands carefully irrigated, the abundant harvests, the luxuriant vineyards, the plantations of fig and olive trees, the thriving villages, the populous towns, and the splendid villas of the wealthy Carthaginians, through which his march lay, as long as he was on Carthaginian ground.

Although the Carthaginians abandoned the Ægean and the Pontus to the Greek, they were by no means disposed to relinquish to those rivals the commerce and the dominion of the coasts of the Mediterranean westward of Italy. For centuries the Carthaginians strove to make themselves masters of the islands that lie between Italy and Spain. They acquired the Balearic Islands, where the principal harbor, Port Mahon, still bears the name of a Carthaginian admiral. They succeeded in reducing the great

part of Sardinia; but Sicily could never be brought into their power. They repeatedly invaded that island, and nearly overran it; but the resistance which was opposed to them by the Syracusans under Gelon, Dionysius, Timoleon, and Agathocles, preserved the island from becoming Punic, though many of its cities remained under the Carthaginian rule until Rome finally settled the question to whom Sicily was to belong by conquering it for herself.

With so many elements of success, with almost unbounded wealth, with commercial and maritime activity, with a fertile territory, with a capital city of almost impregnable strength, with a constitution that insured for centuries the blessing of social order, with an aristocracy singularly fertile in men of the highest genius, Carthage yet failed signally and calamitously in her contest for power with Rome. One of the immediate causes of this may seem to have been the want of firmness among her citizens, which made them terminate the first Punic war by begging peace, sooner than endure any longer the hardships and burdens caused by a state of warfare, although their antagonists had suffered far more severely than themselves. Another cause was the spirit of faction among their leading men, which prevented Hannibal in the second war from being properly re-enforced and supported. But there were also more general causes why Carthage proved inferior to Rome. These were her position relatively to the mass of the inhabitants of the country which she ruled, and her habit of trusting to mercenary armies in her wars.

Our clearest information as to the different races of men in and about Carthage is derived from Diodorus Siculus. That historian enumerates four different races: first, he mentions the Phœnicians who dwelt in Carthage; next, he speaks of the Liby-Phœnicians: these, he tells us, dwelt in many of the maritime cities, and were connected by intermarriages with the Phœnicians, which was the cause of their compound name; thirdly, he mentions the Libyans, the bulk and the most ancient part of the population, hating the Carthaginians intensely on account of the oppressiveness of their domination; lastly, he names the Numidians, the nomad tribes of the frontier.

It is evident, from this description, that the native Libyans were a subject class, without franchise or political rights; and, accordingly, we find no instance specified in history of a Libyan holding political office or military command. The half-castes, the Liby-Phœnicians, seem to have been sometimes sent out as colonists; but it may be inferred, from what Diodorus says of their residence, that they had not the right of the citizenship of Carthage; and only a single solitary case occurs of one of this race being intrusted with authority, and that, too, not emanating from the home government. This is the instance of the officer sent by Hannibal to Sicily after the fall of Syracuse, whom Polybius calls Myttnus the Libyan, but whom, from the fuller account in Livy, we find to have been a Liby-Phœnician; and it is expressly mentioned what indignation was felt by the Carthaginian commanders in the island that this half-caste should control their operations.

With respect to the composition of their armies, it is observable that, though thirsting for extended empire, and though some of her leading men became generals of the highest order, the Carthaginians, as a people, were anything but personally warlike. As long as they could hire mercenaries to fight for them, they had little appetite for the irksome training and the loss of valuable time which military service would have entailed on themselves.

As Michelet remarks, "The life of an industrious merchant, of a Carthaginian, was too precious to be risked, as long as it was possible to substitute advantageously for it that of a barbarian from Spain or Gaul. Carthage knew, and could tell to a drachma, what the life of a man of each nation came to. A Greek was worth more than a Campanian, a Campanian worth more than a Gaul or a Spaniard. When once this tariff of blood was correctly made out, Carthage began a war as a mercantile speculation. She tried to make conquests in the hope of getting new mines to work, or to open fresh markets for her exports. In one venture she could afford to spend fifty thousand mercenaries, in another rather more. If the returns were good, there was no regret felt for the capital that had been sunk in the investment; more money got more men, and all went on well."

Armies composed of foreign mercenaries have in all ages been

as formidable to their employers as to the enemy against whom they were directed. We know of one occasion (between the first and second Punic wars) when Carthage was brought to the very brink of destruction by a revolt of her foreign troops. Other mutinies of the same kind must from time to time have occurred. Probably one of these was the cause of the comparative weakness of Carthage at the time of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse, so different from the energy with which she attacked Gelon half a century earlier, and Dionysius half a century later. And even when we consider her armies with reference only to their efficiency in warfare, we perceive at once the inferiority of such bands of *condottieri*, brought together without any common bond of origin, tactics, or cause, to the legions of Rome, which, at the time of the Punic wars, were raised from the very flower of a hardy agricultural population, trained in the strictest discipline, habituated to victory, and animated by the most resolute patriotism. And this shows, also, the transcendancy of the genius of Hannibal, which could form such discordant materials into a compact organized force and inspire them with the spirit of patient discipline and loyalty to their chief, so that they were true to him in his adverse as well as in his prosperous fortunes; and throughout the checkered series of his campaigns no panic rout ever disgraced a division under his command, no mutiny, or even attempt at mutiny, was ever known in his camp; and finally, after fifteen years of Italian warfare, his men followed their old leader to Zama, "with no fear and little hope," and there, on that disastrous field, stood firm around him, his Old Guard, till Scipio's Numidian allies came up on their flank, when at last, surrounded and overpowered, the veteran battalions sealed their devotion to their general by their blood!

"But if Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred to the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared

to the spirit, and wisdom, and power of Rome. The Senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, 'because he had not despaired of the commonwealth,' and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honored than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and, as no single Roman will bear comparison to Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world; for great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given unnatural life: when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe."

It was in the spring of 207 B.C. that Hasdrubal, after skillfully disentangling himself from the Roman forces in Spain, and after a march conducted with great judgment and little loss through the interior of Gaul and the passes of the Alps, appeared in the country that now is the north of Lombardy at the head of troops

which he had partly brought out of Spain and partly levied among the Gauls and Ligurians on his way. At this time Hannibal, with his unconquered and seemingly unconquerable army, had been eight years in Italy, executing with strenuous ferocity the vow of hatred to Rome which had been sworn by him while yet a child at the bidding of his father Hamilcar; who, as he boasted, had trained up his three sons, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Mago, like three lion's whelps, to prey upon the Romans. But Hannibal's latter campaigns had not been signalized by any such great victories as marked the first years of his invasion of Italy. The stern spirit of Roman resolution, ever highest in disaster and danger, had neither bent nor despaired beneath the merciless blows which "the dire African" dealt her in rapid succession at Trebia, at Thrasymene, and at Cannæ. Her population was thinned by repeated slaughter in the field; poverty and actual scarcity ground down the survivors, through the fearful ravages which Hannibal's cavalry spread through their cornfields, their pasture lands, and their vineyards; many of her allies went over to the invader's side, and new clouds of foreign war threatened her from Macedonia and Gaul. But Rome receded not. Rich and poor among her citizens vied with each other in devotion to their country. The wealthy placed their stores, and all placed their lives, at the state's disposal. And though Hannibal could not be driven out of Italy, though every year brought its sufferings and sacrifices, Rome felt that her constancy had not been exerted in vain. If she was weakened by the continued strife, so was Hannibal also; and it was clear that the unaided resources of his army were unequal to the task of her destruction. The single deer-hound could not pull down the quarry which he had so furiously assailed. Rome not only stood fiercely at bay, but had pressed back and gored her antagonist, that still, however, watched her in act to spring. She was weary, and bleeding at every pore; and there seemed to be little hope of her escape, if the other hound of old Hamilcar's race should come up in time to aid his brother in the death-grapple.

Hasdrubal had commanded the Carthaginian armies in Spain for some time with varying but generally unfavorable fortune. He

had not the full authority over the Punic forces in that country which his brother and his father had previously exercised. The faction at Carthage which was at feud with his family succeeded in fettering and interfering with his power; and other generals were from time to time sent into Spain, whose errors and misconduct caused the reverses that Hasdrubal met with. This is expressly attested by the Greek historian Polybius, who was the intimate friend of the younger Africanus, and drew his information respecting the second Punic war from the best possible authorities. Livy gives a long narrative of campaigns between the Roman commanders in Spain and Hasdrubal, which is so palpably deformed by fictions and exaggerations as to be hardly deserving of attention.

It is clear that, in the year 208 B.C., at least, Hasdrubal outmaneuvered Publius Scipio, who held the command of the Roman forces in Spain, and whose object was to prevent him from passing the Pyrenees and marching upon Italy. Scipio expected that Hasdrubal would attempt the nearest route along the coast of the Mediterranean, and he therefore carefully fortified and guarded the passes of the eastern Pyrenees. But Hasdrubal passed these mountains near their western extremity; and then, with a considerable force of Spanish infantry, with a small number of African troops, with some elephants and much treasure, he marched, not directly toward the coast of the Mediterranean, but in a northeastern line toward the center of Gaul. He halted for the winter in the territory of the Arverni, the modern Auvergne, and conciliated or purchased the good will of the Gauls in that region so far that he not only found friendly winter quarters among them, but great numbers of them enlisted under him; and, on the approach of spring, marched with him to invade Italy.

By thus entering Gaul at the southwest, and avoiding its southern maritime districts, Hasdrubal kept the Romans in complete ignorance of his precise operations and movements in that country; all that they knew was that Hasdrubal had baffled Scipio's attempts to detain him in Spain; that he had crossed the Pyrenees with soldiers, elephants, and money, and that he was raising fresh forces among the Gauls. The spring was sure to bring him into

Italy, and then would come the real tempest of the war, when from the north and from the south the two Carthaginian armies, each under a son of the Thunderbolt, were to gather together around the seven hills of Rome.

In this emergency the Romans looked among themselves earnestly and anxiously for leaders fit to meet the perils of the coming campaign.

The senate recommended the people to elect, as one of their consuls, Caius Claudius Nero, a patrician of one of the families of the great Claudian house. Nero had served during the preceding years of the war both against Hannibal in Italy and against Hasdrubal in Spain; but it is remarkable that the histories which we possess record no successes as having been achieved by him either before or after his great campaign of the Metaurus. It proves much for the sagacity of the leading men of the senate that they recognized in Nero the energy and spirit which were required at this crisis, and it is equally creditable to the patriotism of the people that they followed the advice of the senate by electing a general who had no showy exploits to recommend him to their choice.

It was a matter of greater difficulty to find a second consul; the laws required that one consul should be a plebeian; and the plebeian nobility had been fearfully thinned by the events of the war. While the senators anxiously deliberated among themselves what fit colleague for Nero could be nominated at the coming comitia, and sorrowfully recalled the names of Marcellus, Gracchus, and other plebeian generals who were no more, one taciturn and moody old man sat in sullen apathy among the conscript fathers. This was Marcus Livius, who had been consul in the year before the beginning of this war, and had then gained a victory over the Illyrians. After his consulship he had been impeached before the people on a charge of peculation and unfair division of the spoils among his soldiers; the verdict was unjustly given against him, and the sense of this wrong, and of the indignity thus put upon him, had rankled unceasingly in the bosom of Livius, so that for eight years after his trial he had lived in seclusion in his country-seat, taking no part in any affairs of state. Latterly the censors had compelled him to

come to Rome and resume his place in the senate, where he used to sit gloomily apart, giving only a silent vote. At last an unjust accusation against one of his near kinsmen made him break silence, and he harangued the house in words of weight and sense, which drew attention to him, and taught the senators that a strong spirit dwelt beneath that unimposing exterior. Now, while they were debating on what noble of a plebeian house was fit to assume the perilous honors of the consulate, some of the elder of them looked on Marcus Livius, and remembered that in the very last triumph which had been celebrated in the streets of Rome, this grim old man had sat in the car of victory, and that he had offered the last thanksgiving sacrifice for the success of the Roman arms which had bled before Capitoline Jove. There had been no triumphs since Hannibal came into Italy. The Illyrian campaign of Livius was the last that had been so honored; perhaps it might be destined for him now to renew the long-interrupted series. The senators resolved that Livius should be put in nomination as consul with Nero; the people were willing to elect him: the only opposition came from himself. He taunted them with their inconsistency in honoring the man whom they had convicted of a base crime. "If I am innocent," said he, "why did you place such a stain on me? If I am guilty, why am I more fit for a second consulship than I was for my first one?" The other senators remonstrated with him, urging the example of the great Camillus, who, after an unjust condemnation on a similar charge, both served and saved his country. At last Livius ceased to object; and Caius Claudius Nero and Marcus Livius were chosen consuls of Rome.

A quarrel had long existed between the two consuls, and the senators strove to effect a reconciliation between them before the campaign. Here again Livius for a long time obstinately resisted the wish of his fellow-senators. He said it was best for the state that he and Nero should continue to hate one another. Each would do his duty better when he knew that he was watched by an enemy in the person of his own colleague. At last the entreaties of the senate prevailed, and Livius consented to forego the feud, and to co-operate with Nero in preparing for the coming struggle.

As soon as the winter snows were thawed, Hasdrubal com-

menced his march from Auvergne to the Alps. He experienced none of the difficulties which his brother had met with from the mountain tribes. Hannibal's army had been the first body of regular troops that had ever traversed their regions; and, as wild animals assail a traveler, the natives rose against it instinctively, in imagined defense of their own habitations, which they supposed to be the objects of Carthaginian ambition. But the fame of the war, with which Italy had now been convulsed for twelve years, had penetrated into the Alpine passes, and the mountaineers now understood that a mighty city southward of the Alps was to be attacked by the troops whom they saw marching among them. They now not only opposed no resistance to the passage of Hasdrubal, but many of them, out of love of enterprise and plunder, or allured by the high pay that he offered, took service with him; and thus he advanced upon Italy with an army that gathered strength at every league. It is said, also, that some of the most important engineering works which Hannibal had constructed were found by Hasdrubal still in existence, and materially favored the speed of his advance. He thus emerged into Italy from the Alpine valleys much sooner than had been anticipated. Many warriors of the Ligurian tribes joined him; and, crossing the River Po, he marched down its southern bank to the city of Placentia, which he wished to secure as a base for his future operations. Placentia resisted him as bravely as it had resisted Hannibal twelve years before, and for some time Hasdrubal was occupied with a fruitless siege before its walls.

Six armies were levied for the defense of Italy when the long-dreaded approach of Hasdrubal was announced. Seventy thousand Romans served in the fifteen legions, of which, with an equal number of Italian allies, those armies and the garrisons were composed. Upward of thirty thousand more Romans were serving in Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain. The whole number of Roman citizens of an age fit for military duty scarcely exceeded a hundred and thirty thousand. The census taken before the commencement of the war had shown a total of two hundred and seventy thousand, which had been diminished by more than half during twelve years. These numbers are fearfully emphatic of the extremity to which Rome was reduced, and of her gigantic efforts in that great agony

of her fate. Not merely men, but money and military stores, were drained to the utmost, and if the armies of that year should be swept off by a repetition of the slaughters of Thrasymene and Cannæ, all felt that Rome would cease to exist. Even if the campaign were to be marked by no decisive success on either side, her ruin seemed certain. In South Italy, Hannibal had either detached Rome's allies from her or had impoverished them by the ravages of his army. If Hasdrubal could have done the same in Upper Italy, if Etruria, Umbria, and Northern Latium had either revolted or been laid waste, Rome must have sunk beneath sheer starvation; for the hostile or desolated territory would have yielded no supplies of corn for her population, and money to purchase it from abroad there was none. Instant victory was a matter of life or death. Three of her six armies were ordered to the north, but the first of these was required to overawe the disaffected Etruscan. The second army of the north was pushed forward, under Porcius, the prætor, to meet and keep in check the advanced troops of Hasdrubal; while the third, the grand army of the north, which was to be under the immediate command of the consul Livius, who had the chief command in all North Italy, advanced more slowly in its support. There were similarly three armies in the south, under the orders of the other consul, Claudius Nero.

The lot had decided that Livius was to be opposed to Hasdrubal, and that Nero should face Hannibal. And "when all was ordered as themselves thought best, the two consuls went forth of the city each his several way. The people of Rome were now quite otherwise affected than they had been when L. Æmilius Paulus and C. Terentius Varro were sent against Hannibal. They did no longer take upon them to direct their generals, or bid them dispatch and win the victory betimes, but rather they stood in fear lest all diligence, wisdom, and valor should prove too little; for since few years had passed wherein some one of their generals had not been slain, and since it was manifest that, if either of these present consuls were defeated, or put to the worst, the two Carthaginians would forthwith join, and make short work with the other, it seemed a greater happiness than could be expected that each of them should return home victor, and come off with honor

from such mighty opposition as he was like to find. With extreme difficulty had Rome held up her head ever since the battle of Cannæ; though it were so, that Hannibal alone, with little help from Carthage, had continued the war in Italy. But there was now arrived another son of Amilcar, and one that, in his present expedition, had seemed a man of more sufficiency than Hannibal himself; for whereas, in that long and dangerous march thorow barbarous nations, over great rivers and mountains that were thought unpassable, Hannibal had lost a great part of his army, this Asdrubal, in the same places, had multiplied his numbers, and gathering the people that he found in the way, descended from the Alps like a rowling snowball, far greater than he came over the Pyrenees at his first setting out of Spain. These considerations and the like, of which fear presented many unto them, caused the people of Rome to wait upon their consuls out of the town, like a pensive train of mourners, thinking upon Marcellus and Crispinus, upon whom, in the like sort, they had given attendance the last year, but saw neither of them return alive from a less dangerous war. Particularly old Q. Fabius gave his accustomed advice to M. Livius, that he should abstain from giving or taking battle until he well understood the enemies condition. But the consul made him a froward answer, and said that he would fight the very first day, for that he thought it long till he should either recover his honor by victory, or, by seeing the overthrow of his own unjust citizens, satisfie himself with the joy of a great though not an honest revenge. But his meaning was better than his words.”*

Hannibal at this period occupied with his veteran but much-reduced forces the extreme south of Italy. It had not been expected either by friend or foe that Hasdrubal would effect his passage of the Alps so early in the year as actually occurred. And even when Hannibal learned that his brother was in Italy, and had advanced as far as Placentia, he was obliged to pause for further intelligence before he himself commenced active operations, as he could not tell whether his brother might not be invited into Etruria, to aid the party there that was disaffected to Rome, or

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

whether he would march down by the Adriatic Sea. Hannibal led his troops out of their winter quarters in Bruttium, and marched northward as far as Canusium. Nero had his headquarters near Venusia, with an army which he had increased to forty thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse, by incorporating under his own command some of the legions which had been intended to act under other generals in the south. There was another Roman army, twenty thousand strong, south of Hannibal, at Tarentum. The strength of that city secured this Roman force from any attack by Hannibal, and it was a serious matter to march northward and leave it in his rear, free to act against all his depots and allies in the friendly part of Italy, which for the two or three last campaigns had served him for a base of his operations. Moreover, Nero's army was so strong that Hannibal could not concentrate troops enough to assume the offensive against it without weakening his garrisons, and relinquishing, at least for a time, his grasp upon the southern provinces. To do this before he was certainly informed of his brother's operations would have been a useless sacrifice, as Nero could retreat before him upon the other Roman armies near the capital, and Hannibal knew by experience that a mere advance of his army upon the walls of Rome would have no effect on the fortunes of the war. In the hope, probably, of inducing Nero to follow him and of gaining an opportunity of outmaneuvering the Roman consul and attacking him on his march, Hannibal moved into Lucania, and then back into Apulia; he again marched down into Bruttium, and strengthened his army by a levy of recruits in that district. Nero followed him, but gave him no chance of assailing him at a disadvantage. Some partial encounters seem to have taken place; but the consul could not prevent Hannibal's junction with his Bruttian levies, nor could Hannibal gain an opportunity of surprising and crushing the consul. Hannibal returned to his former headquarters at Canusium, and halted there in expectation of further tidings of his brother's movements. Nero also resumed his former position in observation of the Carthaginian army.

Meanwhile, Hasdrubal had raised the siege of Placentia, and was advancing toward Ariminum on the Adriatic, and driving

before him the Roman army under Porcius. Nor when the consul Livius had come up, and united the second and third armies of the north, could he make head against the invaders. The Romans still fell back before Hasdrubal beyond Ariminum, beyond the Metaurus, and as far as the little town of Sena, to the southeast of that river. Hasdrubal was not unmindful of the necessity of acting in concert with his brother. He sent messengers to Hannibal to announce his own line of march, and to propose that they should unite their armies in South Umbria and then wheel round against Rome. Those messengers traversed the greater part of Italy in safety, but, when close to the object of their mission, were captured by a Roman detachment; and Hasdrubal's letter, detailing his whole plan of the campaign, was laid, not in his brother's hands, but in those of the commander of the Roman armies of the south. Nero saw at once the full importance of the crisis. The two sons of Hamilcar were now within two hundred miles of each other, and, if Rome were to be saved, the brothers must never meet alive. Nero instantly ordered seven thousand picked men, a thousand being cavalry, to hold themselves in readiness for a secret expedition against one of Hannibal's garrisons, and as soon as night had set in he hurried forward on his bold enterprise; but he quickly left the southern road toward Lucania, and, wheeling round, pressed northward with the utmost rapidity toward Picenum. He had, during the preceding afternoon, sent messengers to Rome, who were to lay Hasdrubal's letters before the senate. There was a law forbidding a consul to make war or march his army beyond the limits of the province assigned to him; but in such an emergency, Nero did not wait for the permission of the senate to execute his project, but informed them that he was already on his march to join Livius against Hasdrubal. He advised them to send the two legions which formed the home garrison on to Narnia, so as to defend that pass of the Flaminian road against Hasdrubal, in case he should march upon Rome before the consular armies could attack him. They were to supply the place of these two legions at Rome by a levy *en masse* in the city, and by ordering up the reserve legion from Capua. These were his communications to the senate. He also sent horse-

men forward along his line of march, with orders to the local authorities to bring stores of provisions and refreshment of every kind to the roadside, and to have relays of carriages ready for the conveyance of the wearied soldiers. Such were the precautions which he took for accelerating his march; and when he had advanced some little distance from his camp, he briefly informed his soldiers of the real object of their expedition. He told them that never was there a design more seemingly audacious and more really safe. He said he was leading them to a certain victory, for his colleague had an army large enough to balance the enemy already, so that *their* swords would decisively turn the scale. The very rumor that a fresh consul and a fresh army had come up, when heard on the battlefield (and he would take care that they should not be heard of before they were seen and felt), would settle the business. They would have all the credit of the victory, and of having dealt the final decisive blow. He appealed to the enthusiastic reception which they already met with on their line of march as a proof and an omen of their good fortune. And, indeed, their whole path was amid the vows, and prayers, and praises of their countrymen. The entire population of the districts through which they passed flocked to the roadside to see and bless the deliverers of their country. Food, drink, and refreshments of every kind were eagerly pressed on their acceptance. Each peasant thought a favor was conferred on him if one of Nero's chosen band would accept aught at his hands. The soldiers caught the full spirit of their leader. Night and day they marched forward, taking their hurried meals in the ranks, and resting by relays in the wagons which the zeal of the country people provided, and which followed in the rear of the column.

Meanwhile, at Rome, the news of Nero's expedition had caused the greatest excitement and alarm. All men felt the full audacity of the enterprise, but hesitated what epithet to apply to it. It was evident that Nero's conduct would be judged of by the event, that most unfair criterion, as the Roman historian truly terms it. People reasoned on the perilous state in which Nero had left the rest of his army, without a general, and deprived of the core of its strength, in the vicinity of the terrible Hannibal. They speculated

on how long it would take Hannibal to pursue and overtake Nero himself, and his expeditionary force. They talked over the former disasters of the war, and the fall of both the consuls of the last year. All these calamities had come on them while they had only one Carthaginian general and army to deal with in Italy. Now they had two Punic wars at a time. They had two Carthaginian armies, they had almost two Hannibals in Italy. Hasdrubal was sprung from the same father; trained up in the same hostility to Rome; equally practiced in battle against their legions; and, if the comparative speed and success with which he had crossed the Alps was a fair test, he was even a better general than his brother. With fear for their interpreter of every rumor, they exaggerated the strength of their enemy's forces in every quarter, and criticised and distrusted their own.

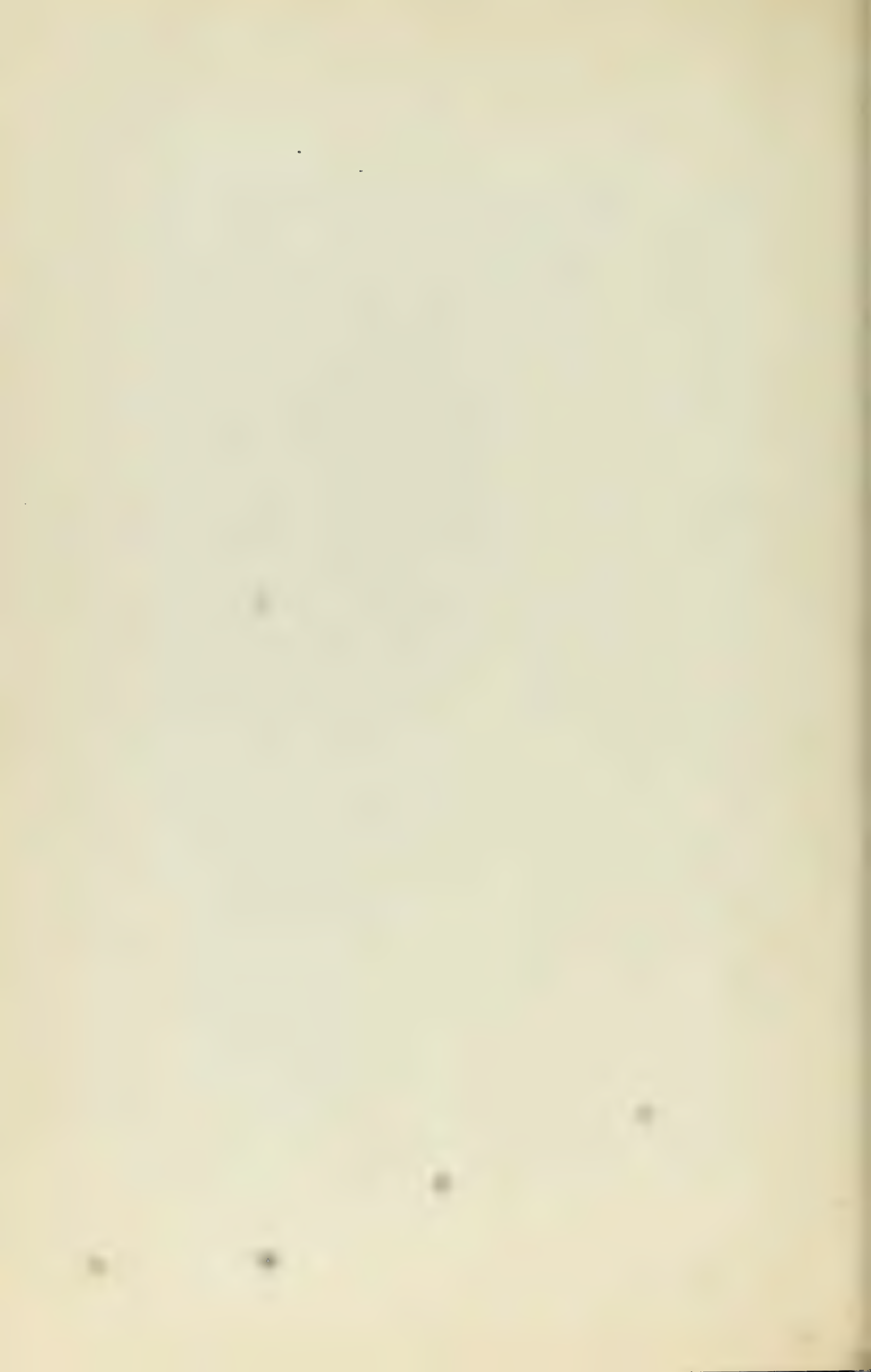
Fortunately for Rome, while she was thus a prey to terror and anxiety, her consul's nerves were stout and strong, and he resolutely urged on his march toward Sena, where his colleague Livius and the prætor Porcius were encamped, Hasdrubal's army being in position about half a mile to their north. Nero had sent couriers forward to apprise his colleague of his project and of his approach; and by the advice of Livius, Nero so timed his final march as to reach the camp at Sena by night. According to a previous arrangement, Nero's men were received silently into the tents of their comrades, each according to his rank. By these means there was no enlargement of the camp that could betray to Hasdrubal the accession of force which the Romans had received. This was considerable, as Nero's numbers had been increased on the march by the volunteers, who offered themselves in crowds, and from whom he selected the most promising men, and especially the veterans of former campaigns. A council of war was held on the morning after his arrival, in which some advised that time should be given for Nero's men to refresh themselves after the fatigue of such a march. But Nero vehemently opposed all delay. "The officer," said he, "who is for giving time to my men here to rest themselves is for giving time to Hannibal to attack my men, whom I have left in the camp in Apulia. He is for giving time to Hannibal and Hasdrubal to discover my march, and to maneuver

for a junction with each other in Cisalpine Gaul at their leisure. We must fight instantly, while both the foe here and the foe in the south are ignorant of our movements. We must destroy this Hasdrubal, and I must be back in Apulia before Hannibal awakes from his torpor." Nero's advice prevailed. It was resolved to fight directly, and before the consuls and prætor left the tent of Livius, the red ensign, which was the signal to prepare for immediate action, was hoisted, and the Romans forthwith drew up in battle array outside the camp.

Hasdrubal had been anxious to bring Livius and Porcius to battle, though he had not judged it expedient to attack them in their lines. And now, on hearing that the Romans offered battle, he also drew up his men and advanced toward them. No spy or deserter had informed him of Nero's arrival, nor had he received any direct information that he had more than his old enemies to deal with. But as he rode forward to reconnoiter the Roman line, he thought that their numbers seemed to have increased, and that the armor of some of them was unusually dull and stained. He noticed, also, that the horses of some of the cavalry appeared to be rough and out of condition, as if they had just come from a succession of forced marches. So also, though, owing to the precaution of Livius, the Roman camp showed no change of size, it had not escaped the quick ear of the Carthaginian general that the trumpet which gave the signal to the Roman legions sounded that morning once oftener than usual, as if directing the troops of some additional superior officer. Hasdrubal, from his Spanish campaigns, was well acquainted with all the sounds and signals of Roman war, and from all that he heard and saw he felt convinced that both the Roman consuls were before him. In doubt and difficulty as to what might have taken place between the armies of the south, and probably hoping that Hannibal also was approaching, Hasdrubal determined to avoid an encounter with the combined Roman forces, and to endeavor to retreat upon Insubrian Gaul, where he would be in a friendly country, and could endeavor to reopen his communication with his brother. He therefore led his troops back into their camp; and as the Romans did not venture on an assault upon his intrenchments,



THE PLAIN OF MARATHON



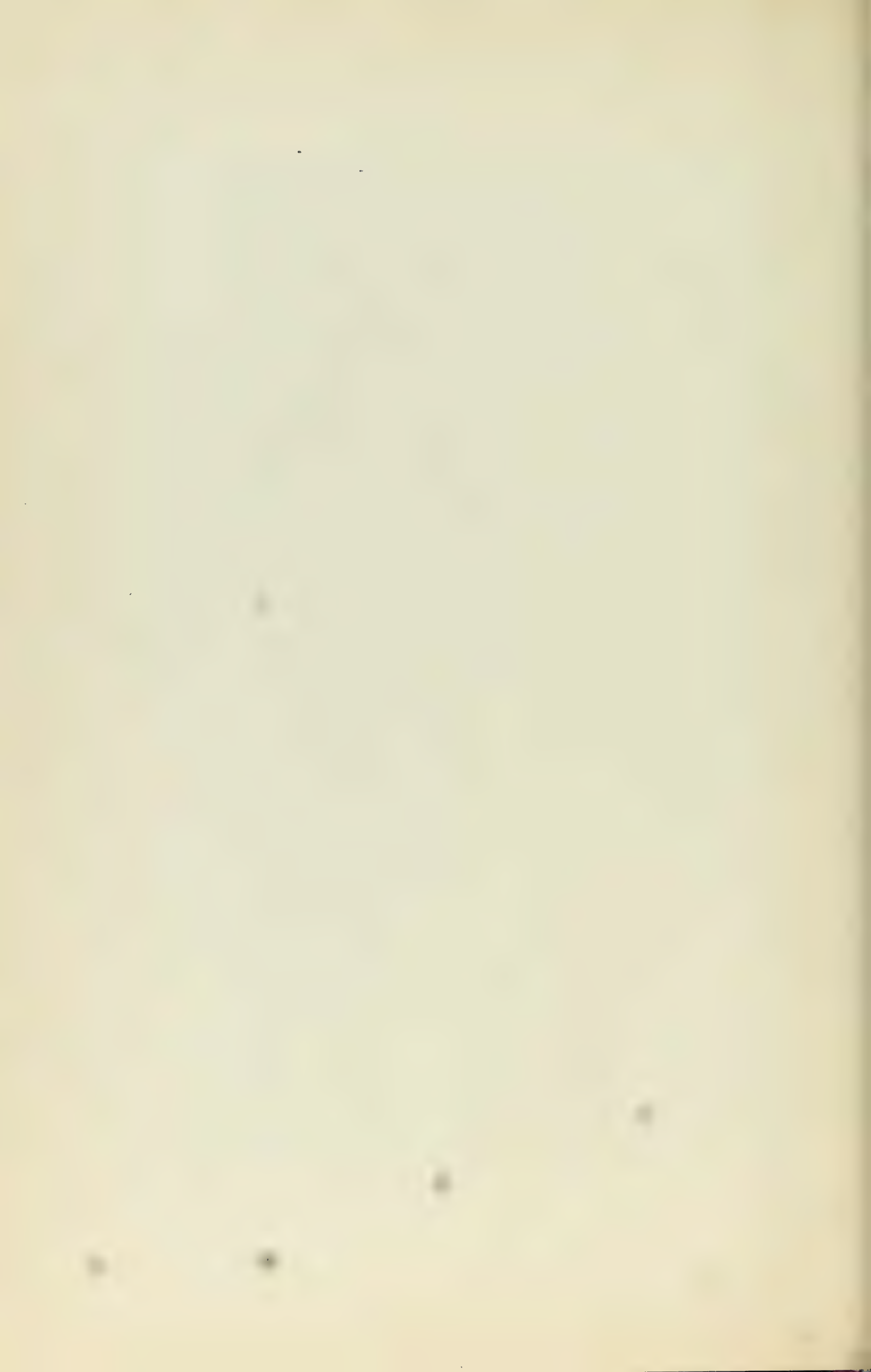


BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ

Battles, Volume One, Chapter Two



THE CITY OF SYRACUSE





THE DEFEAT OF HANNIBAL AT THE BATTLE OF ZAMA



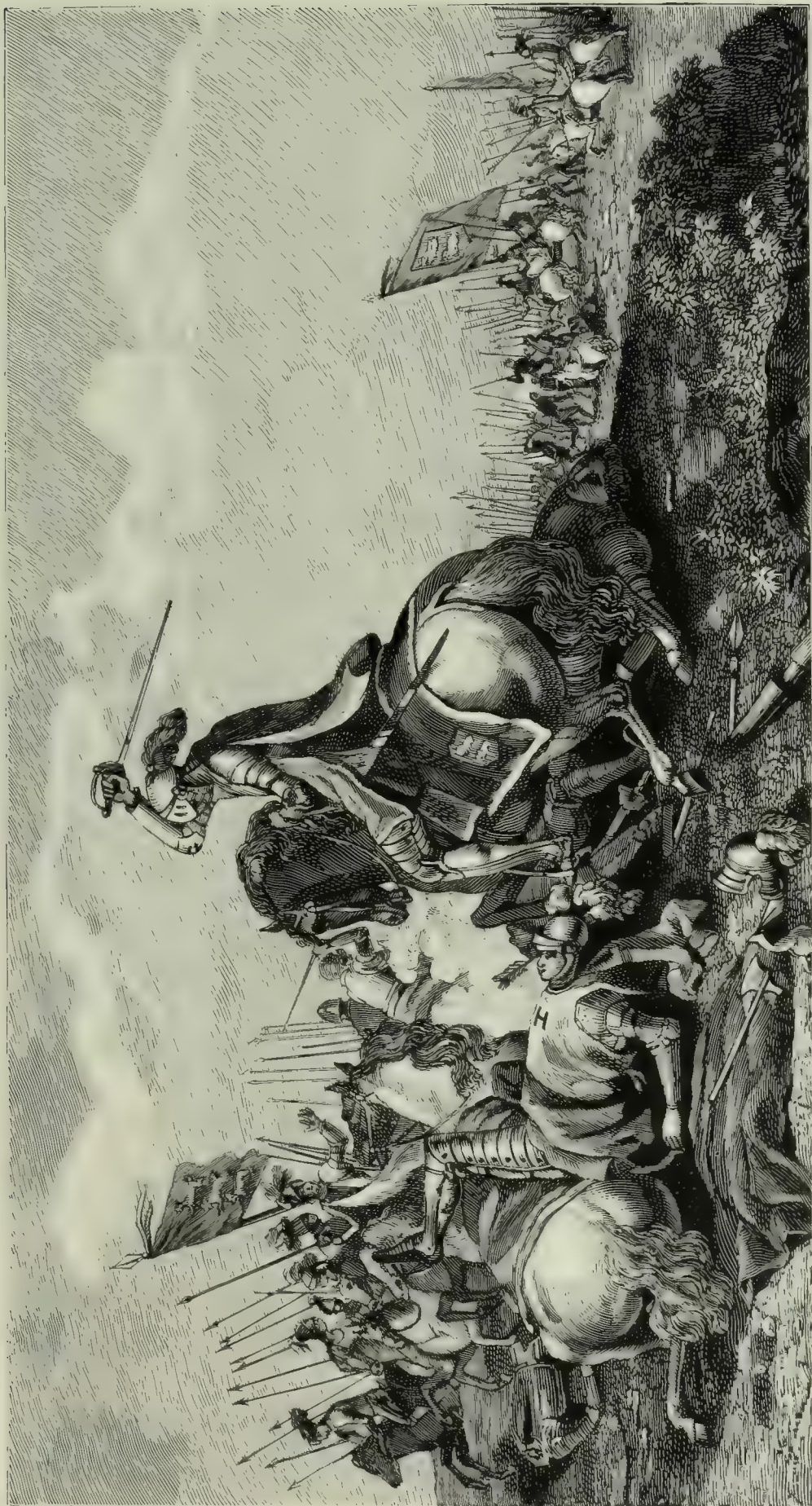
ALARIC'S TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO ROME

Battles, Volume One, Chapter Seven

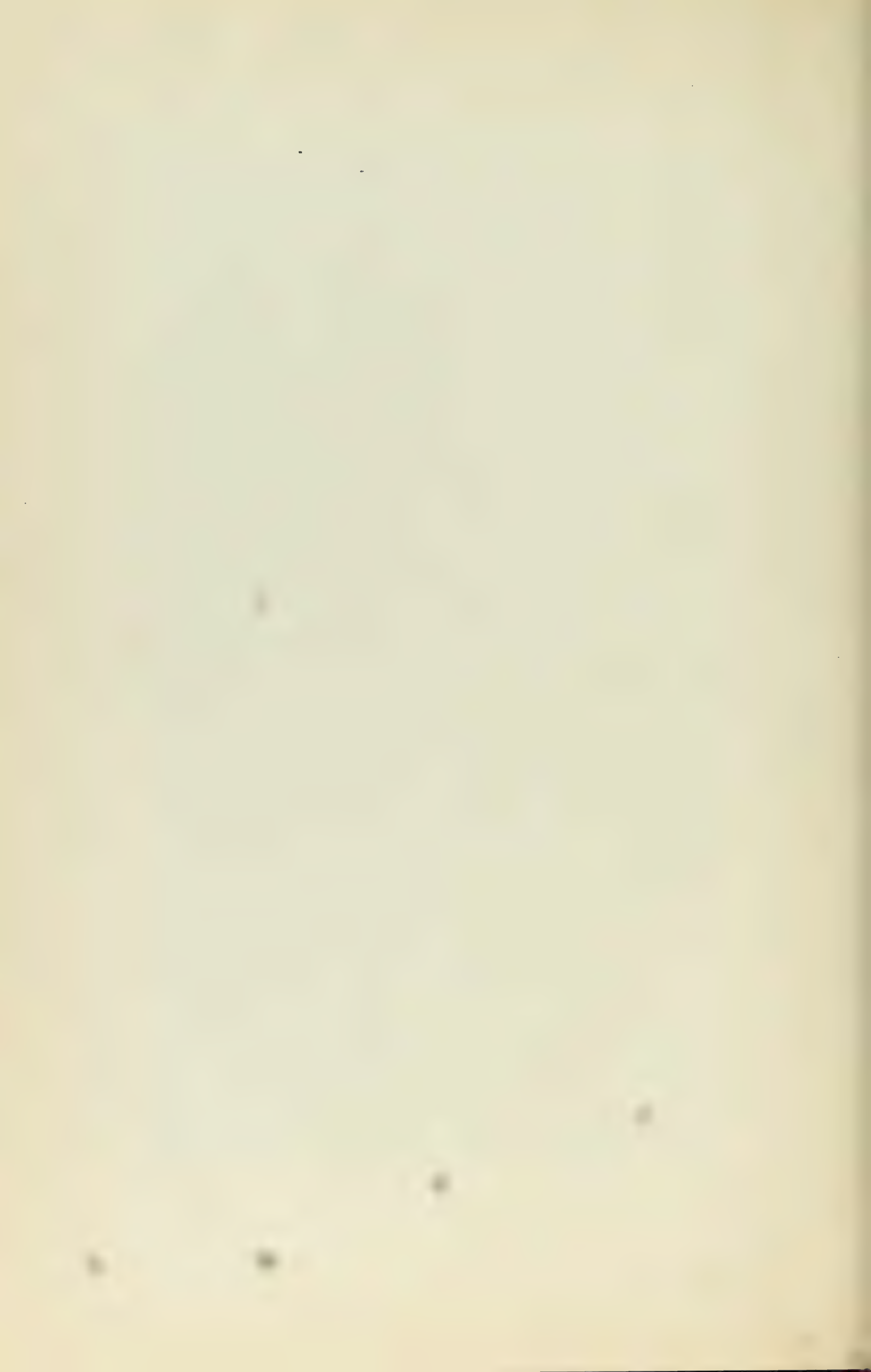


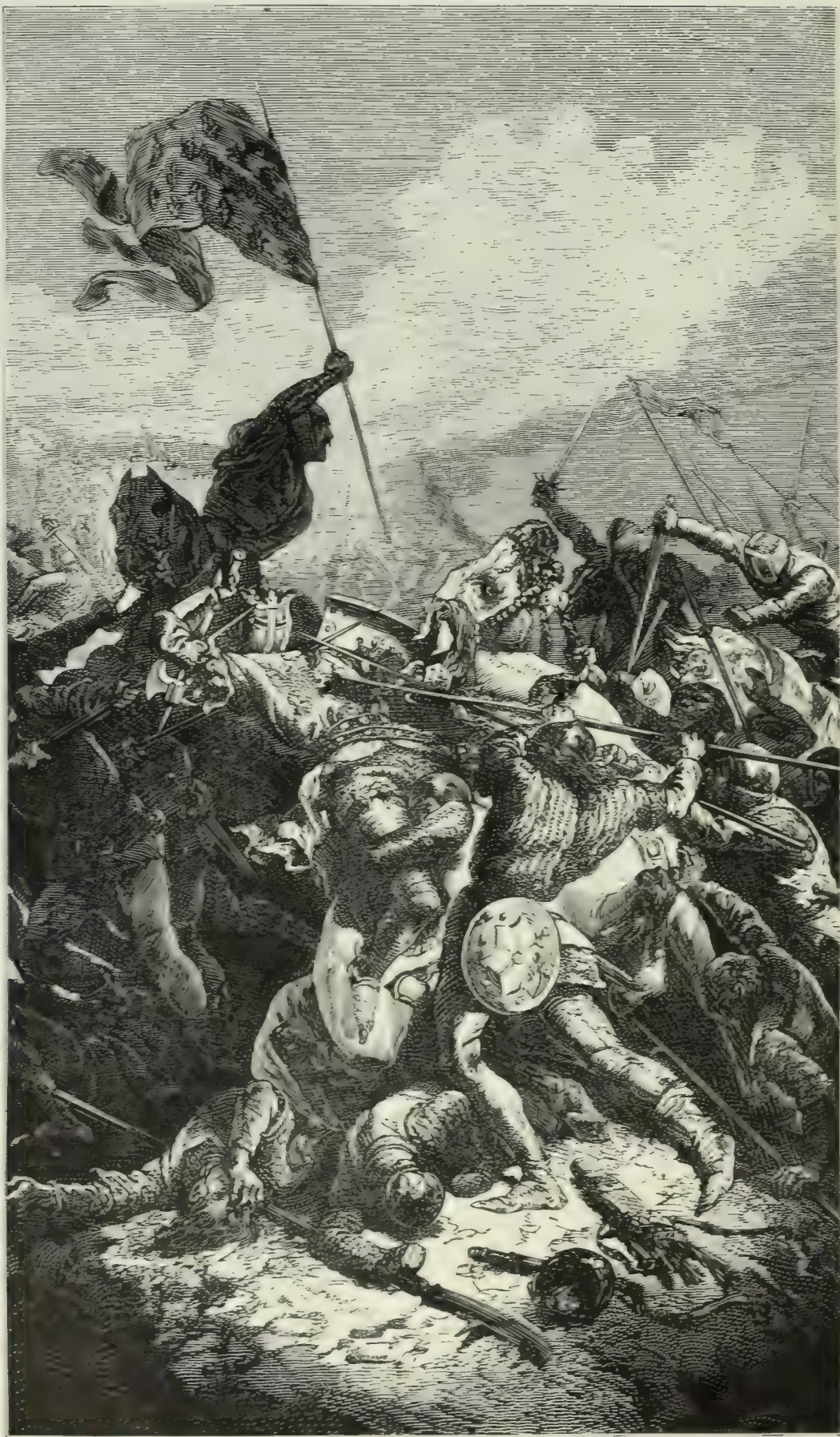


ATTILA AFTER HIS DEFEAT AT SOISSONS



THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS





THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

Battles, Volume One, Chapter Twelve

and Hasdrubal did not choose to commence his retreat in their sight, the day passed away in inaction. At the first watch of the night, Hasdrubal led his men silently out of their camp and moved northward toward the Metaurus, in the hope of placing that river between himself and the Romans before his retreat was discovered. His guides betrayed him; and having purposely led him away from the part of the river that was fordable, they made their escape in the dark, and left Hasdrubal and his army wandering in confusion along the steep bank, and seeking in vain for a spot where the stream could be safely crossed. At last they halted; and when day dawned on them, Hasdrubal found that great numbers of his men, in their fatigue and impatience, had lost all discipline and subordination, and that many of his Gallic auxiliaries had got drunk, and were lying helpless in their quarters. The Roman cavalry was soon seen coming up in pursuit, followed at no great distance by the legions, which marched in readiness for an instant engagement. It was hopeless for Hasdrubal to think of continuing his retreat before them. The prospect of immediate battle might recall the disordered part of his troops to a sense of duty, and revive the instinct of discipline. He therefore ordered his men to prepare for action instantly, and made the best arrangement of them that the nature of the ground would permit.

Heeren has well described the general appearance of a Carthaginian army. He says, "It was an assemblage of the most opposite races of the human species from the furthest parts of the globe. Hordes of half-naked Gauls were ranged next to companies of white-clothed Iberians, and savage Ligurians next to the far-traveled Nasamones and Lotophagi. Carthaginians and Phœnician-Africans formed the center, while innumerable troops of Numidian horsemen, taken from all the tribes of the Desert, swarmed about on unsaddled horses, and formed the wings; the van was composed of Belearic slingers; and a line of colossal elephants, with their Ethiopian guides, formed, as it were, a chain of moving fortresses before the whole army." Such were the usual materials and arrangements of the hosts that fought for Carthage; but the troops under Hasdrubal were not in all respects thus constituted or thus stationed. He seems to have been especially deficient in

cavalry, and he had few African troops, though some Carthaginians of high rank were with him. His veteran Spanish infantry, armed with helmets and shields, and short cut-and-thrust swords, were the best part of his army. These, and his few Africans, he drew up on his right wing, under his own personal command. In the center he placed his Ligurian infantry, and on the left wing he placed or retained the Gauls, who were armed with long javelins and with huge broadswords and targets. The rugged nature of the ground in front and on the flank of this part of his line made him hope that the Roman right wing would be unable to come to close quarters with these unserviceable barbarians before he could make some impression with his Spanish veterans on the Roman left. This was the only chance that he had of victory or safety, and he seems to have done everything that good generalship could do to secure it. He placed his elephants in advance of his center and right wing. He had caused the driver of each of them to be provided with a sharp iron spike and a mallet, and had given orders that every beast that became unmanageable, and ran back upon his own ranks, should be instantly killed, by driving the spike into the vertebra at the junction of the head and the spine. Hasdrubal's elephants were ten in number. We have no trustworthy information as to the amount of his infantry, but it is quite clear that he was greatly outnumbered by the combined Roman forces.

The tactics of the Roman legions had not yet acquired that perfection which it received from the military genius of Marius, and which we read of in the first chapter of Gibbon. We possess, in that great work, an account of the Roman legions at the end of the commonwealth, and during the early ages of the empire, which those alone can adequately admire who have attempted a similar description. We have also, in the sixth and seventeenth books of Polybius, an elaborate discussion on the military system of the Romans in his time, which was not far distant from the time of the battle of the Metaurus. But the subject is beset with difficulties; and instead of entering into minute but inconclusive details, I would refer to Gibbon's first chapter as serving for a general description of the Roman army in its period of perfection, and re-

mark that the training and armor which the whole legion received in the time of Augustus was, two centuries earlier, only partially introduced. Two divisions of troops, called Hastati and Principes, formed the bulk of each Roman legion in the second Punic war. Each of these divisions was twelve hundred strong. The Hastatus and the Princeps legionary bore a breast-plate or coat of mail, brazen greaves, and a brazen helmet, with a lofty upright crest of scarlet or black feathers. He had a large oblong shield; and, as weapons of offense, two javelins, one of which was light and slender, but the other was a strong and massive weapon, with a shaft about four feet long and an iron head of equal length. The sword was carried on the right thigh, and was a short cut-and-thrust weapon like that which was used by the Spaniards. Thus armed, the Hastati formed the front division of the legion and the Principes the second. Each division was drawn up about ten deep, a space of three feet being allowed between the files as well as the ranks, so as to give each legionary ample room for the use of his javelins, and of his sword and shield. The men in the second rank did not stand immediately behind those in the first rank, but the files were alternate, like the position of the men on a draught-board. This was termed the quincunx order. Niebuhr considers that this arrangement enabled the legion to keep up a shower of javelins on the enemy for some considerable time. He says, "When the first line had hurled its pila, it probably stepped back between those who stood behind it, and two steps forward restored the front nearly to its first position; a movement which, on account of the arrangement of the quincunx, could be executed without losing a moment. Thus one line succeeded the other in the front till it was time to draw the swords; nay, when it was found expedient, the lines which had already been in the front might repeat this change, since the stores of pila were surely not confined to the two which each soldier took with him into battle.

"The same change must have taken place in fighting with the sword, which, when the same tactic was adopted on both sides, was anything but a confused *mélée*; on the contrary, it was a series of single combats." He adds, that a military man of experience had been consulted by him on the subject, and had given it as his opinion

“that the change of the lines as described above was by no means impracticable; but, in the absence of the deafening noise of gunpowder, it cannot have had even any difficulty with well-trained troops.”

The third division of the legion was six hundred strong and acted as a reserve. It was always composed of veteran soldiers, who were called the *Triarii*. Their arms were the same as those of the *Principes* and *Hastati*, except that each *Triarian* carried a spear instead of javelins. The rest of the legion consisted of light-armed troops, who acted as skirmishers. The cavalry of each legion was at this period about three hundred strong. The Italian allies, who were attached to the legion, seem to have been similarly armed and equipped, but their numerical proportion of cavalry was much larger.

Such was the nature of the forces that advanced on the Roman side to the battle of the *Metaurus*. Nero commanded the right wing, Livius the left, and the *prætor* Porcius had the command of the center. “Both Romans and Carthaginians well understood how much depended upon the fortune of this day, and how little hope of safety there was for the vanquished. Only the Romans herein seemed to have had the better in conceit and opinion that they were to fight with men desirous to have fled from them; and according to this presumption came Livius the consul, with a proud bravery, to give charge on the Spaniards and Africans, by whom he was so sharply entertained that the victory seemed very doubtful. The Africans and Spaniards were stout soldiers, and well acquainted with the manner of the Roman fight. The Ligurians, also, were a hardy nation, and not accustomed to give ground, which they needed the less, or were able now to do, being placed in the midst. Livius, therefore, and Porcius found great opposition; and with great slaughter on both sides prevailed little or nothing. Besides other difficulties, they were exceedingly troubled by the elephants, that brake their first ranks, and put them in such disorder as the Roman ensigns were driven to fall back; all this while Claudius Nero, laboring in vain against a steep hill, was unable to come to blows with the Gauls that stood opposite him, but out of danger. This made Hasdrubal the more confident, who, seeing his own left

wing safe, did the more boldly and fiercely make impression on the other side upon the left wing of the Romans."

But at last Nero, who found that Hasdrubal refused his left wing, and who could not overcome the difficulties of the ground in the quarter assigned to him, decided the battle by another stroke of that military genius which had inspired his march. Wheeling a brigade of his best men round the rear of the rest of the Roman army, Nero fiercely charged the flank of the Spaniards and Africans. The charge was as successful as it was sudden. Rolled back in disorder upon each other, and overwhelmed by numbers, the Spaniards and Ligurians died, fighting gallantly to the last. The Gauls, who had taken little or no part in the strife of the day, were then surrounded, and butchered almost without resistance. Hasdrubal, after having, by the confession of his enemies, done all that a general could do, when he saw that the victory was irreparably lost, scorning to survive the gallant host which he had led, and to gratify, as a captive, Roman cruelty and pride, spurred his horse into the midst of a Roman cohort, and, sword in hand, met the death that was worthy of the son of Hamilcar and the brother of Hannibal.

Success the most complete had crowned Nero's enterprise. Returning as rapidly as he had advanced, he was again facing the inactive enemies in the south before they even knew of his march. But he brought with him a ghastly trophy of what he had done. In the true spirit of that savage brutality which deformed the Roman national character, Nero ordered Hasdrubal's head to be flung into his brother's camp. Ten years had passed since Hannibal had last gazed on those features. The sons of Hamilcar had then planned their system of warfare against Rome which they had so nearly brought to successful accomplishment. Year after year had Hannibal been struggling in Italy, in the hope of one day hailing the arrival of him whom he had left in Spain, and of seeing his brother's eye flash with affection and pride at the junction of their irresistible hosts. He now saw that eye glazed in death, and in the agony of his heart the great Carthaginian groaned aloud that he recognized his country's destiny.

Meanwhile, at the tidings of the great battle, Rome at once rose

from the thrill of anxiety and terror to the full confidence of triumph. Hannibal might retain his hold on Southern Italy for a few years longer, but the imperial city and her allies were no longer in danger from his arms; and, after Hannibal's downfall, the great military republic of the ancient world met in her career of conquest no other worthy competitor. Byron has termed Nero's march "unequaled," and, in the magnitude of its consequences, it is so. Viewed only as a military exploit, it remains unparalleled save by Marlborough's bold march from Flanders to the Danube in the campaign of Blenheim, and perhaps also by the Archduke Charles's lateral march in 1796, by which he overwhelmed the French under Jourdan, and then, driving Moreau through the Black Forest and across the Rhine for a while freed Germany from her invaders.

CHAPTER VI

THE VICTORY OF ARMINIUS OVER THE ROMAN LEGIONS

THE DEFEAT OF VARUS—THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE TEUTONIC RACE SECURED

A. D. 9

I N the first years of the present era the resources of Rome were boundless; her might was regarded as invincible, her sway was immense. Among those aware of her gigantic power was a German chieftain. His name was Arminius. At the time half of his country was occupied by Roman garrisons. He, however, was familiar with the Roman language and civilization; he had served in the Roman armies; he had been admitted to the Roman citizenship, and raised to the rank of the equestrian order. It was part of the subtle policy of Rome to confer rank and privileges on the youth of the leading families in the nations which she wished to enslave. Among other young German chieftains, Arminius and

his brother, who were the heads of the noblest house in the tribe of the Cherusci, had been selected as fit objects for the exercise of this insidious system. Roman refinements and dignities succeeded in denationalizing the brother, who assumed the Roman name of Flavius, and adhered to Rome throughout all her wars against his country. Arminius remained unbought by honors or wealth, uncorrupted by refinement or luxury. He aspired to and obtained from Roman enmity a higher title than ever could have been given him by Roman favor. It is in the page of Rome's greatest historian that his name has come down to us with the proud addition of "*Liberator haud dubiè Germaniæ.*"

Often must the young chieftain, while meditating the exploit which has thus immortalized him, have anxiously revolved in his mind the fate of the many great men who had been crushed in the attempt which he was about to renew—the attempt to stay the chariot-wheels of triumphant Rome. Could he hope to succeed where Hannibal and Mithradates had perished? What had been the doom of Viriathus? and what warning against vain valor was written on the desolate site where Numantia once had flourished? Nor was a caution wanting in scenes nearer home and more recent times. The Gauls had fruitlessly struggled for eight years against Cæsar; and the gallant Vercingetorix, who in the last year of the war had roused all his countrymen to insurrection, who had cut off Roman detachments, and brought Cæsar himself to the extreme of peril at Alesia—he, too, had finally succumbed, had been led captive in Cæsar's triumph, and had then been butchered in cold blood in a Roman dungeon.

It was true that Rome was no longer the great military republic which for so many ages had shattered the kingdoms of the world. Her system of government was changed; and, after a century of revolution and civil war, she had placed herself under the despotism of a single ruler. But the discipline of her troops was yet unimpaired, and her warlike spirit seemed unabated. The first year of the empire had been signalized by conquests as valuable as any gained by the republic in a corresponding period. It is a great fallacy, though apparently sanctioned by great authorities, to suppose that the foreign policy pursued by Augustus was pacific

he certainly recommended such a policy to his successors (*incertum metu an per invidiam*, TAC., *Ann.*, i. 11), but he himself, until Arminius broke his spirit, had followed a very different course. Besides his Spanish wars, his generals, in a series of generally aggressive campaigns, had extended the Roman frontier from the Alps to the Danube, and had reduced into subjection the large and important countries that now form the territories of all Austria south of that river, and of East Switzerland, Lower Wirtemberg, Bavaria, the Valtelline and the Tyrol. While the progress of the Roman arms thus pressed the Germans from the south, still more formidable inroads had been made by the imperial legions on the west. Roman armies, moving from the province of Gaul, established a chain of fortresses along the right as well as the left bank of the Rhine, and, in a series of victorious campaigns, advanced their eagles as far as the Elbe, which now seemed added to the list of vassal rivers, to the Nile, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, the Tagus, the Seine, and many more, that acknowledged the supremacy of the Tiber. Roman fleets also, sailing from the harbors of Gaul along the German coasts and up the estuaries, co-operated with the land forces of the empire, and seemed to display, even more decisively than her armies, her overwhelming superiority over the rude Germanic tribes. Throughout the territory thus invaded, the Romans had, with their usual military skill, established fortified posts; and a powerful army of occupation was kept on foot, ready to move instantly on any spot where any popular outbreak might be attempted.

Vast, however, and admirably organized as the fabric of Roman power appeared on the frontiers and in the provinces, there was rottenness at the core. In Rome's unceasing hostilities with foreign foes, and still more in her long series of desolating civil wars, the free middle classes of Italy had almost wholly disappeared. Above the position which they had occupied, an oligarchy of wealth had reared itself; beneath that position, a degraded mass of poverty and misery was fermenting. Slaves, the chance sweepings of every conquered country, shoals of Africans, Sardinians, Asiatics, Illyrians, and others, made up the bulk of the population of the Italian peninsula. The foulest profligacy of manners was general in all

ranks. In universal weariness of revolution and civil war, and in consciousness of being too debased for self-government, the nation had submitted itself to the absolute authority of Augustus. Adulation was now the chief function of the senate; and the gifts of genius and accomplishments of art were devoted to the elaboration of eloquently false panegyrics upon the prince and his favorite courtiers. With bitter indignation must the German chieftain have beheld all this and contrasted with it the rough worth of his own countrymen: their bravery, their fidelity to their word, their manly independence of spirit, their love of their national free institutions, and their loathing of every pollution and meanness. Above all, he must have thought of the domestic virtues that hallowed a German home; of the respect there shown to the female character, and of the pure affection by which that respect was repaid. His soul must have burned within him at the contemplation of such a race yielding to these debased Italians.

Still, to persuade the Germans to combine, in spite of their frequent feuds among themselves, in one sudden outbreak against Rome; to keep the scheme concealed from the Romans until the hour for action arrived; and then, without possessing a single walled town, without military stores, without training, to teach his insurgent countrymen to defeat veteran armies and storm fortifications, seemed so perilous an enterprise that probably Arminius would have receded from it had not a stronger feeling even than patriotism urged him on. Among the Germans of high rank who had most readily submitted to the invaders, and become zealous partisans of Roman authority, was a chieftain named Segestes. His daughter, Thusnelda, was pre-eminent among the noble maidens of Germany. Arminius had sought her hand in marriage; but Segestes, who probably discerned the young chief's disaffection to Rome, forbade his suit, and strove to preclude all communication between him and his daughter. Thusnelda, however, sympathized far more with the heroic spirit of her lover than with the time-serving policy of her father. An elopement baffled the precautions of Segestes, who, disappointed in his hope of preventing the marriage, accused Arminius before the Roman governor of having carried off his daughter, and of planning treason against Rome.

Thus assailed, and dreading to see his bride torn from him by the officials of the foreign oppressor, Arminius delayed no longer, but bent all his energies to organize and execute a general insurrection of the great mass of his countrymen, who hitherto had submitted in sullen hatred to the Roman dominion.

A change of governors had recently taken place, which, while it materially favored the ultimate success of the insurgents, served, by the immediate aggravation of the Roman oppressions which it produced, to make the native population more universally eager to take arms. Tiberius, who was afterward emperor, had recently been recalled from the command in Germany, and sent into Pannonia to put down a dangerous revolt which had broken out against the Romans in that province. The German patriots were thus delivered from the stern supervision of one of the most suspicious of mankind, and were also relieved from having to contend against the high military talents of a veteran commander, who thoroughly understood their national character, and also the nature of the country, which he himself had principally subdued. In the room of Tiberius, Augustus sent into Germany Quintilius Varus, who had lately returned from the proconsulate of Syria. Varus was a true representative of the higher classes of the Romans, among whom a general taste for literature, a keen susceptibility to all intellectual gratifications, a minute acquaintance with the principles and practice of their own national jurisprudence, a careful training in the schools of the rhetoricians, and a fondness for either partaking in or watching the intellectual strife of forensic oratory, had become generally diffused, without, however, having humanized the old Roman spirit of cruel indifference for human feelings and human sufferings, and without acting as the least checks on unprincipled avarice and ambition, or on habitual and gross profligacy. Accustomed to govern the depraved and debased natives of Syria, a country where courage in man and virtue in woman had for centuries been unknown, Varus thought that he might gratify his licentious and rapacious passions with equal impunity among the high-minded sons and pure-spirited daughters of Germany. When the general of an army sets the example of outrages of this description, he is soon faithfully imitated by his officers, and

surpassed by his still more brutal soldiery. The Romans now habitually indulged in those violations of the sanctity of the domestic shrine, and those insults upon honor and modesty, by which far less gallant spirits than those of our Teutonic ancestors have often been maddened into insurrection.

Arminius found among the other German chiefs many who sympathized with him in his indignation at their country's abasement, and many whom private wrongs had stung yet more deeply. There was little difficulty in collecting bold leaders for an attack on the oppressors, and little fear of the population not rising readily at those leaders' call. But to declare open war against Rome, and to encounter Varus's army in a pitched battle, would have been merely rushing upon certain destruction. Varus had three legions under him, a force which, after allowing for detachments, cannot be estimated at less than fourteen thousand Roman infantry. He had also eight or nine hundred Roman cavalry, and at least an equal number of horse and foot sent from the allied states, or raised among those provincials who had not received the Roman franchise.

It was not merely the number but the quality of this force that made them formidable; and, however contemptible Varus might be as a general, Arminius well knew how admirably the Roman armies were organized and officered, and how perfectly the legionaries understood every maneuver and every duty which the varying emergencies of a stricken field might require. Stratagem was, therefore, indispensable; and it was necessary to blind Varus to their schemes until a favorable opportunity should arrive for striking a decisive blow.

For this purpose, the German confederates frequented the headquarters of Varus, which seem to have been near the center of the modern country of Westphalia, where the Roman general conducted himself with all the arrogant security of the governor of a perfectly submissive province. There Varus gratified at once his vanity, his rhetorical tastes, and his avarice, by holding courts, to which he summoned the Germans for the settlement of all their disputes, while a bar of Roman advocates attended to argue the cases before the tribunal of Varus, who did not omit the opportunity of exacting court-fees and accepting bribes. Varus trusted implicitly to the

respect which the Germans pretended to pay to his abilities as a judge, and to the interest which they affected to take in the forensic eloquence of their conquerors. Meanwhile, a succession of heavy rains rendered the country more difficult for the operations of regular troops, and Arminius, seeing that the infatuation of Varus was complete, secretly directed the tribes near the Weser and the Ems to take up arms in open revolt against the Romans. This was represented to Varus as an occasion which required his prompt attendance at the spot; but he was kept in studied ignorance of its being part of a concerted national rising; and he still looked on Arminius as his submissive vassal, whose aid he might rely on in facilitating the march of his troops against the rebels, and in extinguishing the local disturbance. He therefore set his army in motion, and marched eastward in a line parallel to the course of the Lippe. For some distance his route lay along a level plain; but on arriving at the tract between the curve of the upper part of that stream and the sources of the Ems, the country assumes a very different character; and here, in the territory of the modern little principality of Lippe, it was that Arminius had fixed the scene of his enterprise.

A woody and hilly region intervenes between the heads of the two rivers, and forms the watershed of their streams. This region still retains the name (*Teutobergenwald* = *Teutobergiensis saltus*) which it bore in the days of Arminius. The nature of the ground has probably also remained unaltered. The eastern part of it, round Detmold, the modern capital of the principality of Lippe, is described by a modern German scholar, Dr. Plate, as being a "tableland intersected by numerous deep and narrow valleys, which in some places form small plains, surrounded by steep mountains and rocks, and only accessible by narrow defiles. All the valleys are traversed by rapid streams, shallow in the dry season, but subject to sudden swellings in autumn and winter. The vast forests which cover the summits and slopes of the hills consist chiefly of oak; there is little underwood, and both men and horse would move with ease in the forests if the ground were not broken by gullies, or rendered impracticable by fallen trees." This is the district to which Varus is supposed to have marched; and

Dr. Plate adds, that "the names of several localities on and near that spot seem to indicate that a great battle has once been fought there. We find the names 'das Winnefeld' (the field of victory), 'die Knochenbahn' (the bone-lane), 'die Knochenleke' (the bone-brook), 'der Mordkessel' (the kettle of slaughter), and others."

Contrary to the usual strict principles of Roman discipline, Varus had suffered his army to be accompanied and impeded by an immense train of baggage-wagons and by a rabble of camp followers, as if his troops had been merely changing their quarters in a friendly country. When the long array quitted the firm, level ground, and began to wind its way among the woods, the marshes, and the ravines, the difficulties of the march, even without the intervention of an armed foe, became fearfully apparent. In many places the soil, sodden with rain, was impracticable for cavalry, and even for infantry, until trees had been felled and a rude causeway formed through the morass.

The duties of the engineer were familiar to all who served in the Roman armies. But the crowd and confusion of the columns embarrassed the working parties of the soldiery, and in the midst of their toil and disorder the word was suddenly passed through their ranks that the rearguard was attacked by the barbarians. Varus resolved on pressing forward; but a heavy discharge of missiles from the woods on either flank taught him how serious was the peril, and he saw his best men falling round him without the opportunity of retaliation; for his light-armed auxiliaries, who were principally of Germanic race, now rapidly deserted, and it was impossible to deploy the legionaries on such broken ground for a charge against the enemy. Choosing one of the most open and firm spots which they could force their way to, the Romans halted for the night; and, faithful to their national discipline and tactics, formed their camp, amid the harassing attacks of the rapidly thronging foes, with the elaborate toil and systematic skill, the traces of which are impressed permanently on the soil of so many European countries, attesting the presence in the olden time of the imperial eagles.

On the morrow the Romans renewed their march, the veteran officers who served under Varus now probably directing the opera-

tions, and hoping to find the Germans drawn up to meet them, in which case they relied on their own superior discipline and tactics for such a victory as should reassure the supremacy of Rome. But Arminius was far too sage a commander to lead on his followers, with their unwieldy broadswords and inefficient defensive armor, against the Roman legionaries, fully armed with helmet, cuirass, greaves, and shield, who were skilled to commence the conflict with a murderous volley of heavy javelins, hurled upon the foe when a few yards distant, and then, with their short cut-and-thrust swords, to hew their way through all opposition, preserving the utmost steadiness and coolness, and obeying each word of command in the midst of strife and slaughter with the same precision and alertness as if upon parade. Arminius suffered the Romans to march out from their camp, to form first in line for action, and then in column for marching, without the show of opposition. For some distance Varus was allowed to move on, only harassed by slight skirmishes, but struggling with difficulty through the broken ground, the toil and distress of his men being aggravated by heavy torrents of rain, which burst upon the devoted legions as if the angry gods of Germany were pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the invaders. After some little time their van approached a ridge of high woody ground, which is one of the offshoots of the great Hercynian forest, and is situate between the modern villages of Driburg and Bielefeld. Arminius had caused barricades of hewn trees to be formed here, so as to add to the natural difficulties of the passage. Fatigue and discouragement now began to betray themselves in the Roman ranks. Their line became less steady; baggage-wagons were abandoned from the impossibility of forcing them along; and, as this happened, many soldiers left their ranks and crowded round the wagons to secure the most valuable portions of their property; each was busy about his own affairs, and purposely slow in hearing the word of command from his officers. Arminius now gave the signal for a general attack. The fierce shouts of the Germans pealed through the gloom of the forests, and in thronging multitudes they assailed the flanks of the invaders, pouring in clouds of darts on the encumbered legionaries, as they struggled up the glens or floundered in the morasses, and

watching every opportunity of charging through the intervals of the disjointed column, and so cutting off the communication between its several brigades. Arminius, with a chosen band of personal retainers round him, cheered on his countrymen by voice and example. He and his men aimed their weapons particularly at the horses of the Roman cavalry. The wounded animals, slipping about in the mire and their own blood, threw their riders and plunged among the ranks of the legions, disordering all round them. Varus now ordered the troops to be countermarched, in the hope of reaching the nearest Roman garrison on the Lippe. But retreat now was as impracticable as advance; and the falling back of the Romans only augmented the courage of their assailants, and caused fiercer and more frequent charges on the flanks of the disheartened army. The Roman officer who commanded the cavalry, Numonius Vala, rode off with his squadrons in the vain hope of escaping by thus abandoning his comrades. Unable to keep together, or force their way across the woods and swamps, the horsemen were overpowered in detail, and slaughtered to the last man. The Roman infantry still held together and resisted, but more through the instinct of discipline and bravery than from any hope of success or escape. Varus, after being severely wounded in a charge of the Germans against his part of the column, committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of those whom he had exasperated by his oppressions. One of the lieutenant-generals of the army fell fighting; the other surrendered to the enemy. But mercy to a fallen foe had never been a Roman virtue, and those among her legions who now laid down their arms in hope of quarter drank deep of the cup of suffering which Rome had held to the lips of many a brave but unfortunate enemy. The infuriated Germans slaughtered their oppressors with deliberate ferocity, and those prisoners who were not hewn to pieces on the spot were only preserved to perish by a more cruel death in cold blood.

The bulk of the Roman army fought steadily and stubbornly, frequently repelling the masses of the assailants, but gradually losing the compactness of their array, and becoming weaker and weaker beneath the incessant shower of darts and the reiterated assaults of the vigorous and unencumbered Germans. At last, in

a series of desperate attacks, the column was pierced through and through, two of the eagles captured, and the Roman host, which on the yester morning had marched forth in such pride and might, now broken up into confused fragments, either fell fighting beneath the overpowering numbers of the enemy, or perished in the swamps and woods in unavailing efforts at flight. Few, very few, ever saw again the left bank of the Rhine. One body of brave veterans, arraying themselves in a ring on a little mound, beat off every charge of the Germans, and prolonged their honorable resistance to the close of that dreadful day. The traces of a feeble attempt at forming a ditch and mound attested in after years the spot where the last of the Romans passed their night of suffering and despair. But on the morrow, this remnant also, worn out with hunger, wounds, and toil, was charged by the victorious Germans, and either massacred on the spot, or offered up in fearful rites at the altars of the deities of the old mythology of the North.

A gorge in the mountain ridge, through which runs the modern road between Paderborn and Pymont, leads from the spot where the heat of the battle raged to the Extersteine, a cluster of bold and grotesque rocks of sandstone, near which is a small sheet of water, overshadowed by a grove of aged trees. According to local tradition, this was one of the sacred groves of the ancient Germans, and it was here that the Roman captives were slain in sacrifice by the victorious warriors of Arminius.

Never was victory more decisive, never was the liberation of an oppressed people more instantaneous and complete. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were assailed and cut off; and within a few weeks after Varus had fallen, the German soil was freed from the foot of an invader.

At Rome the tidings of the battle were received with an agony of terror, the reports of which we should deem exaggerated, did they not come from Roman historians themselves. They not only tell emphatically how great was the awe which the Romans felt of the prowess of the Germans, if their various tribes could be brought to unite for a common purpose, but also they reveal how weakened and debased the population of Italy had become. Dion Cassius says (lib. lvi., sec. 23): "Then Augustus, when he heard the calamity of

Varus, rent his garment, and was in great affliction for the troops he had lost, and for terror respecting the Germans and the Gauls. And his chief alarm was, that he expected them to push on against Italy and Rome; and there remained no Roman youth fit for military duty that were worth speaking of, and the allied populations that were at all serviceable had been wasted away. Yet he prepared for the emergency as well as his means allowed; and when none of the citizens of military age were willing to enlist he made them cast lots, and punished by confiscation of goods and disfranchisement every fifth man among those under thirty-five, and every tenth man of those above that age. At last, when he found that not even thus could he make many come forward, he put some of them to death. So he made a conscription of discharged veterans and of emancipated slaves, and, collecting as large a force as he could, sent it, under Tiberius, with all speed into Germany."

Dion mentions, also, a number of terrific portents that were believed to have occurred at the time, and the narration of which is not immaterial, as it shows the state of the public mind, when such things were so believed in and so interpreted. The summits of the Alps were said to have fallen, and three columns of fire to have blazed up from them. In the Campus Martius, the temple of the war-god, from whom the founder of Rome had sprung, was struck by a thunderbolt. The nightly heavens glowed several times, as if on fire. Many comets blazed forth together; and fiery meteors, shaped like spears, had shot from the northern quarter of the sky down into the Roman camps. It was said, too, that a statue of Victory, which had stood at a place on the frontier, pointing the way toward Germany, had, of its own accord, turned round, and now pointed to Italy. These and other prodigies were believed by the multitude to accompany the slaughter of Varus's legions, and to manifest the anger of the gods against Rome. Augustus himself was not free from superstition; but on this occasion no supernatural terrors were needed to increase the alarm and grief that he felt, and which made him, even months after the news of the battle had arrived, often beat his head against the wall and exclaim, "Varus, give me back my legions." We learn this from his biographer, Suetonius; and, indeed, every ancient writer who

alludes to the overthrow of Varus attests the importance of the blow against the Roman power and the bitterness with which it was felt.

The Germans did not pursue their victory beyond their own territory; but that victory secured at once and forever the independence of the Teutonic race. Rome sent, indeed, her legions again into Germany, to parade a temporary superiority, but all hopes of permanent conquests were abandoned by Augustus and his successors.

The blow which Arminius had struck never was forgotten. Roman fear disguised itself under the specious title of moderation, and the Rhine became the acknowledged boundary of the two nations until the fifth century of our era, when the Germans became the assailants, and carved with their conquering swords the provinces of imperial Rome into the kingdoms of modern Europe.

[CREASY.]

CHAPTER VII

THE SACK OF ROME

ALARIC THE GOTH—THE DECADENCE OF THE ETERNAL CITY

408—412

IN the beginning of the fifth century of the present era, a barbarian pitched his camp under the walls of Rome. His name was Alaric. He was King of the Goths. Previously, during a period of six hundred and nineteen years, Rome had never been violated by the presence of a foreign enemy. The unsuccessful expedition of Hannibal is a case in point. At the beginning of the Punic war the Roman people consisted of two hundred and fifty thousand citizens of an age to bear arms. Fifty thousand had already died in the defense of their country; and the twenty-three legions, which were employed in the different camps of Italy,

Greece, Sardinia, Sicily, and Spain, required about one hundred thousand men. But there still remained an equal number in Rome, and the adjacent territory, who were animated by the same intrepid courage; and every citizen was trained, from his earliest youth, in the discipline and exercise of a soldier. Hannibal was astonished by the constancy of the senate, who, without raising the siege of Capua, or recalling their scattered forces, expected his approach. He encamped on the banks of the Anio, at the distance of three miles from the city; and he was soon informed that the ground on which he had pitched his tent was sold at an adequate price at a public auction; and that a body of troops was dismissed by an opposite road to re-enforce the legions of Spain. He led his Africans to the gates of Rome, where he found three armies in order of battle, prepared to receive him; but Hannibal dreaded the event of a combat, from which he could not hope to escape unless he destroyed the last of his enemies; and his speedy retreat confessed the invincible courage of the Romans.

But times had changed. The lands of Italy, which had been originally divided among the families of free and indigent proprietors, were insensibly purchased or usurped by the avarice of the nobles; and in the age which preceded the fall of the republic it was computed that only two thousand citizens were possessed of an independent substance. Yet as long as the people bestowed, by their suffrages, the honors of the state, the command of the legions, and the administration of wealthy provinces, their conscious pride alleviated in some measure the hardships of poverty; and their wants were seasonably supplied by the ambitious liberality of the candidates, who aspired to secure a venal majority in the thirty-five tribes, or the hundred and ninety-three centuries, of Rome. But when the prodigal commons had imprudently alienated not only the *use*, but the *inheritance*, of power, they sank, under the reign of the Cæsars, into a vile and wretched populace, which must, in a few generations, have been totally extinguished, if it had not been continually recruited by the manumission of slaves and the influx of strangers. As early as the time of Hadrian, it was the just complaint of the ingenious natives, that the capital had attracted the vices of the universe and the manners of the most opposite nations.

The intemperance of the Gauls, the cunning and levity of the Greeks, the savage obstinacy of the Egyptians and Jews, the servile temper of the Asiatics, and the dissolute, effeminate prostitution of the Syrians were mingled in the various multitude: which, under the proud and false denomination of Romans, presumed to despise their fellow-subjects, and even their sovereigns, who dwelt beyond the precincts of the Eternal City.

Yet the name of that city was still pronounced with respect; the frequent and capricious tumults of its inhabitants were indulged with impunity; and the successors of Constantine, instead of crushing the last remains of the democracy, by the strong arm of military power, embraced the mild policy of Augustus, and studied to relieve the poverty, and to amuse the idleness, of an innumerable people. For the convenience of the lazy plebeians, the monthly distributions of corn were converted into a daily allowance of bread; a great number of ovens were constructed and maintained at the public expense; and at the appointed hour each citizen, who was furnished with a ticket, ascended the flight of steps which had been assigned to his peculiar quarter or division, and received, either as a gift or at a very low price, a loaf of bread, of the weight of three pounds, for the use of his family. The forest of Lucania, whose acorns fattened large droves of wild hogs, afforded as a species of tribute a plentiful supply of cheap and wholesome meat. During five months of the year a regular allowance of bacon was distributed to the poorer citizens; and the annual consumption of the capital, at a time when it was much declined from its former luster, was ascertained, by an edict of Valentinian the Third, at three millions six hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds. In the manners of antiquity, the use of oil was indispensable for the lamp as well as for the bath; and the annual tax, which was imposed on Africa for the benefit of Rome, amounted to the weight of three millions of pounds, to the measure, perhaps, of three hundred thousand English gallons. The anxiety of Augustus to provide the metropolis with sufficient plenty of corn was not extended beyond that necessary article of human subsistence; and when the popular clamor accused the dearness and scarcity of wine, a proclamation was issued by the grave reformer, to remind his subjects that no

man could reasonably complain of thirst, since the aqueducts of Agrippa had introduced into the city so many copious streams of pure and salubrious water. This rigid sobriety was insensibly relaxed; and although the generous design of Aurelian does not appear to have been executed in its full extent, the use of wine was allowed on very easy and liberal terms. The administration of the public cellars was delegated to a magistrate of honorable rank; and a considerable part of the vintage of Campania was reserved for the fortunate inhabitants of Rome.

The stupendous aqueducts, so justly celebrated by the praises of Augustus himself, replenished the *Thermæ* or baths, which had been constructed in every part of the city, with imperial magnificence. The baths of Antoninus Caracalla, which were open at stated hours for the indiscriminate service of the senators and the people, contained above sixteen hundred seats of marble; and more than three thousand were reckoned in the baths of Diocletian. The walls of the lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics, that imitated the art of the pencil in the elegance of design and the variety of colors. The Egyptian granite was beautifully incrustated with the precious green marble of Numidia; the perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase with a small copper coin the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued a swarm of dirty and ragged plebeians, without shoes and without a mantle; who loitered away whole days in the street or Forum, to hear news and to hold disputes; who dissipated in extravagant gaming the miserable pittance of their wives and children; and spent the hours of the night in obscure taverns and brothels, in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality.

But the most lively and splendid amusement of the idle multitude depended on the frequent exhibitions of public games and spectacles. The piety of Christian princes had suppressed the inhuman combats of gladiators; but the Roman people still considered the Circus as their home, their temple, and the seat of the republic. The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to

secure their places, and there were many who passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjacent porticoes. From the morning to the evening, careless of the sun or of the rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to the number of four hundred thousand, remained in eager attention; their eyes fixed on the horses and charioteers, their minds agitated with hope and fear for the success of the colors which they espoused; and the happiness of Rome appeared to hang on the event of a race. The same immoderate ardor inspired their clamors and their applause, as often as they were entertained with the hunting of wild beasts and the various modes of theatrical representation. These representations in modern capitals may deserve to be considered as a pure and elegant school of taste, and perhaps of virtue. But the tragic and comic muse of the Romans, who seldom aspired beyond the imitation of Attic genius, had been almost totally silent since the fall of the republic; and their place was unworthily occupied by licentious farce, effeminate music, and splendid pageantry. The pantomimes, who maintained their reputation from the age of Augustus to the sixth century, expressed, without the use of words, the various fables of the gods and heroes of antiquity; and the perfection of their art, which sometimes disarmed the gravity of the philosopher, always excited the applause and wonder of the people. The vast and magnificent theaters of Rome were filled by three thousand female dancers and by three thousand singers, with the masters of the respective choruses. Such was the popular favor which they enjoyed that, in a time of scarcity, when all strangers were banished from the city, the merit of contributing to the public pleasures exempted them from a law, which was strictly executed against the professors of the liberal arts.

It is said that the foolish curiosity of Elagabalus attempted to discover, from the quantity of spiders' webs, the number of the inhabitants of Rome. A more rational method of inquiry might not have been undeserving of the attention of the wisest princes, who could easily have resolved a question so important for the Roman government and so interesting to succeeding ages. The births and deaths of the citizens were duly registered; and if any writer of antiquity had condescended to mention the annual

amount, or the common average, we might now produce some satisfactory calculation, which would destroy the extravagant assertions of critics, and perhaps confirm the modest and probable conjectures of philosophers. The most diligent researches have collected only the following circumstances; which, slight and imperfect as they are, may tend in some degree to illustrate the question of the populousness of ancient Rome. When the capital of the empire was besieged by the Goths, the circuit of the walls was accurately measured by Ammonius the mathematician, who found it equal to twenty-one miles. It should not be forgotten that the form of the city was almost that of a circle; the geometrical figure which is known to contain the largest space within any given circumference. The architect Vitruvius, who flourished in the Augustan age, and whose evidence, on this occasion, has peculiar weight and authority, observes that the innumerable habitations of the Roman people would have spread themselves far beyond the narrow limits of the city; and that the want of ground, which was probably contracted on every side by gardens and villas, suggested the common though inconvenient practice of raising the houses to a considerable height in the air. But the loftiness of these buildings, which often consisted of hasty work and insufficient materials, was the cause of frequent and fatal accidents; and it was repeatedly enacted by Augustus, as well as by Nero, that the height of private edifices, within the walls of Rome, should not exceed the measure of seventy feet from the ground. Juvenal laments, as it should seem from his own experience, the hardships of the poorer citizens, to whom he addresses the salutary advice of emigrating, without delay, from the smoke of Rome, since they might purchase, in the little towns of Italy, a cheerful, commodious dwelling at the same price which they annually paid for a dark and miserable lodging. House-rent was therefore immoderately dear: the rich acquired, at an enormous expense, the ground, which they covered with palaces and gardens; but the body of the Roman people was crowded into a narrow space; and the different floors and apartments of the same house were divided, as it is still the custom of Paris and other cities, among several families of plebeians. The total number of houses in the fourteen regions of the city is accurately stated in the de-

scription of Rome, composed under the reign of Theodosius, and they amount to forty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty-two. The two classes of *domus* and of *insulæ*, into which they are divided, include all the habitations of the capital of every rank and condition, from the marble palace of the Anicii, with a numerous establishment of freedmen and slaves, to the lofty and narrow lodging-house, where the poet Codrus and his wife were permitted to hire a wretched garret immediately under the tiles. If we adopt the same average, which, under similar circumstances, has been found applicable to Paris, and indifferently allow about twenty-five persons for each house, of every degree, we may fairly estimate the inhabitants of Rome at twelve hundred thousand: a number which cannot be thought excessive for the capital of a mighty empire, though it exceeds the populousness of the greatest cities of modern Europe.

Such was the state of Rome, under the reign of Honorius, at the time when the Gothic army formed the siege, or rather the blockade, of the city. By a skillful disposition of his numerous forces, who impatiently watched the moment of an assault, Alaric encompassed the walls, commanded the twelve principal gates, intercepted all communication with the adjacent country, and vigilantly guarded the navigation of the Tiber, from which the Romans derived the surest and most plentiful supply of provisions. The first emotions of the nobles and of the people were those of surprise and indignation that a vile barbarian should dare to insult the capital of the world; but their arrogance was soon humbled by misfortune, and their unmanly rage, instead of being directed against an enemy in arms, was meanly exercised on a defenseless and innocent victim. Perhaps in the person of Serena the Romans might have respected the niece of Theodosius, the aunt, nay, even the adopted mother, of the reigning emperor; but they abhorred the widow of Stilicho, and they listened with credulous passion to the tale of calumny which accused her of maintaining a secret and criminal correspondence with the Gothic invader. Actuated or overawed by the same popular frenzy, the senate, without requiring any evidence of her guilt, pronounced the sentence of her death. Serena was ignominiously strangled, and the infatuated multitude

were astonished to find that this cruel act of injustice did not immediately produce the retreat of the barbarians and the deliverance of the city. That unfortunate city gradually experienced the distress of scarcity, and at length the horrid calamities of famine. The daily allowance of three pounds of bread was reduced to one-half, to one-third, to nothing; and the price of corn still continued to rise in a rapid and extravagant proportion. The poorer citizens, who were unable to purchase the necessaries of life, solicited the precarious charity of the rich; and for a while the public misery was alleviated by the humanity of Læta, the widow of the emperor Gratian, who had fixed her residence at Rome, and consecrated to the use of the indigent the princely revenue which she annually received from the grateful successors of her husband. But these private and temporary donatives were insufficient to appease the hunger of a numerous people, and the progress of famine invaded the marble palaces of the senators themselves. The persons of both sexes, who had been educated in the enjoyment of ease and luxury, discovered how little is requisite to supply the demands of nature, and lavished their unavailing treasures of gold and silver to obtain the coarse and scanty sustenance which they would formerly have rejected with disdain. The food the most repugnant to sense or imagination, the aliments the most unwholesome and pernicious to the constitution, were eagerly devoured and fiercely disputed by the rage of hunger. A dark suspicion was entertained that some desperate wretches fed on the bodies of their fellow-creatures, whom they had secretly murdered; and even mothers (such was the horrid conflict of the two most powerful instincts implanted by nature in the human breast), even mothers are said to have tasted the flesh of their slaughtered infants. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Rome expired in their houses or in the streets for want of sustenance; and as the public sepulchers without the walls were in the power of the enemy, the stench which arose from so many putrid and unburied carcasses infected the air; and the miseries of famine were succeeded and aggravated by the contagion of a pestilential disease. The assurances of speedy and effectual relief which were repeatedly transmitted from the court of Ravenna, supported, for some time, the fainting resolution of the

Romans, till at length the despair of any human aid tempted them to accept the offers of a preternatural deliverance. Pompeianus, prefect of the city, had been persuaded, by the art or fanaticism of some Tuscan diviners, that, by the mysterious force of spells and sacrifices, they could extract the lightning from the clouds, and point those celestial fires against the camp of the barbarians. The important secret was communicated to Innocent, the bishop of Rome; and the successor of St. Peter is accused, perhaps without foundation, of preferring the safety of the republic to the rigid severity of the Christian worship. But when the question was agitated in the senate; when it was proposed, as an essential condition, that those sacrifices should be performed in the Capitol, by the authority and in the presence of the magistrates; the majority of that respectable assembly, apprehensive either of the divine or of the imperial displeasure, refused to join in an act which appeared almost equivalent to the public restoration of Paganism.

The last resource of the Romans was in the clemency, or at least in the moderation, of the king of the Goths. The senate, who in this emergency assumed the supreme powers of government, appointed two ambassadors to negotiate with the enemy. This important trust was delegated to Basilius, a senator of Spanish extraction, and already conspicuous in the administration of provinces; and to John, the first tribune of the notaries, who was peculiarly qualified by his dexterity in business, as well as by his former intimacy with the Gothic prince. When they were introduced into his presence they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honorable capitulation, he might sound his trumpets and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms and animated by despair. "The thicker the hay the easier it is mowed" was the concise reply of the barbarian; and this rustic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine. He then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome: *all* the gold and silver

in the city, whether it were the property of the state or of individuals; *all* the rich and precious movables; and *all* the slaves who could prove their title to the name of *barbarians*. The ministers of the senate presumed to ask in a modest and suppliant tone: "If such, oh king! are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?" — "YOUR LIVES," replied the haughty conqueror. They trembled and retired. Yet before they retired a short suspension of arms was granted, which allowed some time for a more temperate negotiation. The stern features of Alaric were insensibly relaxed; he abated much of the rigor of his terms; and at length consented to raise the siege on the immediate payment of five thousand pounds of gold, of thirty thousand pounds of silver, of four thousand robes of silk, of three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and of three thousand pounds' weight of pepper. But the public treasury was exhausted; the annual rents of the great estates in Italy and the provinces were intercepted by the calamities of war; the gold and gems had been exchanged, during the famine, for the vilest sustenance; the hoards of secret wealth were still concealed by the obstinacy of avarice; and some remains of consecrated spoils afforded the only resource that could avert the impending ruin of the city. As soon as the Romans had satisfied the rapacious demands of Alaric, they were restored in some measure to the enjoyment of peace and plenty. Several of the gates were cautiously opened; the importation of provisions from the river and the adjacent country was no longer obstructed by the Goths; the citizens resorted in crowds to the free market, which was held during three days in the suburbs; and while the merchants who undertook this gainful trade made a considerable profit, the future subsistence of the city was secured by the ample magazines which were deposited in the public and private granaries. A more regular discipline than could have been expected was maintained in the camp of Alaric; and the wise barbarian justified his regard for the faith of treaties by the just severity with which he chastised a party of licentious Goths who had insulted some Roman citizens on the road to Ostia. His army, enriched by the contributions of the capital, slowly advanced into the fair and fruitful province of Tuscany, where he proposed to establish his

winter quarters; and the Gothic standard became the refuge of forty thousand barbarian slaves, who had broken their chains and aspired, under the command of their great deliverer, to revenge the injuries and the disgrace of their cruel servitude. About the same time he received a more honorable re-enforcement of Goths and Huns, whom Adolphus, the brother of his wife, had conducted, at his pressing invitation, from the banks of the Danube to those of the Tiber, and who had cut their way, with some difficulty and loss, through the superior numbers of the imperial troops. A victorious leader, who united the daring spirit of a barbarian with the art and discipline of a Roman general, was at the head of a hundred thousand fighting men; and Italy pronounced with terror and respect the formidable name of Alaric.

At the distance of fourteen centuries we may be satisfied with relating the military exploits of the conquerors of Rome, without presuming to investigate the motives of their political conduct. In the midst of his apparent prosperity, Alaric was conscious perhaps of some secret weakness, some internal defect; or perhaps the moderation which he displayed was intended only to deceive and disarm the easy credulity of the ministers of Honorius. The king of the Goths repeatedly declared that it was his desire to be considered as the friend of peace and of the Romans. Three senators, at his earnest request, were sent, ambassadors to the court of Ravenna, to solicit the exchange of hostages and the conclusion of the treaty; and the proposals, which he more clearly expressed during the course of the negotiations, could only inspire a doubt of his sincerity as they might seem inadequate to the state of his fortune. The barbarian still aspired to the rank of master-general of the armies of the west; he stipulated an annual subsidy of corn and money; and he chose the provinces of Dalmatia, Noricum and Venetia for the seat of his new kingdom, which would have commanded the important communication between Italy and the Danube. If these modest terms should be rejected, Alaric showed a disposition to relinquish his pecuniary demands, and even to content himself with the possession of Noricum; an exhausted and impoverished country, perpetually exposed to the inroads of the barbarians of Germany. But the hopes of peace were disappointed by the weak

obstinacy or interested views of the minister Olympius. Without listening to the salutary remonstrances of the senate, he dismissed their ambassadors under the conduct of a military escort too numerous for a retinue of honor and too feeble for an army of defense. Six thousand Dalmatians, the flower of the imperial legions, were ordered to march from Ravenna to Rome, through an open country, which was occupied by the formidable myriads of the barbarians. These brave legionaries, encompassed and betrayed, fell a sacrifice to ministerial folly; their general, Valens, with a hundred soldiers, escaped from the field of battle; and one of the ambassadors, who could no longer claim the protection of the law of nations, was obliged to purchase his freedom with a ransom of thirty thousand pieces of gold. Yet Alaric, instead of resenting this act of impotent hostility, immediately renewed his proposals of peace; and the second embassy of the Roman senate, which derived weight and dignity from the presence of Innocent, bishop of the city, was guarded from the dangers of the road by a detachment of Gothic soldiers.

Olympius might have continued to insult the just resentment of a people who loudly accused him as the author of the public calamities; but his power was undermined by the secret intrigues of the palace. The favorite eunuchs transferred the government of Honorius and the empire to Jovius, the prætorian prefect; an unworthy servant, who did not atone, by the merit of personal attachment, for the errors and misfortunes of his administration. The exile or escape of the guilty Olympius reserved him for more vicissitudes of fortune: he experienced the adventures of an obscure and wandering life; he again rose to power; he fell a second time into disgrace; his ears were cut off; he expired under the lash; and his ignominious death afforded a grateful spectacle to the friends of Stilicho. After the removal of Olympius, whose character was deeply tainted with religious fanaticism, the pagans and heretics were delivered from the impolitic proscription which excluded them from the dignities of the state. The brave Gennerid, a soldier of barbarian origin, who still adhered to the worship of his ancestors, had been obliged to lay aside the military belt; and though he was repeatedly assured by the emperor himself that laws were not made for

persons of his rank or merit, he refused to accept any partial dispensation, and persevered in honorable disgrace till he had extorted a general act of justice from the distress of the Roman government. The conduct of Gennerid, in the important station to which he was promoted or restored, of master-general of Dalmatia, Pannonia, Noricum, and Rhætia, seemed to revive the discipline and spirit of the republic. From a life of idleness and want his troops were soon habituated to severe exercise and plentiful subsistence; and his private generosity often supplied the rewards which were denied by the avarice or poverty of the court of Ravenna. The valor of Gennerid, formidable to the adjacent barbarians, was the firmest bulwark of the Illyrian frontier; and his vigilant care assisted the empire with a re-enforcement of ten thousand Huns, who arrived on the confines of Italy, attended by such a convoy of provisions and such a numerous train of sheep and oxen as might have been sufficient not only for the march of an army, but for the settlement of a colony. But the court and councils of Honorius still remained a scene of weakness and distraction, of corruption and anarchy. Instigated by the prefect Jovius, the guards rose in furious mutiny, and demanded the heads of two generals and of the two principal eunuchs. The generals, under a perfidious promise of safety, were sent on shipboard and privately executed; while the favor of the eunuchs procured them a mild and secure exile at Milan and Constantinople. Eusebius the eunuch, and the barbarian Allobich, succeeded to the command of the bedchamber and of the guards; and the mutual jealousy of these subordinate ministers was the cause of their mutual destruction. By the insolent order of the count of the domestics, the great chamberlain was shamefully beaten to death with sticks before the eyes of the astonished emperor; and the subsequent assassination of Allobich, in the midst of a public procession, is the only circumstance of his life in which Honorius discovered the faintest symptom of courage or resentment. Yet before they fell, Eusebius and Allobich had contributed their part to the ruin of the empire, by opposing the conclusion of a treaty which Jovius, from a selfish, and perhaps a criminal, motive, had negotiated with Alaric, in a personal interview under the walls of Rimini. During the absence of

Jovius the emperor was persuaded to assume a lofty tone of inflexible dignity, such as neither his situation nor his character could enable him to support; and a letter, signed with the name of Honorius, was immediately dispatched to the prætorian prefect, granting him a free permission to dispose of the public money, but sternly refusing to prostitute the military honors of Rome to the proud demands of a barbarian. This letter was imprudently communicated to Alaric himself; and the Goth, who in the whole transaction had behaved with temper and decency, expressed, in the most outrageous language, his lively sense of the insult so wantonly offered to his person and to his nation. The conference of Rimini was hastily interrupted; and the prefect Jovius, on his return to Ravenna, was compelled to adopt, and even to encourage, the fashionable opinions of the court. By his advice and example the principal officers of the state and army were obliged to swear that, without listening, in *any* circumstances, to *any* conditions of peace, they would still persevere in perpetual and implacable war against the enemy of the republic. This rash engagement opposed an insuperable bar to all future negotiation. The ministers of Honorius were heard to declare that, if they had only invoked the name of the Deity, they would consult the public safety and trust their souls to the mercy of Heaven; but they had sworn by the sacred head of the emperor himself, they had touched in solemn ceremony that august seat of majesty and wisdom, and the violation of their oath would expose them to the temporal penalties of sacrilege and rebellion.

While the emperor and his court enjoyed, with sullen pride, the security of the marshes and fortifications of Ravenna, they abandoned Rome, almost without defense, to the resentment of Alaric. Yet such was the moderation which he still preserved or affected that, as he moved with his army along the Flaminian way, he successively dispatched the bishops of the towns of Italy to reiterate his offers of peace and to conjure the emperor that he would save the city and its inhabitants from hostile fire and the sword of the barbarians. These impending calamities were however averted, not indeed by the wisdom of Honorius, but by the prudence or humanity of the Gothic king, who employed a milder though not

less effectual method of conquest. Instead of assaulting the capital, he successfully directed his efforts against the *Port* of Ostia, one of the boldest and most stupendous works of Roman magnificence. The accidents to which the precarious subsistence of the city was continually exposed in a winter navigation and an open road had suggested to the genius of the first Cæsar the useful design which was executed under the reign of Claudius. The artificial moles which formed the narrow entrance advanced far into the sea and firmly repelled the fury of the waves, while the largest vessels securely rode at anchor within three deep and capacious basins, which received the northern branch of the Tiber about two miles from the ancient colony of Ostia. The Roman *Port* insensibly swelled to the size of an episcopal city, where the corn of Africa was deposited in spacious granaries for the use of the capital. As soon as Alaric was in possession of that important place he summoned the city to surrender at discretion; and his demands were enforced by the positive declaration that a refusal, or even a delay, should be instantly followed by the destruction of the magazines on which the life of the Roman people depended. The clamors of that people and the terror of famine subdued the pride of the senate; they listened without reluctance to the proposal of placing a new emperor on the throne of the unworthy Honorius; and the suffrage of the Gothic conqueror bestowed the purple on Attalus, prefect of the city. The grateful monarch immediately acknowledged his protector as master-general of the armies of the west; Adolphus, with the rank of count of the domestics, obtained the custody of the person of Attalus; and the two hostile nations seemed to be united in the closest bands of friendship and alliance.

The gates of the city were thrown open, and the new emperor of the Romans, encompassed on every side by the Gothic arm, was conducted, in tumultuous procession, to the palace of Augustus and Trajan. After he had distributed the civil and military dignities among his favorites and followers, Attalus convened an assembly of the senate; before whom, in a formal and florid speech, he asserted his resolution of restoring the majesty of the republic, and of uniting to the empire the provinces of Egypt and the east, which had once acknowledged the sovereignty of Rome. Such extrava-

gant promises inspired every reasonable citizen with a just contempt for the character of an unwarlike usurper, whose elevation was the deepest and most ignominious wound which the republic had yet sustained from the insolence of the barbarians. But the populace, with their usual levity, applauded the change of masters. The public discontent was favorable to the rival of Honorius; and the sectaries, oppressed by his persecuting edicts, expected some degree of countenance, or at least of toleration, from a prince who, in his native country of Ionia, had been educated in the pagan superstition, and who had since received the sacrament of baptism from the hands of an Arian bishop. The first days of the reign of Attalus were fair and prosperous. An officer of confidence was sent with an inconsiderable body of troops to secure the obedience of Africa; the greatest part of Italy submitted to the terror of the Gothic powers; and though the city of Bologna made a vigorous and effectual resistance, the people of Milan, dissatisfied perhaps with the absence of Honorius, accepted, with loud acclamations, the choice of the Roman senate. At the head of a formidable army, Alaric conducted his royal captive almost to the gates of Ravenna; and a solemn embassy of the principal ministers, of Jovius, the prætorian prefect, of Valens, master of the cavalry and infantry, of the quæstor Potamius, and of Julian, the first of the notaries, was introduced with martial pomp into the Gothic camp. In the name of their sovereign, they consented to acknowledge the lawful election of his competitor, and to divide the provinces of Italy and the west between the two emperors. Their proposals were rejected with disdain; and the refusal was aggravated by the insulting clemency of Attalus, who condescended to promise that if Honorius would instantly resign the purple he should be permitted to pass the remainder of his life in the peaceful exile of some remote island. So desperate, indeed, did the situation of the son of Theodosius appear to those who were the best acquainted with his strength and resources, that Jovius and Valens, his minister and his general, betrayed their trust, infamously deserted the sinking cause of their benefactor, and devoted their treacherous allegiance to the service of his more fortunate rival. Astonished by such examples of domestic treason Honorius trembled at the approach of

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every servant, at the arrival of every messenger. He dreaded the secret enemies who might lurk in his capital, his palace, his bed-chamber; and some ships lay ready in the harbor of Ravenna to transport the abdicated monarch to the dominions of his infant nephew, the emperor of the east.

But there is a providence (such at least was the opinion of the historian Procopius) that watches over innocence and folly; and the pretensions of Honorius to its peculiar care cannot reasonably be disputed. At the moment when his despair, incapable of any wise or manly resolution, meditated a shameful flight, a seasonable reinforcement of four thousand veterans unexpectedly landed in the port of Ravenna. To these valiant strangers, whose fidelity had not been corrupted by the factions of the court, he committed the walls and gates of the city; and the slumbers of the emperor were no longer disturbed by the apprehension of imminent and internal danger. The favorable intelligence which was received from Africa suddenly changed the opinions of men and the state of public affairs. The troops and officers whom Attalus had sent into that province were defeated and slain; and the active zeal of Heraclian maintained his own allegiance and that of his people. The faithful count of Africa transmitted a large sum of money, which fixed the attachment of the imperial guards; and his vigilance, in preventing the exportation of corn and oil, introduced famine, tumult, and discontent into the walls of Rome. The failure of the African expedition was the source of mutual complaint and recrimination in the party of Attalus; and the mind of his protector was insensibly alienated from the interest of a prince who wanted spirit to command or docility to obey. The most imprudent measures were adopted, without the knowledge or against the advice of Alaric; and the obstinate refusal of the senate to allow, in the embarkation, the mixture even of five hundred Goths, betrayed a suspicious and distrustful temper, which, in their situation, was neither generous nor prudent. The resentment of the Gothic king was exasperated by the malicious arts of Jovius, who had been raised to the rank of patrician, and who afterward excused his double perfidy by declaring, without a blush, that he had only *seemed* to abandon the service of Honorius, more effectually to ruin the cause

of the usurper. In a large plain near Rimini, and in the presence of an innumerable multitude of Romans and barbarians, the wretched Attalus was publicly despoiled of the diadem and purple, and those ensigns of royalty were sent by Alaric, as the pledge of peace and friendship, to the son of Theodosius. The officers who returned to their duty were reinstated in their employments, and even the merit of a tardy repentance was graciously allowed; but the degraded emperor of the Romans, desirous of life and insensible of disgrace, implored the permission of following the Gothic camp in the train of a haughty and capricious barbarian.

The degradation of Attalus removed the only real obstacle to the conclusion of the peace; and Alaric advanced within three miles of Ravenna, to press the irresolution of the imperial ministers, whose insolence soon returned with the return of fortune. His indignation was kindled by the report that a rival chieftain—that Sarus, the personal enemy of Adolphus and the hereditary foe of the house of Balti—had been received into the palace. At the head of three hundred followers that fearless barbarian immediately sallied from the gates of Ravenna, surprised and cut in pieces a considerable body of Goths, re-entered the city in triumph, and was permitted to insult his adversary by the voice of a herald, who publicly declared that the guilt of Alaric had forever excluded him from the friendship and alliance of the emperor. The crime and folly of the court of Ravenna was expiated, a third time, by the calamities of Rome. The king of the Goths, who no longer dissembled his appetite for plunder and revenge, appeared in arms under the walls of the capital; and the trembling senate, without any hopes of relief, prepared, by a desperate resistance, to delay the ruin of their country. But they were unable to guard against the secret conspiracy of their slaves and domestics; who, either from birth or interest, were attached to the cause of the enemy. At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his entrance into a vanquished city, discovered, however, some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valor and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people: but he exhorted them, at the same time, to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul as holy and inviolable sanctuaries. Amid the horrors of a nocturnal tumult, several of the Christian Goths displayed the fervor of a recent conversion; and some instances of their uncommon piety and moderation are related, and perhaps adorned, by the zeal of ecclesiastical writers. While the barbarians roamed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin, who had devoted her life to the service of the altar, was forced open by one of the powerful Goths. He immediately demanded, though in civil language, all the gold and silver in her possession; and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massy plate, of the richest materials and the most curious workmanship. The barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition, addressed to him in the following words: "These," said she, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter; if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend." The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, dispatched a messenger to inform the king of the treasure which he had discovered; and received a peremptory order from Alaric, that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported, without damage or delay, to the church of the apostle. From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal hill to the distant quarter of the Vatican a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody. From all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession; and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age, or rank, or

even of sect, had the good fortune to escape to the secure and hospitable sanctuary of the Vatican. The learned work concerning the *City of God* was professedly composed by St. Augustin, to justify the ways of Providence in the destruction of the Roman greatness. He celebrates, with peculiar satisfaction, this memorable triumph of Christ; and insults his adversaries by challenging them to produce some similar example of a town taken by storm in which the fabulous gods of antiquity had been able to protect either themselves or their deluded votaries.

In the sack of Rome some rare and extraordinary examples of barbarian virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people; many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns, who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least to the faith, of Christ; and we may suspect, without any breach of charity or candor, that in the hour of savage license, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the gospel seldom influenced the behavior of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the barbarians were provoked by opposition they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. The matrons and virgins of Rome were exposed to injuries more dreadful in the apprehension of chastity than death itself; and the ecclesiastical historian has selected an example of female virtue for the admiration of future ages. A Roman lady of singular beauty and orthodox faith had excited the impatient desires of a young Goth, who, according to the sagacious remark of Sozomen, was attached to the Arian heresy. Exasperated by her obstinate resistance, he drew his sword and, with the anger of a lover, slightly

wounded her neck. The bleeding heroine still continued to brave his resentment and to repel his love, till the ravisher desisted from his unavailing efforts, respectfully conducted her to the sanctuary of the Vatican, and gave six pieces of gold to the guards of the church on condition that they should restore her inviolate to the arms of her husband. Such instances of courage and generosity were not extremely common. The brutal soldiers satisfied their sensual appetites without consulting either the inclination or the duties of their female captives; and a nice question of casuistry was seriously agitated, Whether those tender victims who had inflexibly refused their consent to the violation which they sustained had lost by their misfortune the glorious crown of virginity? There were other losses, indeed, of a more substantial kind and more general concern. It cannot be presumed that all the barbarians were at all times capable of perpetrating such amorous outrages; and the want of youth, or beauty, or chastity protected the greatest part of the Roman women from the danger of a rape. But avarice is an insatiate and universal passion, since the enjoyment of almost every object that can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tempers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth. In the pillage of Rome a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the wagons that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-ax. The acquisition of riches served only to stimulate the avarice of the rapacious barbarians, who proceeded by threats, by blows, and by tortures to force from their prisoners the confession of hidden treasure. Visible splendor and expense were alleged as the proof of a plentiful fortune; the appearance of poverty was imputed to a parsimonious disposition; and the obstinacy of some

misers, who endured the most cruel torments before they would discover the secret object of their affection, was fatal to many unhappy wretches, who expired under the lash for refusing to reveal their imaginary treasures. The edifices of Rome, though the damage has been much exaggerated, received some injury from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate they fired the adjacent houses to guide their march and to distract the attention of the citizens; the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings, and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained in the age of Justinian a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration. Yet a contemporary historian has observed that fire could scarcely consume the enormous beams of solid brass, and that the strength of man was insufficient to subvert the foundations of ancient structures. Some truth may possibly be concealed in his devout assertion that the wrath of Heaven supplied the imperfections of hostile rage, and that the proud Forum of Rome, decorated with the statues of so many gods and heroes, was leveled in the dust by the stroke of lightning.

Whatever might be the numbers of equestrian or plebeian rank who perished in the massacre of Rome, it is confidently affirmed that only one senator lost his life by the sword of the enemy. But it was not easy to compute the multitudes who, from an honorable station and a prosperous fortune, were suddenly reduced to the miserable condition of captives and exiles. As the barbarians had more occasion for money than for slaves, they fixed at a moderate price the redemption of their indigent prisoners; and the ransom was often paid by the benevolence of their friends or the charity of strangers. The captives who were regularly sold, either in open market or by private contract, would have legally regained their native freedom, which it was impossible for a citizen to lose or to alienate. But as it was soon discovered that the vindication of their liberty would endanger their lives, and that the Goths, unless they were tempted to sell, might be provoked to murder their useless prisoners, the civil jurisprudence had been already qualified by a wise regulation that they should be obliged to serve the moderate term of five years, till they had discharged by their labor the price

of their redemption. The nations who invaded the Roman empire had driven before them into Italy whole troops of hungry and affrighted provincials, less apprehensive of servitude than of famine. The calamities of Rome and Italy dispersed the inhabitants to the most lonely, the most secure, the most distant places of refuge. While the Gothic cavalry spread terror and desolation along the seacoast of Campania and Tuscany, the little island of Igilium, separated by a narrow channel from the Argentarian promontory, repulsed or eluded their hostile attempts; and at so small a distance from Rome great numbers of citizens were securely concealed in the thick woods of that sequestered spot. The ample patrimonies which many senatorial families possessed in Africa invited them, if they had time and prudence to escape from the ruin of their country, to embrace the shelter of that hospitable province. The most illustrious of these fugitives was the noble and pious Proba, the widow of the prefect Petronius. After the death of her husband, the most powerful subject of Rome, she had remained at the head of the Anician family, and successively supplied, from her private fortune, the expense of the consulships of her three sons. When the city was besieged and taken by the Goths, Proba supported, with Christian resignation, the loss of immense riches; embarked in a small vessel, from whence she beheld at sea the flames of her burning palace, and fled with her daughter Læta, and her granddaughter, the celebrated virgin Demetrias, to the coast of Africa. The benevolent profusion with which the matron distributed the fruits or the price of her estates contributed to alleviate the misfortunes of exile and captivity. But even the family of Proba herself was not exempt from the rapacious oppression of Count Heraclian, who basely sold, in matrimonial prostitution, the noblest maidens of Rome to the lust or avarice of the Syrian merchants. The Italian fugitives were dispersed through the provinces, along the coast of Egypt and Asia, as far as Constantinople and Jerusalem; and the village of Bethlem, the solitary residence of St. Jerome and his female converts, was crowded with illustrious beggars of either sex and every age, who excited the public compassion by the remembrance of their past fortune. This awful catastrophe of Rome filled the astonished em-

pire with grief and terror. So interesting a contrast of greatness and ruin disposed the fond credulity of the people to deplore, and even to exaggerate, the afflictions of the queen of cities. The clergy, who applied to recent events the lofty metaphors of Oriental prophecy, were sometimes tempted to confound the destruction of the capital and the dissolution of the globe.

There exists in human nature a strong propensity to depreciate the advantages and to magnify the evils of the present times. Yet, when the first emotions had subsided, and a fair estimate was made of the real damage, the more learned and judicious contemporaries were forced to confess that infant Rome had formerly received more essential injury from the Gauls than she had now sustained from the Goths in her declining age. The experience of eleven centuries has enabled posterity to produce a much more singular parallel; and to affirm with confidence that the ravages of the barbarians, whom Alaric had led from the banks of the Danube, were less destructive than the hostilities exercised by the troops of Charles V., a Catholic prince, who styled himself emperor of the Romans. The Goths evacuated the city at the end of six days, but Rome remained above nine months in the possession of the imperialists; and every hour was stained by some atrocious act of cruelty, lust, and rapine. The authority of Alaric preserved some order and moderation among the ferocious multitude which acknowledged him for their leader and king; but the constable of Bourbon had gloriously fallen in the attack of the walls, and the death of the general removed every restraint of discipline from an army which consisted of three independent nations, the Italians, the Spaniards, and the Germans. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the manners of Italy exhibited a remarkable scene of the depravity of mankind. They united the sanguinary crimes that prevail in an unsettled state of society with the polished vices which spring from the abuse of art and luxury; and the loose adventurers, who had violated every prejudice of patriotism and superstition to assault the palace of the Roman pontiff, must deserve to be considered as the most profligate of the *Italians*. At the same era the *Spaniards* were the terror both of the Old and New World; but their high-spirited valor was disgraced by gloomy

pride, rapacious avarice, and unrelenting cruelty. Indefatigable in the pursuit of fame and riches, they had improved, by repeated practice, the most exquisite and effectual methods of torturing their prisoners; many of the Castilians who pillaged Rome were familiars of the holy inquisition; and some volunteers, perhaps, were lately returned from the conquest of Mexico. The *Germans* were less corrupt than the Italians, less cruel than the Spaniards; and the rustic or even savage aspect of those *Tramontane* warriors often disguised a simple and merciful disposition. But they had imbibed, in the first fervor of the Reformation, the spirit as well as the principles of Luther. It was their favorite amusement to insult or destroy the consecrated objects of Catholic superstition; they indulged, without pity or remorse, a devout hatred against the clergy of every denomination and degree, who form so considerable a part of the inhabitants of modern Rome; and their fanatic zeal might aspire to subvert the throne of Antichrist, to purify, with blood and fire, the abominations of the spiritual Babylon.

The retreat of the victorious Goths, who evacuated Rome on the sixth day, might be the result of prudence; but it was not surely the effect of fear. At the head of an army encumbered with rich and weighty spoils, their intrepid leader advanced along the Appian way into the southern provinces of Italy, destroying whatever dared to oppose his passage, and contenting himself with the plunder of the unresisting country. The fate of Capua, the proud and luxurious metropolis of Campania, and which was respected even in its decay as the eighth city of the empire, is buried in oblivion; while the adjacent town of Nola has been illustrated on this occasion, by the sanctity of Paulinus, who was successively a consul, a monk, and a bishop. At the age of forty he renounced the enjoyment of wealth and honor, of society and literature, to embrace a life of solitude and penance; and the loud applause of the clergy encouraged him to despise the reproaches of his worldly friends, who ascribed this desperate act to some disorder of the mind or body. An early and passionate attachment determined him to fix his humble dwelling in one of the suburbs of Nola, near the miraculous tomb of St. Felix, which the public devotion had already surrounded with five large and populous churches. The

remains of his fortune and of his understanding were dedicated to the service of the glorious martyr; whose praise, on the day of his festival, Paulinus never failed to celebrate by a solemn hymn, and in whose name he erected a sixth church, of superior elegance and beauty, which was decorated with many curious pictures from the history of the Old and New Testament. Such assiduous zeal secured the favor of the saint, or at least of the people; and, after fifteen years' retirement, the Roman consul was compelled to accept the bishopric of Nola a few months before the city was invested by the Goths. During the siege some religious persons were satisfied that they had seen, either in dreams or visions, the divine form of their tutelar patron; yet it soon appeared, by the event, that Felix wanted power or inclination to preserve the flock of which he had formerly been the shepherd. Nola was not saved from the general devastation, and the captive bishop was protected only by the general opinion of his innocence and poverty.

Above four years elapsed from the successful invasion of Italy by Alaric to the voluntary retreat of the Goths, under the conduct of his successor, Adolphus; and during the whole time they reigned without control over a country which, in the opinion of the ancients, had united all the various excellences of nature and art. The prosperity, indeed, which Italy had attained in the auspicious age of the Antonines had gradually declined with the decline of the empire. The fruits of a long peace perished under the rude grasp of the barbarians; and they themselves were incapable of tasting the more elegant refinements of luxury which had been prepared for the use of the soft and polished Italians. Each soldier, however, claimed an ample portion of the substantial plenty: the corn and cattle, oil and wine, that was daily collected and consumed in the Gothic camp; and the principal warriors insulted the villas and gardens once inhabited by Lucullus and Cicero, along the beauteous coast of Campania. Their trembling captives, the sons and daughters of Roman senators, presented, in goblets of gold and gems, large draughts of Falernian wine to the haughty victors, who stretched their huge limbs under the shade of plane-trees, artificially disposed to exclude the scorching rays and to admit the genial warmth of the sun. These delights were en-

hanced by the memory of past hardships: the comparison of their native soil, the bleak and barren hills of Scythia, and the frozen banks of the Elbe and Danube, added new charms to the felicity of the Italian climate.

Whether fame, or conquest, or riches were the object of Alaric, he pursued that object with an indefatigable ardor which could neither be quelled by adversity nor satiated by success. No sooner had he reached the extreme land of Italy than he was attracted by the neighboring prospect of a fertile and peaceful island. Yet even the possession of Sicily he considered only as an intermediate step to the important expedition which he already meditated against the continent of Africa. The straits of Rhegium and Messina are twelve miles in length, and, in the narrowest passage, about one mile and a half broad; and the fabulous monsters of the deep, the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis, could terrify none but the most timid and unskillful mariners. Yet as soon as the first division of the Goths had embarked a sudden tempest arose, which sunk or scattered many of the transports; their courage was daunted by the terrors of a new element; and the whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero whose valor and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labor of a captive multitude they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulcher, adorned with the splendid toils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot, where the remains of Alaric had been deposited, was forever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work.

[GIBBON.]

CHAPTER VIII

ATTILA, SURNAMED THE SCOURGE OF GOD

HIS DEFEAT AT CHALONS—THE RISE AND SUBSIDIENCE OF THE HUNS

A. D. 451

A BROAD expanse of plains, the Campi Catalaunici of the ancients, spreads far and wide around the city of Chalons, in the northeast of France. The long rows of poplars, through which the River Marne winds its way, and a few thinly-scattered villages, are almost the only objects that vary the monotonous aspect of the greater part of this region. But about five miles from Chalons, near the little hamlets of Chape and Cuperly, the ground is indented and heaped up in ranges of grassy mounds and trenches, which attest the work of man's hands in ages past, and which, to the practiced eye, demonstrate that this quiet spot has once been the fortified position of a huge military host.

Local tradition gives to these ancient earthworks the name of Attila's Camp. Nor is there any reason to question the correctness of the title, or to doubt that behind these very ramparts it was that, fourteen hundred years ago, the most powerful heathen king that ever ruled in Europe mustered the remnants of his vast army, which had striven on these plains against the Christian soldiery of Toulouse and Rome. Here it was that Attila prepared to resist to the death his victors in the field; and here he heaped up the treasures of his camp in one vast pile, which was to be his funeral pyre should his camp be stormed. It was here that the Gothic and Italian forces watched, but dared not assail their enemy in his despair, after that great and terrible day of battle when

“The sound
Of conflict was o’erpast, the shout of all
Whom earth could send from her remotest bounds,
Heathen or faithful; from thy hundred mouths,
That feed the Caspian with Riphean snows,
Huge Volga! from famed Hypanis, which once
Cradled the Hun; from all the countless realms
Between Imaus and that utmost strand
Where columns of Herculean rock confront
The blown Atlantic; Roman, Goth, and Hun,
And Scythian strength of chivalry, that tread
The cold Codanian shore, or what far lands
Inhospitable drink Cimmerian floods,
Franks, Saxons, Suevic, and Sarmatian chiefs,
And who from green Armorica or Spain
Flocked to the work of death.”

The victory which the Roman general, Aëtius, with his Gothic allies, had then gained over the Huns, was the last victory of imperial Rome. But among the long Fasti of her triumphs, few can be found that, for their importance and ultimate benefit to mankind, are comparable with this expiring effort of her arms. It did not, indeed, open to her any new career of conquest—it did not consolidate the relics of her power—it did not turn the rapid ebb of her fortunes. The mission of imperial Rome was, in truth, already accomplished. She had received and transmitted through her once ample dominion the civilization of Greece. She had broken up the barriers of narrow nationalities among the various states and tribes that dwelt around the coasts of the Mediterranean. She had fused these and many other races into one organized empire, bound together by a community of laws, of government and institutions. Under the shelter of her full power the True Faith had arisen in the earth, and during the years of her decline it had been nourished to maturity, it had overspread all the provinces that ever obeyed her sway. For no beneficial purpose to mankind could the dominion of the seven-hilled city have been restored or prolonged. But it was all-important to mankind what nations should divide among them Rome’s rich inheritance of empire. Whether the Germanic and Gothic warriors should form states and kingdoms out of the fragments of her dominions, and become the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe; or whether pagan savages, from the wilds of Central Asia, should crush the relics

of classic civilization and the early institutions of the Christianized Germans in one hopeless chaos of barbaric conquest. The Christian Visigoths of King Theodoric fought and triumphed at Chalons side by side with the legions of Aetius. Their joint victory over the Hunnish host not only rescued for a time from destruction the old age of Rome, but preserved for centuries of power and glory the Germanic element in the civilization of modern Europe.

In order to estimate the full importance to mankind of the battle of Chalons, we must keep steadily in mind who and what the Germans were, and the important distinctions between them and the numerous other races that assailed the Roman empire; and it is to be understood that the Gothic and Scandinavian nations are included in the German race. Now, "in two remarkable traits, the Germans differed from the Sarmatic as well as from the Slavic nations, and, indeed, from all those other races to whom the Greeks and Romans gave the designation of barbarians. I allude to their personal freedom and regard for the rights of men; secondly, to the respect paid by them to the female sex, and the chastity for which the latter were celebrated among the people of the North. These were the foundations of that probity of character, self-respect, and purity of manners which may be traced among the Germans and Goths even during pagan times, and which, when their sentiments were enlightened by Christianity, brought out those splendid traits of character which distinguish the age of chivalry and romance." What the intermixture of the German stock with the classic, at the fall of the Western empire, has done for mankind, may be best felt by watching, with Arnold, over how large a portion of the earth the influence of the German element is now extended.

"It affects, more or less, the whole west of Europe, from the head of the Gulf of Bothnia to the most southern promontory of Sicily, from the Oder and the Adriatic to the Hebrides and to Lisbon. It is true that the language spoken over a large portion of this space is not predominantly German; but even in France, and Italy, and Spain, the influence of the Franks, Burgundians, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, and Lombards, while it has colored even the language, has in blood and institutions left its mark legibly and

indelibly. Germany, the Low Countries, Switzerland for the most part, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and our own islands are all in language, in blood, and in institutions, German most decidedly. But all South America is peopled with Spaniards and Portuguese; all North America, and all Australia, with Englishmen. I say nothing of the prospects and influence of the German race in Africa and in India: it is enough to say that half of Europe, and all America and Australia, are German, more or less completely, in race, in language, or in institutions, or in all."

By the middle of the fifth century Germanic nations had settled themselves in many of the fairest regions of the Roman empire, had imposed their yoke on the provincials, and had undergone, to a considerable extent, that moral conquest which the arts and refinements of the vanquished in arms have so often achieved over the rough victor. The Visigoths held the north of Spain, and Gaul south of the Loire. Franks, Alemanni, Alans, and Burgundians had established themselves in other Gallic provinces, and the Suevi were masters of a large southern portion of the Spanish peninsula. A king of the Vandals reigned in North Africa, and the Ostrogoths had firmly planted themselves in the provinces north of Italy. Of these powers and principalities that of the Visigoths, under their king Theodoric, son of Alaric, was by far the first in power and in civilization.

The pressure of the Huns upon Europe had first been felt in the fourth century of our era. They had long been formidable to the Chinese empire, but the ascendancy in arms which another nomadic tribe of Central Asia, the Sienpi, gained over them, drove the Huns from their Chinese conquest westward; and this movement once being communicated to the whole chain of barbaric nations that dwelt northward of the Black Sea and the Roman empire, tribe after tribe of savage warriors broke in upon the barriers of civilized Europe. "*Velut unda supervenit undam.*" The Huns crossed the Tanais into Europe in 375, and rapidly reduced to subjection the Alans, the Ostrogoths, and other tribes that were then dwelling along the course of the Danube. The armies of the Roman emperor that tried to check their progress were cut to pieces by them, and Pannonia and other provinces south of the

Danube were speedily occupied by the victorious cavalry of these new invaders. Not merely the degenerate Romans, but the bold and hardy warriors of Germany and Scandinavia, were appalled at the number, the ferocity, the ghastly appearance and the lightning-like rapidity of the Huns. Strange and loathsome legends were coined and credited, which attributed their origin to the union of

“Secret, black, and midnight hags,”

with the evil spirits of the wilderness.

Tribe after tribe, and city after city, fell before them. Then came a pause in their career of conquest in southwestern Europe, caused probably by dissensions among their chiefs, and also by their arms being employed in attacks upon the Scandinavian nations. But when Attila (or Atzel, as he is called in the Hungarian language) became their ruler, the torrent of their arms was directed with augmented terrors upon the west and the south, and their myriads marched beneath the guidance of one master-mind to the overthrow both of the new and the old powers of the earth.

Recent events have thrown such a strong interest over everything connected with the Hungarian name that even the terrible renown of Attila now impresses us the more vividly through our sympathizing admiration of the exploits of those who claim to be descended from his warriors, and “ambitiously insert the name of Attila among their native kings.” The authenticity of this martial genealogy is denied by some writers and questioned by more. But it is at least certain that the Magyars of Arpad, who are the immediate ancestors of the bulk of the modern Hungarians, and who conquered the country which bears the name of Hungary in A.D. 889, were of the same stock of mankind as were the Huns of Attila, even if they did not belong to the same subdivision of that stock. Nor is there any improbability in the tradition that after Attila’s death many of his warriors remained in Hungary, and that their descendants afterward joined the Huns of Arpad in their career of conquest. It is certain that Attila made Hungary the seat of his empire. It seems also susceptible of clear proof that the territory was then called Hungvar and Attila’s soldiers Hungvari. Both the Huns of Attila and those of Arpad came from the family of

nomadic nations whose primitive regions were those vast wildernesses of High Asia which are included between the Altaic and the Himalayan mountain chains. The inroads of these tribes upon the lower regions of Asia and into Europe have caused many of the most remarkable revolutions in the history of the world. There is every reason to believe that swarms of these nations made their way into distant parts of the earth, at periods long before the date of the Scythian invasion of Asia, which is the earliest inroad of the nomadic race that history records. The first, as far as we can conjecture, in respect to the time of their descent, were the Finnish and Ugrian tribes, who appear to have come down from the Altaic border of High Asia toward the northwest, in which direction they advanced to the Uralian Mountains. There they established themselves; and that mountain chain, with its valleys and pasture lands, became to them a new country, whence they sent out colonies on every side; but the Ugrian colony, which, under Arpad, occupied Hungary, and became the ancestors of the bulk of the present Hungarian nation, did not quit their settlements on the Uralian Mountains till a very late period, and not until four centuries after the time when Attila led from the primary seats of the nomadic races in High Asia the host with which he advanced into the heart of France. That host was Turkish, but closely allied in origin, language, and habits with the Finno-Ugrian settlers on the Ural.

Attila's fame has not come down to us through the partial and suspicious medium of chroniclers and poets of his own race. It is not from Hunnish authorities that we learn the extent of his might: it is from his enemies, from the literature and the legends of the nations whom he afflicted with his arms, that we draw the unquestionable evidence of his greatness. Besides the express narratives of Byzantine, Latin, and Gothic writers, we have the strongest proof of the stern reality of Attila's conquests in the extent to which he and his Huns have been the themes of the earliest German and Scandinavian lays. Wild as many of those legends are, they bear concurrent and certain testimony to the awe with which the memory of Attila was regarded by the bold warriors who composed and delighted in them. Attila's exploits, and the wonders of his unearthly steed and magic sword, repeatedly occur in the

Sagas of Norway and Iceland; and the celebrated *Nibelungen Lied*, the most ancient of Germanic poetry, is full of them. There Etsel, or Attila, is described as the wearer of twelve mighty crowns, and as promising to his bride the lands of thirty kings, whom his irresistible sword had subdued. He is, in fact, the hero of the latter part of this remarkable poem; and it is at his capital city, Etselenburgh, which evidently corresponds to the modern Buda, that much of its action takes place.

When we turn from the legendary to the historic Attila, we see clearly that he was not one of the vulgar herd of barbaric conquerors. Consummate military skill may be traced in his campaigns; and he relied far less on the brute force of armies for the aggrandizement of his empire than on the unbounded influence over the affections of friends and the fears of foes which his genius enabled him to acquire. Austerely sober in his private life—severely just on the judgment-seat—conspicuous among a nation of warriors for hardihood, strength, and skill in every martial exercise—grave and deliberate in counsel, but rapid and remorseless in execution, he gave safety and security to all who were under his dominion, while he waged a warfare of extermination against all who opposed or sought to escape from it. He watched the national passions, the prejudices, the creeds, and the superstitions of the varied nations over which he ruled, and of those which he sought to reduce beneath his sway: all these feelings he had the skill to turn to his own account. His own warriors believed him to be the inspired favorite of their deities, and followed him with fanatic zeal; his enemies looked on him as the pre-appointed minister of Heaven's wrath against themselves; and though they believed not in his creed, their own made them tremble before him.

In one of his early campaigns he appeared before his troops with an ancient iron sword in his grasp, which he told them was the god of war whom their ancestors had worshiped. It is certain that the nomadic tribes of Northern Asia, whom Herodotus described under the name of Scythians, from the earliest times worshiped as their god a bare sword. That sword-god was supposed, in Attila's time, to have disappeared from earth; but the Hunnish king now claimed to have received it by special revelation. It was

said that a herdsman, who was tracking in the desert a wounded heifer by the drops of blood, found the mysterious sword standing fixed in the ground, as if it had darted down from heaven. The herdsman bore it to Attila, who thenceforth was believed by the Huns to wield the Spirit of Death in battle, and their seers prophesied that that sword was to destroy the world. A Roman, who was on an embassy to the Hunnish camp, recorded in his memoirs Attila's acquisition of this supernatural weapon, and the immense influence over the minds of the barbaric tribes which its possession gave him. In the title which he assumed we shall see the skill with which he availed himself of the legends and creeds of other nations as well as of his own. He designated himself "ATTILA, Descendant of the Great Nimrod. Nurtured in Engaddi. By the Grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes. The Dread of the World."

Herbert states that Attila is represented on an old medallion with a Teraphim, or a head, on his breast; and the same writer adds, "We know, from the 'Hamartigenea' of Prudentius, that Nimrod, with a snaky-haired head, was the object of adoration of the heretical followers of Marcion; and the same head was the palladium set up by Antiochus Epiphanes over the gates of Antioch, though it has been called the visage of Charon. The memory of Nimrod was certainly regarded with mystic veneration by many; and by asserting himself to be the heir of that mighty hunter before the Lord, he vindicated to himself at least the whole Babylonian kingdom.

"The singular assertion in his style, that he was nurtured in Engaddi, where he certainly had never been, will be more easily understood on reference to the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelations, concerning the woman clothed with the sun, who was to bring forth in the wilderness—'where she hath a place prepared of God'—a man-child, who was to contend with the dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and rule all nations with a rod of iron. This prophecy was at that time understood universally by the sincere Christians to refer to the birth of Constantine, who was to overwhelm the paganism of the city on the seven hills, and it is still so explained; but it is evident that the heathens must have

looked on it in a different light, and have regarded it as a foretelling of the birth of that Great One who should master the temporal power of Rome. The assertion, therefore, that he was nurtured in Engaddi, is his claim to be looked upon as that man-child who was to be brought forth in a place prepared of God in the wilderness. Engaddi means a place of palms and vines in the desert; it was hard by Zoar, the city of refuge, which was saved in the Vale of Siddim, or Demons, when the rest were destroyed by fire and brimstone from the Lord in heaven, and might, therefore, be especially called a place prepared of God in the wilderness."

It is obvious enough why he styled himself "By the Grace of God, King of the Huns and Goths"; and it seems far from difficult to see why he added the names of the Medes and the Danes. His armies had been engaged in warfare against the Persian kingdom of the Sassanidæ, and it is certain that he meditated the invasion and overthrow of the Medo-Persian power. Probably some of the northern provinces of that kingdom had been compelled to pay him tribute; and this would account for his styling himself King of the Medes, they being his remotest subjects to the south. From a similar cause, he may have called himself King of the Danes, as his power may well have extended northward as far as the nearest of the Scandinavian nations, and this mention of Medes and Danes as his subjects would serve at once to indicate the vast extent of his dominion.

The immense territory north of the Danube and Black Sea and eastward of Caucasus, over which Attila ruled, first in conjunction with his brother Bleda, and afterward alone, cannot be very accurately defined, but it must have comprised within it, besides the Huns, many nations of Slavic, Gothic, Teutonic, and Finnish origin. South also of the Danube the country, from the River Sau as far as Novi in Thrace, was a Hunnish province. Such was the empire of the Huns in A.D. 445; a memorable year, in which Attila founded Buda on the Danube as his capital city and ridded himself of his brother by a crime which seems to have been prompted not only by selfish ambition, but also by a desire of turning to his purpose the legends and forebodings which then

were universally spread throughout the Roman empire, and must have been well known to the watchful and ruthless Hun.

The year 445 of our era completed the twelfth century from the foundation of Rome, according to the best chronologers. It had always been believed among the Romans that the twelve vultures, which were said to have appeared to Romulus when he founded the city, signified the time during which the Roman power should endure. The twelve vultures denoted twelve centuries. This interpretation of the vision of the birds of destiny was current among learned Romans even when there were yet many of the twelve centuries to run and while the imperial city was at the zenith of its power. But as the allotted time drew nearer and nearer to its conclusion, and as Rome grew weaker and weaker beneath the blows of barbaric invaders, the terrible omen was more and more talked and thought of; and in Attila's time, men watched for the momentary extinction of the Roman state with the last beat of the last vulture's wing.

Moreover, among the numerous legends connected with the foundation of the city and the fratricidal death of Remus there was one most terrible one, which told that Romulus did not put his brother to death in accident or in hasty quarrel, but that

"He slew his gallant twin
With inextinguishable sin,"

deliberately and in compliance with the warnings of supernatural powers. The shedding of a brother's blood was believed to have been the price at which the founder of Rome had purchased from destiny her twelve centuries of existence.

We may imagine, therefore, with what terror in this, the twelve hundredth year after the foundation of Rome, the inhabitants of the Roman empire must have heard the tidings that the royal brethren, Attila and Bleda, had founded a new capital on the Danube, which was designed to rule over the ancient capital on the Tiber; and that Attila, like Romulus, had consecrated the foundations of his new city by murdering his brother; so that for the new cycle of centuries then about to commence dominion had been bought from the gloomy spirits of destiny in favor of the Hun by a

sacrifice of equal awe and value with that which had formerly obtained it for the Roman.

It is to be remembered that not only the pagans but also the Christians of that age knew and believed in these legends and omens, however they might differ as to the nature of the super-human agency by which such mysteries had been made known to mankind. And we may observe with Herbert, a modern learned dignitary of our church, how remarkably this augury was fulfilled; for "if to the twelve centuries denoted by the twelve vultures that appeared to Romulus we add for the six birds that appeared to Remus six lustra, or periods of five years each, by which the Romans were wont to number their time, it brings us precisely to the year 476, in which the Roman empire was finally extinguished by Odoacer."

An attempt to assassinate Attila, made, or supposed to have been made, at the instigation of Theodoric the younger, the emperor of Constantinople, drew the Hunnish armies, in 445, upon the Eastern empire, and delayed for a time the destined blow against Rome. Probably a more important cause of delay was the revolt of some of the Hunnish tribes to the north of the Black Sea against Attila, which broke out about this period, and is cursorily mentioned by the Byzantine writers. Attila quelled this revolt, and having thus consolidated his power, and having punished the presumption of the Eastern Roman emperor by fearful ravages of his fairest provinces, Attila, in 450, prepared to set his vast forces in motion for the conquest of Western Europe. He sought unsuccessfully by diplomatic intrigues to detach the king of the Visigoths from his alliance with Rome, and he resolved first to crush the power of Theodoric and then to advance with overwhelming power to trample out the last sparks of the doomed Roman empire.

A strange invitation from a Roman princess gave him a pretext for the war, and threw an air of chivalric enterprise over his invasion. Honoria, sister of Valentinian III., the emperor of the West, had sent to Attila to offer him her hand and her supposed right to share in the imperial power. This had been discovered by the Romans, and Honoria had been forthwith closely imprisoned.

Attila now pretended to take up arms in behalf of his self-promised bride, and proclaimed that he was about to march to Rome to redress Honoria's wrongs. Ambition and spite against her brother must have been the sole motives that led the lady to woo the royal Hun; for Attila's face and person had all the natural ugliness of his race, and the description given of him by a Byzantine ambassador must have been well known in the imperial courts. Herbert has well versified the portrait drawn by Priscus of the great enemy of both Byzantium and Rome:

“Terrific was his semblance, in no mold
Of beautiful proportion cast; his limbs
Nothing exalted, but with sinews braced
Of Chalybæan temper, agile, lithe,
And swifter than the roe; his ample chest
Was overbrow'd by a gigantic head,
With eyes keen, deeply sunk, and small, that gleam'd
Strangely in wrath as though some spirit unclean
Within that corporal tenement install'd
Look'd from its windows, but with temper'd fire
Beam'd mildly on the unresisting. Thin
His beard and hoary; his flat nostrils crown'd
A cicatrized, swart visage; but, withal,
That questionable shape such glory wore
That mortals quail'd beneath him.”

Two chiefs of the Franks, who were then settled on the Lower Rhine, were at this period engaged in a feud with each other, and while one of them appealed to the Romans for aid the other invoked the assistance and protection of the Huns. Attila thus obtained an ally whose co-operation secured for him the passage of the Rhine, and it was this circumstance which caused him to take a northward route from Hungary for his attack upon Gaul. The muster of the Hunnish hosts was swollen by warriors of every tribe that they had subjugated; nor is there any reason to suspect the old chroniclers of willful exaggeration in estimating Attila's army at seven hundred thousand strong. Having crossed the Rhine, probably a little below Coblenz, he defeated the king of the Burgundians, who endeavored to bar his progress. He then divided his vast forces into two armies, one of which marched northwest upon Tongres and Arras and other cities of that part of France, while the main body, under Attila himself, advanced up the Moselle and de-

stroyed Besancon, and other towns in the country of the Burgundians. One of the latest and best biographers of Attila well observes that, "having thus conquered the eastern part of France, Attila prepared for an invasion of the West Gothic territories beyond the Loire. He marched upon Orleans, where he intended to force the passage of that river, and only a little attention is requisite to enable us to perceive that he proceeded on a systematic plan: he had his right wing on the north for the protection of his Frank allies, his left wing on the south for the purpose of preventing the Burgundians from rallying and of menacing the passes of the Alps from Italy, and he led his center toward the chief object of the campaign—the conquest of Orleans and an easy passage into the West Gothic dominion. The whole plan is very like that of the allied powers in 1814, with this difference, that their left wing entered France through the defiles of the Jura in the direction of Lyons, and that the military object of the campaign was the capture of Paris."

It was not until the year 451 that the Huns commenced the siege of Orleans, and during their campaign in Eastern Gaul the Roman general Aëtius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organizing such an army as might, when united to the soldiery of the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the field. He enlisted every subject of the Roman empire whom patriotism, courage, or compulsion could collect beneath the standards, and round these troops, which assumed the once proud title of the legions of Rome, he arrayed the large forces of barbaric auxiliaries whom pay, persuasion, or the general hate and dread of the Huns brought to the camp of the last of the Roman generals. King Theodoric exerted himself with equal energy. Orleans resisted her besiegers bravely as in after times. The passage of the Loire was skillfully defended against the Huns, and Aëtius and Theodoric, after much maneuvering and difficulty, effected a junction of their armies to the south of that important river.

On the advance of the allies upon Orleans, Attila instantly broke up the siege of that city and retreated toward the Marne. He did not choose to risk a decisive battle with only the central corps of his army against the combined power of his enemies, and

he therefore fell back upon his base of operations, calling in his wings from Arras and Besancon, and concentrating the whole of the Hunnish forces on the vast plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. A glance at a map will show how scientifically this place was chosen by the Hunnish general as the point for his scattered forces to converge upon; and the nature of the ground was eminently favorable for the operations of cavalry, the arm in which Attila's strength peculiarly lay.

It was during the retreat from Orleans that a Christian hermit is reported to have approached the Hunnish king, and said to him, "Thou art the Scourge of God for the chastisement of the Christians." Attila instantly assumed this new title of terror, which thenceforth became the appellation by which he was most widely and most fearfully known.

The confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths at last met their great adversary face to face on the ample battleground of the Châlons plains. Aëtius commanded on the right of the allies, King Theodoric on the left. Sangipan, king of the Alans, whose fidelity was suspected, was placed purposely in the center, and in the very front of the battle. Attila commanded his center in person, at the head of his own countrymen, while the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ, and the other subject allies of the Huns, were drawn up on the wings. Some maneuvering appears to have occurred before the engagement, in which Aëtius had the advantage, inasmuch as he succeeded in occupying a sloping hill which commanded the left flank of the Huns. Attila saw the importance of the position taken by Aëtius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his center to aid his left. The Romans, having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns, and while the allies gained this advantage on their right, their left, under King Theodoric, assailed the Ostrogoths, who formed the right of Attila's army. The gallant king was himself struck down by a javelin, as he rode onward at the head of his men; and his own cavalry, charging over him, trampled him to death in the confusion. But the Visigoths, infuriated, not dispirited, by their monarch's fall, routed the enemies opposed to

them, and then wheeled upon the flank of the Hunnish center, which had been engaged in a sanguinary and indecisive contest with the Alans.

In this peril Attila made his center fall back upon his camp; and when the shelter of its intrenchments and wagons had once been gained, the Hunnish archers repulsed, without difficulty, the charges of the vengeful Gothic cavalry. Aëtius had not pressed the advantage which he gained on his side of the field, and when night fell over the wild scene of havoc, Attila's left was still undefeated, but his right had been routed and his center forced back upon his camp.

Expecting an assault on the morrow, Attila stationed his best archers in front of the cars and wagons, which were drawn up as a fortification along his lines, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance. But the "Scourge of God" resolved that no man should boast of the honor of having either captured or slain him, and he caused to be raised in the center of his encampment a huge pyramid of the wooden saddles of his cavalry: round it he heaped the spoils and the wealth that he had won; on it he stationed his wives who had accompanied him in the campaign; and on the summit Attila placed himself, ready to perish in the flames, and bask the victorious foe of their choicest booty, should they succeed in storming his defenses.

But when the morning broke and revealed the extent of the carnage with which the plains were heaped for miles, the successful allies saw also and respected the resolute attitude of their antagonist. Neither were any measures taken to blockade him in his camp, and so to extort by famine that submission which it was too plainly perilous to enforce with the sword. Attila was allowed to march back the remnants of his army without molestation, and even with the semblance of success.

It is probable that the crafty Aëtius was unwilling to be too victorious. He dreaded the glory which his allies the Visigoths had acquired, and feared that Rome might find a second Alaric in Prince Thorismund, who had signalized himself in the battle, and had been chosen on the field to succeed his father Theodoric. He persuaded the young king to return at once to his capital, and thus

relieved himself at the same time of the presence of a dangerous friend, as well as of a formidable though beaten foe.

Attila's attacks on the Western empire were soon renewed, but never with such peril to the civilized world as had menaced it before his defeat at Châlons; and on his death, two years after that battle, the vast empire which his genius had founded was soon dissevered by the successful revolts of the subject nations. The name of the Huns ceased for some centuries to inspire terror in Western Europe, and their ascendancy passed away with the life of the great king by whom it had been so fearfully augmented.

[CREASY.

CHAPTER IX

THE DEFEAT OF ISLAM

THE BATTLE OF TOURS—THE RESCUE OF CHRISTENDOM—
THE VICTORY OF KARL MARTEL—THE CRESCENT
AND THE CROSS

A. D. 732

IN France, between Poitiers and Tours, lies the broad tract which was the scene of the victory that rescued Christendom from Islam. Had the battle which was waged there resulted in defeat, "Perhaps," says Gibbon, "the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught at Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate the truth of Mohammed's revelation." Schlegel declares that the victory "saved and delivered the Christian nations of the West from the deadly grasp of all-destroying Islam"; and Ranke points out, as "one of the most important epochs in the history of the world, the commencement of the eighth century, when on the one side Mohammedanism threatened to overspread Italy and Gaul, and on the other the ancient idolatry of Saxony and Friesland once more forced its way across the Rhine. In this peril of Christian institutions, a youthful prince of Germanic race, Karl Martel,

arose as their champion, maintained them with all the energy which the necessity for self-defense calls forth, and finally extended them into new regions."

Arnold ranks the victory of Charles Martel even higher than the victory of Arminius, "among those signal deliverances which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind." In fact, the more we test its importance, the higher we shall be led to estimate it; and, though all authentic details which we possess of its circumstances and its heroes are but meager, we can trace enough of its general character to make us watch with deep interest this encounter between the rival conquerors of the decaying Roman empire. That old classic world, the history of which occupies so large a portion of our early studies, lay, in the eighth century of our era, utterly exanimate and overthrown. On the north the German, on the south the Arab, was rending away its provinces. At last the spoilers encountered one another, each striving for the full mastery of the prey. Their conflict brought back upon the memory of Gibbon the old Homeric simile, where the strife of Hector and Patroclus over the dead body of Cebriones is compared to the combat of two lions, that in their hate and hunger fight together on the mountain tops over the carcass of a slaughtered stag; and the reluctant yielding of the Saracen power to the superior might of the Northern warriors might not inaptly recall those other lines of the same book of the *Iliad*, where the downfall of Patroclus beneath Hector is likened to the forced yielding of the panting and exhausted wild boar, that had long and furiously fought with a superior beast of prey for the possession of the scanty fountain among the rocks at which each burned to drink.

Although three centuries had passed away since the Germanic conquerors of Rome had crossed the Rhine, never to repass that frontier stream, no settled system of institutions or government, no amalgamation of the various races into one people, no uniformity of language or habits, had been established in the country at the time when Charles Martel was called to repel the menacing tide of Saracenic invasion from the south. Gaul was not yet France. In that, as in other provinces of the Roman empire of the West, the dominion of the Cæsars had been shattered as early as the fifth

century, and barbaric kingdoms and principalities had promptly arisen on the ruins of the Roman power. But few of these had any permanency, and none of them consolidated the rest, or any considerable number of the rest, into one coherent and organized civil and political society. The great bulk of the population still consisted of the conquered provincials; that is to say, of Romanized Celts, of a Gallic race which had long been under the dominion of the Cæsars, and had acquired, together with no slight infusion of Roman blood, the language, the literature, the laws, and the civilization of Latium. Among these, and dominant over them, roved or dwelt the German victors; some retaining nearly all the rude independence of their primitive national character, others softened and disciplined by the aspect and contact of the manners and institutions of civilized life; for it is to be borne in mind that the Roman empire in the West was not crushed by any sudden avalanche of barbaric invasion. The German conquerors came across the Rhine, not in enormous hosts, but in bands of a few thousand warriors at a time. The conquest of a province was the result of an infinite series of partial local invasions, carried on by little armies of this description. The victorious warriors either retired with their booty, or fixed themselves in the invaded district, taking care to keep sufficiently concentrated for military purposes, and ever ready for some fresh foray, either against a rival Teutonic band, or some hitherto unassailed city of the provincials. Gradually, however, the conquerors acquired a desire for permanent landed possessions. They lost somewhat of the restless thirst for novelty and adventure which had first made them throng beneath the banner of the boldest captains of their tribe, and leave their native forests for a roving military life on the left bank of the Rhine. They were converted to the Christian faith, and gave up with their old creed much of the coarse ferocity which must have been fostered in the spirits of the ancient warriors of the North by a mythology which promised, as the reward of the brave on earth, an eternal cycle of fighting and drunkenness in heaven.

But, although their conversion and other civilizing influences operated powerfully upon the Germans in Gaul, and although the Franks (who were originally a confederation of the Teutonic tribes

that dwelt between the Rhine, the Maine, and the Weser) established a decisive superiority over the other conquerors of the province, as well as over the conquered provincials, the country long remained a chaos of uncombined and shifting elements. The early princes of the Merovingian dynasty were generally occupied in wars against other princes of their house, occasioned by the frequent subdivisions of the Frank monarchy; and the ablest and best of them had found all their energies tasked to the utmost to defend the barrier of the Rhine against the pagan Germans who strove to pass that river and gather their share of the spoils of the empire.

The conquests which the Saracens effected over the southern and eastern provinces of Rome were far more rapid than those achieved by the Germans in the north, and the new organizations of society which the Moslems introduced were summarily and uniformly enforced. Exactly a century passed between the death of Mohammed and the date of the battle of Tours. During that century the followers of the Prophet had torn away half the Roman empire; and besides their conquests over Persia, the Saracens had overrun Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain, in an unchecked and apparently irresistible career of victory. Nor, at the commencement of the eighth century of our era, was the Mohammedan world divided against itself, as it subsequently became. All these vast regions obeyed the caliph; throughout them all, from the Pyrenees to the Oxus, the name of Mohammed was invoked in prayer, and the Koran revered as the book of the law.

It was under one of their ablest and most renowned commanders, with a veteran army, and with every apparent advantage of time, place, and circumstance, that the Arabs made their great effort at the conquest of Europe north of the Pyrenees. The victorious Moslem soldiery in Spain,

"A countless multitude;
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
Persian, and Copt, and Tartar, in one bond
Of erring faith conjoined—strong in the youth
And heat of zeal—a dreadful brotherhood,"

were eager for the plunder of more Christian cities and shrines, and full of fanatic confidence in the invincibility of their arms.

“Nor were the chiefs
 Of victory less assured, by long success
 Elate, and proud of that overwhelming strength
 Which, surely they believed, as it had rolled
 Thus far uncheck’d, would roll victorious on,
 Till, like the Orient, the subjected West
 Should bow in reverence at Mohammed’s name;
 And pilgrims from remotest Arctic shores
 Tread with religious feet the burning sands
 Of Araby and Mecca’s stony soil.”

—SOUTHEY’S *Roderick*.

It is not only by the modern Christian poet, but by the old Arabian chroniclers also, that these feelings of ambition and arrogance are attributed to the Moslems who had overthrown the Visigoth power in Spain. And their eager expectations of new wars were excited to the utmost on the reappointment by the caliph of Abderrahman Ibn Abdillah Alghafeki to the government of that country, A.D. 729, which restored them a general who had signalized his skill and prowess during the conquests of Africa and Spain, whose ready valor and generosity had made him the idol of the troops, who had already been engaged in several expeditions into Gaul, so as to be well acquainted with the national character and tactics of the Franks, and who was known to thirst, like a good Moslem, for revenge for the slaughter of some detachments of the True Believers, which had been cut off on the north of the Pyrenees.

In addition to his cardinal military virtues, Abderrahman is described by the Arab writers as a model of integrity and justice. The first two years of his second administration in Spain were occupied in severe reforms of the abuses which under his predecessors had crept into the system of government, and in extensive preparations for his intended conquest in Gaul. Besides the troops which he collected from his province, he obtained from Africa a large body of chosen Berber cavalry, officered by Arabs of proved skill and valor; and, in the summer of 732, he crossed the Pyrenees at the head of an army which some Arab writers rate at eighty thousand strong, while some of the Christian chroniclers swell its numbers to many hundreds of thousands more. Probably the Arab account diminishes, but of the two keeps nearer to the truth. It

was from this formidable host, after Eudes, the Count of Aquitaine, had vainly striven to check it, after many strong cities had fallen before it, and half the land had been overrun, that Gaul and Christendom were at last rescued by the strong arm of Prince Charles, who acquired a surname, like that of the war-god of his forefathers' creed, from the might with which he broke and shattered his enemies in the battle.

The Merovingian kings had sunk into absolute insignificance, and had become mere puppets of royalty before the eighth century. Charles Martel, like his father, Pepin Heristal, was Duke of the Austrasian Franks, the bravest and most thoroughly Germanic part of the nation, and exercised, in the name of the titular king, what little paramount authority the turbulent minor rulers of districts and towns could be persuaded or compelled to acknowledge. Engaged with his national competitors in perpetual conflicts for power, and in more serious struggles for safety against the fierce tribes of the unconverted Frisians, Bavarians, Saxons, and Thuringians, who at that epoch assailed with peculiar ferocity the Christianized Germans on the left bank of the Rhine, Charles Martel added experienced skill to his natural courage, and he had also formed a militia of veterans among the Franks. Hallam has thrown out a doubt whether, in our admiration of his victory at Tours, we do not judge a little too much by the event, and whether there was not rashness in his risking the fate of France on the result of a general battle with the invaders. But when we remember that Charles had no standing army, and the independent spirit of the Frank warriors who followed his standard, it seems most probable that it was not in his power to adopt the cautious policy of watching the invaders, and wearing out their strength by delay. So dreadful and so widespread were the ravages of the Saracenic light cavalry throughout Gaul that it must have been impossible to restrain for any length of time the indignant ardor of the Franks. And, even if Charles could have persuaded his men to look tamely on while the Arabs stormed more towns and desolated more districts, he could not have kept an army together when the usual period of a military expedition had expired. If, indeed, the Arab account of the disorganization of the Moslem forces be correct, the

battle was as well timed on the part of Charles, as it was, beyond all question, well fought.

The monkish chroniclers, from whom we are obliged to glean a narrative of this memorable campaign, bear full evidence to the terror which the Saracen invasion inspired and to the agony of that great struggle. The Saracens, say they, and their king, who was called Abdirames, came out of Spain, with all their wives and their children and their substance, in such great multitudes that no man could reckon or estimate them. They brought with them all their armor, and whatever they had, as if they were thenceforth always to dwell in France.

"Then Abderrahman, seeing the land filled with the multitude of his army, pierces through the mountains, tramples over rough and level ground, plunders far into the country of the Franks, and smites all with the sword, insomuch that when Eudo came to battle with him at the River Garonne, and fled before him, God alone knows the number of the slain. Then Abderrahman pursued after Count Eudo, and while he strives to spoil and burn the holy shrine at Tours, he encounters the chief of the Austrasian Franks, Charles, a man of war from his youth up, to whom Eudo had sent warning. There for nearly seven days they strive intensely, and at last they set themselves in battle array, and the nations of the North, standing firm as a wall and impenetrable as a zone of ice, utterly slay the Arabs with the edge of the sword."

The European writers all concur in speaking of the fall of Abderrahman as one of the principal causes of the defeat of the Arabs, who, according to one writer, after finding that their leader was slain, dispersed in the night, to the agreeable surprise of the Christians, who expected the next morning to see them issue from their tents and renew the combat. One monkish chronicler puts the loss of the Arabs at three hundred and seventy-five thousand men, while he says that only one thousand and seven Christians fell; a disparity of loss which he feels bound to account for by a special interposition of Providence. I have translated above some of the most spirited passages of these writers, but it is impossible to collect from them anything like a full or authentic description of the great battle itself or of the operations which preceded and followed it.

Though, however we may have cause to regret the meagerness and doubtful character of these narratives, we have the great advantage of being able to compare the accounts given of Abderrahman's expedition by the national writers of each side. This is a benefit which the inquirer into antiquity so seldom can obtain, that the fact of possessing it in the case of the battle of Tours makes us think the historical testimony respecting that great event more certain and satisfactory than is the case in many other instances, where we possess abundant details respecting military exploits, but where those details come to us from the annalist of one nation only, and where we have, consequently, no safeguard against the exaggerations, the distortions, and the fictions which national vanity has so often put forth in the garb and under the title of history. The Arabian writers who recorded the conquests and wars of their countrymen in Spain have narrated also the expedition into Gaul of their great emir, and his defeat and death near Tours in battle with the host of the Franks under King Calvus, the name into which they metamorphose Charles Martel.

They tell us how there was war between the count of the Frankish frontier and the Moslems, and how the count gathered together all his people and fought for a time with doubtful success. "But," say the Arabian chroniclers, "Abderrahman drove them back; and the men of Abderrahman were puffed up in spirit by their repeated successes, and they were full of trust in the valor and the practice in war of their emir. So the Moslems smote their enemies, and passed the River Garonne, and laid waste the country and took captives without number. And that army went through all places like a desolating storm. Prosperity made these warriors insatiable. At the passage of the river Abderrahman overthrew the count, and the count retired into his stronghold; but the Moslems fought against it, and entered it by force and slew the count; for everything gave way to their scimiters, which were the robbers of lives. All the nations of the Franks trembled at that terrible army, and they betook them to their king Calvus and told him of the havoc made by the Moslem horsemen, and how they rode at their will through all the land of Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, and they told the king of the death of their count. Then the

king bade them be of good cheer, and offered to aid them. And in the one hundred and fourteenth year he mounted his horse, and he took with him a host that could not be numbered, and went against the Moslems. And he came upon them at the great city of Tours. And Abderrahman and other prudent cavaliers saw the disorder of the Moslem troops, who were loaded with spoil; but they did not venture to displease the soldiers by ordering them to abandon everything except their arms and war-horses. And Abderrahman trusted in the valor of his soldiers, and in the good fortune which had ever attended him. But (the Arab writer remarks) such defect of discipline always is fatal to armies. So Abderrahman and his host attacked Tours to gain still more spoil, and they fought against it so fiercely that they stormed the city almost before the eyes of the army that came to save it; and the fury and the cruelty of the Moslems toward the inhabitants of the city was like the fury and cruelty of raging tigers. It was manifest," adds the Arab, "that God's chastisement was sure to follow such excesses; and Fortune thereupon turned her back upon the Moslems.

"Near the River Owar, the two great hosts of the two languages and the two creeds were set in array against each other. The hearts of Abderrahman, his captains, and his men, were filled with wrath and pride, and they were the first to begin the fight. The Moslem horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side, until the going down of the sun. Night parted the two armies; but in the gray of the morning the Moslems returned to the battle. Their cavaliers had soon hewn their way into the center of the Christian host. But many of the Moslems were fearful for the safety of the spoil which they had stored in their tents, and a false cry arose in their ranks that some of the enemy were plundering the camp; whereupon several squadrons of the Moslem horsemen rode off to protect their tents. But it seemed as if they fled, and all the host was troubled. And while Abderrahman strove to check their tumult, and to lead them back to battle, the warriors of the Franks came around him, and he was pierced through with many spears, so that he died. Then all the host fled before the enemy, and many died in the flight. This deadly defeat of the Moslems,

and the loss of the great leader and good cavalier Abderrahman, took place in the one hundred and fifteenth year."

It would be difficult to expect from an adversary a more explicit confession of having been thoroughly vanquished than the Arabs here accord to the Europeans. The points on which their narrative differs from those of the Christians—as to how many days the conflict lasted, whether the assailed city was actually rescued or not, and the like—are of little moment compared with the admitted great fact that there was a decisive trial of strength between Frank and Saracen, in which the former conquered. The enduring importance of the battle of Tours in the eyes of the Moslems is attested not only by the expressions of "the deadly battle" and "the disgraceful overthrow" which their writers constantly employ when referring to it, but also by the fact that no more serious attempts at conquest beyond the Pyrenees were made by the Saracens. Charles Martel, and his son and grandson, were left at leisure to consolidate and extend their power. The new Christian Roman empire of the West, which the genius of Charlemagne founded, and throughout which his iron will imposed peace on the old anarchy of creeds and races, did not indeed retain its integrity after its great ruler's death. Fresh troubles came over Europe; but Christendom, though disunited, was safe. The progress of civilization, and the development of the nationalities and governments of modern Europe, from that time forth went forward in not uninterrupted, but ultimately certain career.

CHAPTER X

THE CRUSADES

RECOVERY OF THE HOLY LAND FROM THE MOHAMMEDANS—THE
CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM—THE REPULSE OF CHRISTENDOM

A. D. 1095—1272

THE Crusades were a series of wars waged for two centuries by the Christian nations of the West, with the object of rescuing the Holy Land and the Sepulcher of Christ from the grasp of the followers of Mohammed. The loss of life which they entailed was enormous, but the accruing benefits are manifest to-day. Through them the enfranchisement of the human mind began, maritime commerce received not its initial but its strongest impulse, and social changes were effected from which liberty and toleration result. In weakening the resources and power of the barons, they cemented that alliance between kings and citizens which broke up the feudal system, abolished serfdom, and substituted the authority of a common law for the arbitrary will of chiefs. Worthless in themselves, and wholly useless as means for founding any permanent dominion in Palestine or elsewhere, the Crusades affected the commonwealths of Europe in ways of which the promoters never dreamed. They left a wider gulf between the Greek and the Latin churches, between the subjects of the Eastern empire and the nations of Western Europe; but, by the mere fact of throwing East and West together, they led to that interchange of thought and that awakening of the human intellect to which we owe all that distinguishes our modern civilization from the religious and political systems of the Middle Ages.

The causes which led to the Crusades are less complex than the results. The primary motive was to vindicate the right of Christian

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pilgrims to visit the Holy Sepulcher. For ages the belief had been growing that nothing was more salutary to the peace of the soul than such a visit. When, in the seventh century, Palestine was conquered by the Arabs, the right to come and go was secured by treaty. Not merely the safety of pilgrims was assured, they were allowed the free exercise of their religion, subject only to the conditions that Mohammedans should have the right of admission to their churches at all hours; that the cross should not be seen on the exterior of any building, or be carried about the streets; and, finally, that the Christians should be disarmed, and should show respect to their conquerors by wearing a distinguishing dress and by rising up at the approach of true believers. The hardships thus imposed may have been sensibly felt; but the pilgrims and merchants still came and went practically without let or hinderance. Such persecution as there was fell on the Jews only, and the tax imposed on each pilgrim, and levied on his entering Jerusalem, was probably not resented as a wrong. To the wealthier Christians it brought an opportunity for securing a higher degree of merit by paying the charge for their poorer brethren, while the completion of the first Christian millennium removed a burden which had lain, with increasing heaviness, on the spirits and energies of men, and gave a fresh impetus to the feeling which carried the devout to the Holy Land. The end of the tenth century, it was almost universally believed, would be the end of the world. The beginning of a new age relieved them of this mental incubus, and the stream of pilgrims became larger than ever. The path followed by these devotees was not always strewn with roses. Inclement seasons, poverty and sickness proved fatal to many; but these disasters were not caused by the attack of open enemies, and the conversion of Hungary removed a formidable obstacle for those who had to traverse the heart of Europe in order to reach Palestine.

A few years later, these fairer prospects were permanently clouded by the advance of the Seljukian Turks, who, in their inroads into the Eastern empire, found themselves effectually aided by the subjects of the emperor. The causes of discontent were indeed many and deep. Extortion and tyranny, both secular and ecclesiastical, had alienated thousands, while the population was

seriously lessened by the accumulation of land in the hands of a few owners. Before the close of the eleventh century, 1076, Jerusalem had opened her gates to the Seljukian Toucush, and in place of a legal toll the pilgrims found themselves subjected henceforth to indefinite extortion, to wanton insult, and to massacre. The sanctuaries of the Christians were profaned, their worship was interrupted, their patriarchs were thrown into dungeons. The effect of these changes was felt not by the devout only. The supplying of their wants had called forth the energies of merchants; and the fleets of Genoa, Pisa, and Amalfi hurried to the ports of the Holy Land for the great Easter fair at Jerusalem. All these were now driven away, and there remained only the miserable train of pilgrims, who returned to Europe, if they returned at all, with tales of dire indignities done to men, women, and children alike.

The recital of these wrongs went far toward fanning into flame the feelings which the Popes had hitherto failed to waken in sufficient strength. The idea of an armed host which should inflict summary vengeance on the oppressors of the Christians had already dawned on the mind of the great Hildebrand, Gregory VII.; it had been vehemently urged by his successor, Victor III.; but neither had struck the right chord. Such enterprises can never be set in motion, with any solid results, except when the flood-tide of popular feeling gives its own weight to the sanction of religious authority. Nor was this result more satisfactory when, in 1081, Robert Guiscard set out from Brundisium (Brindisi), with a fleet of one hundred and fifty ships and a force of thirty thousand men. Guiscard himself besieged Dyrrhachium (Durazzo) in vain; under his son Bohemond his fleet was miserably defeated. Four years later Guiscard made another attempt, which was frustrated by his death at Cefalonia (Kephallenia). But Hildebrand had been dead only ten years when a vast throng of clerks and laymen was gathered to meet Urban II. at Piacenza (Placentia). In Italy, however, Urban felt that he could not look for the enthusiasm which would justify him in making the final venture. From Piacenza he made his way to his old home in the great abbey of Cluny, and, in the autumn of 1095, appeared at Clermont, in the territories of the Count of Auvergne.

Here he found that there was no longer any need of holding back. To the north of the Alps the indignation of the people had been aroused to fever heat by the preaching of Peter the Hermit. With the stature and ungainliness of a dwarf, emaciated by the austerities of his self-imposed discipline, this man, who had forsaken his wife and abandoned his military standard under the counts of Boulogne, had returned from the Holy Land with his heart on fire, not so much from the memory of the hardships which he had himself undergone as for the cruelties and tortures which he had seen inflicted on his fellow-Christians. Simeon, the patriarch of Jerusalem, to whom he first betook himself, could only bewail the weakness of the emperor and of his government. "The nations of the West shall take up arms in your cause," was the reply of the Hermit, who soon afterward, armed with the special blessing of Urban II., mounted his ass, and with bare head and feet, carrying a huge crucifix, traversed the Teutonic lands, rousing everywhere the uncontrollable indignation which devoured his own soul. His vehemence carried all before him; none the less, perhaps, because he bade them remember that no sins were too heinous to be washed away by the waters of the Jordan, no evil habits too deadly to be condoned for the one good work which should make them champions of the cross. Urban, however, and his counselors, knew well that before the fatal die could be prudently cast a serious task lay before them. The system of feudalism substituted personal ascendancy for the dominion of law; and wherever the personal bond failed, the resort was inevitably to private war. The practice of such wars had become virtually an organized trade; and if a large proportion of the population should be drawn away to fight against the infidel in Palestine, those who remained at home would be without defense. Such wars were, therefore, formally condemned; the women and the clergy, merchants and husbandmen, were placed under the special protection of the Church, and the Truce of God was solemnly confirmed. The nearer and more immediate dangers being thus guarded against, Urban, from a lofty scaffold, addressed the assembled multitude, dwelling, in the first place, and, perhaps, not altogether prudently, on the cowardice of the Turks, and on the title to victory which

birth in a temperate climate conferred on the Christians. They were thus sure of success, and sure, too, to win an infinitely higher blessing—the remission of their sins. Sufferings and torments more excruciating than any which they could picture to themselves might indeed await them; but the agonies of their bodies would redeem their souls. With the passionate outburst, “It is the will of God, it is the will of God,” the vast throng broke in upon the Pontiff’s words.

So was sanctioned the mighty enterprise which hurled the forces of Latin Christendom on the infidels who had crushed the East under the yoke of Islam; and so it received its name. Of the thousands who hastened to put on the badge, the greater number were animated probably by the most disinterested motives, while some had their eyes fixed on the results of more politic calculations. For the multitude at large there was the paramount attraction of an enterprise which the abbot Guibert boldly put before them as a new mode of salvation, which enabled the layman, without laying aside his habits of wild license, to reach a height of perfection scarcely to be attained by the most austere monk or the most devoted priest.

In the enterprise sanctioned by the Council of Clermont, no nation, as such, took any part; and this fact serves perhaps to explain the measure of its success and its failure. Had it been necessary to wait for strictly national action, the work perhaps would never have been done at all; but had it been a national undertaking some attempt must have been made to establish a commissariat, and to insure something like harmonious and efficient generalship. As it was, the crusading army was simply a gathering of individual adventurers who depended on their own resources, or of reckless pilgrims who neither possessed nor cared to provide any. The contributions made to this army by the different countries of Europe varied largely. From Italy, where the charm was in great part dispelled by the struggle between Pope and anti-Pope, few came besides the Normans who had fought under the standards of Robert Guiscard. The Spaniards were fully occupied with a crusade nearer home, which was to turn the tide of Mohammedan conquest that had once passed the barriers of the Pyrenees and threatened to flow onward to the shores of the Baltic. In Germany

there was no great eagerness among partisans of emperors whom popes had sought to humble to undertake a difficult and dangerous pilgrimage. In England the condition of things which followed the victory of William over Harold prevented both the conquerors and their subjects from committing themselves to distant enterprises, while the Red King was more anxious to have the duchy of his brother Robert in pledge than ready to run the risk of losing his own kingdom. Thus the task of reconquering Palestine fell to princes of the second order. Foremost among these was Godfrey of Bouillon in the Ardennes, Duke of Lothringen (Lorraine), whose high personal character brought to his standard, we are told, not less than ten thousand horsemen and eighty thousand infantry, and who was accompanied by his brothers Baldwin and Eustace, Count of Boulogne. Next to him, perhaps may be placed, first, Hugh, Count of Vermandois, surnamed the Great, according to some, as being the brother of Philip I., the French king, or, as others would have it, simply from his stature; second, Robert, Duke of Normandy, who had pawned his duchy to his brother, the English king, and who was destined to end his days in the dungeons of Cardiff Castle; third, Robert, Count of Flanders, celebrated by his followers as the Sword and Lance of the Christians; fourth, Stephen, Count of Chartres, Troyes and Blois; fifth, Adhemar (Aymer), Bishop of Puy, the first of the clergy who assumed the cross, and rewarded as such with the office of Papal legate; sixth, Raymond, Count of Toulouse, Lord of Auvergne and Languedoc, the leader, it is said, of one hundred and sixty thousand horse and foot, and widely known for his haughtiness and his avarice not less than for his courage and his wisdom; seventh, the politic and ambitious Bohemond, son of Robert Guiscard, who had left to him, not his Apulian domains, but only the principality of Tarentum, to which Bohemond was resolved to add a kingdom stretching from the Dalmation coast to the northern shores of the Ægean Sea; eighth, Tancred, son of the Marquis Odo the Good and of Emma, the sister of Robert Guiscard, the hero who, beyond all his colleagues, appears as the embodiment of those peculiar sentiments which gave rise to the crusades, and who approaches nearest to the idea of Chaucer's "very perfect gentle knight."

The Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1096, had been fixed at the Council of Clermont as the day on which the crusaders should set off for Constantinople; but little more than half the interval had gone by when the hermit Peter undertook the task of leading to Palestine a motley crowd of men and women. Peter was accompanied as far as Cologne by Walter the Penniless, who thence led his followers to Hungary, while another multitude marched under Emico, Count of Leiningen, and a fourth followed the guidance of the monk Gottschalk. Behind those came, we are told, a throng of men, women and children, amounting to two hundred thousand, under standards on which were painted a goose and a goat, symbols of the mysterious faith of Gnostics and Paulicians. These undisciplined multitudes turned fiercely upon the Jews, who were massacred in the streets of Verdun, Treves, and the great Rhenish cities, until the emperor interfered and took them under his protection. Of the followers of Peter, seven thousand only, it is said, reached Constantinople. These, by the orders of the Emperor Alexius, were at once conveyed across the Bosphorus, and there, with the bands of Walter the Penniless, fell into a trap laid for them by the Seljukian Sultan David, surnamed Kilidj Arslan, the Sword of the Lion. A heap of bones alone remained to tell the story of their destruction, when the hosts under Godfrey came thither on their march to Palestine. These had advanced unopposed as far as the Hungarian border, where three weeks were lost in negotiations with the Hungarian king, who dreaded a repetition of the violence which his people had suffered at the hands of the rabble led by Peter and the moneyless Walter. With Stephen of Chartres, Robert of Flanders, and Robert of Normandy, Hugh of Vermandois had set out to make his way through Italy, and taken ship at Bari. Wrecked on the coast between Palos and Durazzo, he was detained at the latter place until the pleasure of the Emperor Alexius should be known. Alexius at once ordered that he should be brought to Constantinople, and so charmed his prisoner by the gracious manner which he could put on or off at will, that Hugh not only paid him homage and declared himself his man, but promised so far as he could to get his colleagues to follow his example.

The tidings of Hugh's detention roused the wrath of Godfrey, who, having in vain demanded his release, marched from Philippopolis, and appeared before the walls of Constantinople at Christmas, 1096. Alexius saw before him a mighty host; another not less formidable was on its way, he was told, under Bohemond and Tancred; and Bohemond, as he knew, claimed by right of inheritance no small part of his empire. These swarms he had brought upon his land by his appeals for the aid of Western Christendom, and he was now anxious at one moment to rid himself of their presence, at another to win the submission of the crusading chiefs, and so obtain a hold on their future conquests. At length a compact was made by which they gave him their fealty so long only as they remained within his borders, and pledged themselves to restore those of their conquests which had been recently wrested from the empire, while on his part he promised to supply them with food and to protect all pilgrims passing through his dominions. Bohemond, on reaching Constantinople, was indignant when he learned that his colleagues had become vassals of the emperor; but he soon found that he must at least appear to follow their example, and he was repaid by a splendid bribe from Alexius, who adopted Godfrey as his son. With Raymond of Toulouse, Alexius had a hard task. The chief, who scarcely regarded himself as the vassal even of the French king, refused to do more than be the emperor's friend on equal terms, even though Bohemond threatened that, if the quarrel came to blows, he should be on the side of Alexius. The latter, however, soon saw through the temper of Raymond; and the harmony which followed this dispute was so thorough that Anna Comnena could speak of him as shining among the barbarians as the sun among the stars of heaven.

It was not until the Feast of Pentecost, 1097, that the last of the bands of Latin pilgrims was conveyed to the Asiatic shore.

Whatever may have been the numbers of the crusaders (and the chaplain of Count Baldwin could speak of them as six millions), they found themselves on the eastern shore of the Bosphorus, confronted by a formidable adversary in Kilidj Arslan, who, retreating with his horsemen to the mountains, swooped down upon the Christians, by whom his capital city of Nice (Nikaia) was vainly

invested for seven weeks. At length the city was surrendered, not to the crusaders but to Alexius, and the former, advancing on their eastward march, were again confronted by the Turks near the Phrygian Dorylaeum. The battle, desperately contested, ended in the complete defeat of the latter; but the son of Kilidj Arslan, hastening on before the crusaders as they marched to Cogni, Erekli, and the Pisidian Antioch, gave out before the gates of each city that he was come as a conqueror. On his way he had ravaged the land; in the towns the houses had been plundered and the granaries emptied; and the crusaders had to journey through a country which could supply nothing. The burning heat caused fatal sickness; and, as if these miseries were not enough, the acquisition of Tarsus was followed by an attempt at private war between Tancred and Baldwin, owing to a dispute for the precedence of their banners. The remissness of the enemy, which might easily have cut them off in the passes of Mount Taurus, allowed them to march safely through the defiles; and Baldwin, Godfrey's brother, was enabled to comply with a request for help made by the Greek or Armenian ruler of Edessa. Welcomed into the city, Baldwin made himself master, and the Latin principality of Edessa thus established lasted for fifty-four, or, as some have supposed, forty-seven years.

In the Syrian Antioch the crusaders hoped to win a splendid prize at the cost of a little effort or none. Its walls were mostly in ruins: but the Seljukian governor, Baghasian, had resolved on determined resistance. The siege which followed has no interest for the military historian. At no time was the blockade complete, and it was brought to a successful issue only by treachery. Three months had already passed when the crusaders found themselves in desperate straits for want of food. They had wasted with frantic folly the cattle, the corn, and the wine which had fallen into their hands; and when this first famine was relieved by a foraging expedition under Tancred, the supplies so brought in were wasted with equal recklessness. A second famine drove away not only Taticius, the lieutenant of the Greek emperor, but William of Melun, whose sledge-hammer blows dealt in battle had won him the surname of the Carpenter, and even the hermit Peter. Taticius made his way to Cyprus; the other two were caught and brought back to

the camp by Tancred. It was at this time, when the general prospect seemed so discouraging, that envoys from the Fatimite caliph of Egypt offered to guarantee to all unarmed pilgrims an unmolested sojourn of one month in Jerusalem, and to aid the crusaders on their march to the Holy City, if they would acknowledge his supremacy within the bounds of his Syrian empire. The reply of the crusaders was brief and definite. God had destined Jerusalem for Christians; if any others held it they were invaders who must be cast out. This defiance was followed by a victory won over some re-enforcements which were hastening from Cesarea and other cities to the aid of Baghasian. But the time went on; the siege was still protracted; and there were rumors that a Persian army was approaching. To Bohemond it seemed that there was no hope of success except from fraud, and that from fraud he might reap a goodly harvest. In a renegade Christian named Phirouz he found a traitor ready to do his work; and he was able now to announce in the council that he could place the city in their hands, and that he would do so if they would allow him to rule in Antioch as Baldwin ruled in Edessa. In spite of a protest from Raymond of Toulouse, the compact was accepted, 1098; and on the same night Bohemond with a few followers climbed the wall, and having seized ten towers, of which they killed all the guards, opened a gate and admitted the Christian hosts. In the confusion which followed their entrance some of the besieged shut themselves up in the citadel. Of the rest, ten thousand, it is said, were massacred. Baghasian escaped beyond the besieger's lines; but he fell from his horse, and a Syrian Christian, cutting off his head, carried it to the camp of the crusaders, who now passed from famine to plenty, from extreme hunger to wild riot. They were committing a blunder as well as a sin. The Persians were at hand; and the Turks in the citadel found that the crusaders lay between themselves and the hosts of Kerboga, prince of Mosul, and Kilidj Arslan. The Latin camp was again wasted with famine. Stephen of Chartres, who had deserted it before the betrayal of the city to Bohemond, had on his westward journey met the Emperor Alexius, who was marching to the aid of the crusaders with a large body of pilgrims from Europe. Stephen's tidings were followed by an order for retreat, and the

pilgrims were compelled to turn back with their companions. Protesting in vain against this shameful breach of his duty and his vow, Guy, a brother of Bohemond, said in the vehemence of his rage that if God were all-powerful He would not suffer such things to be done.

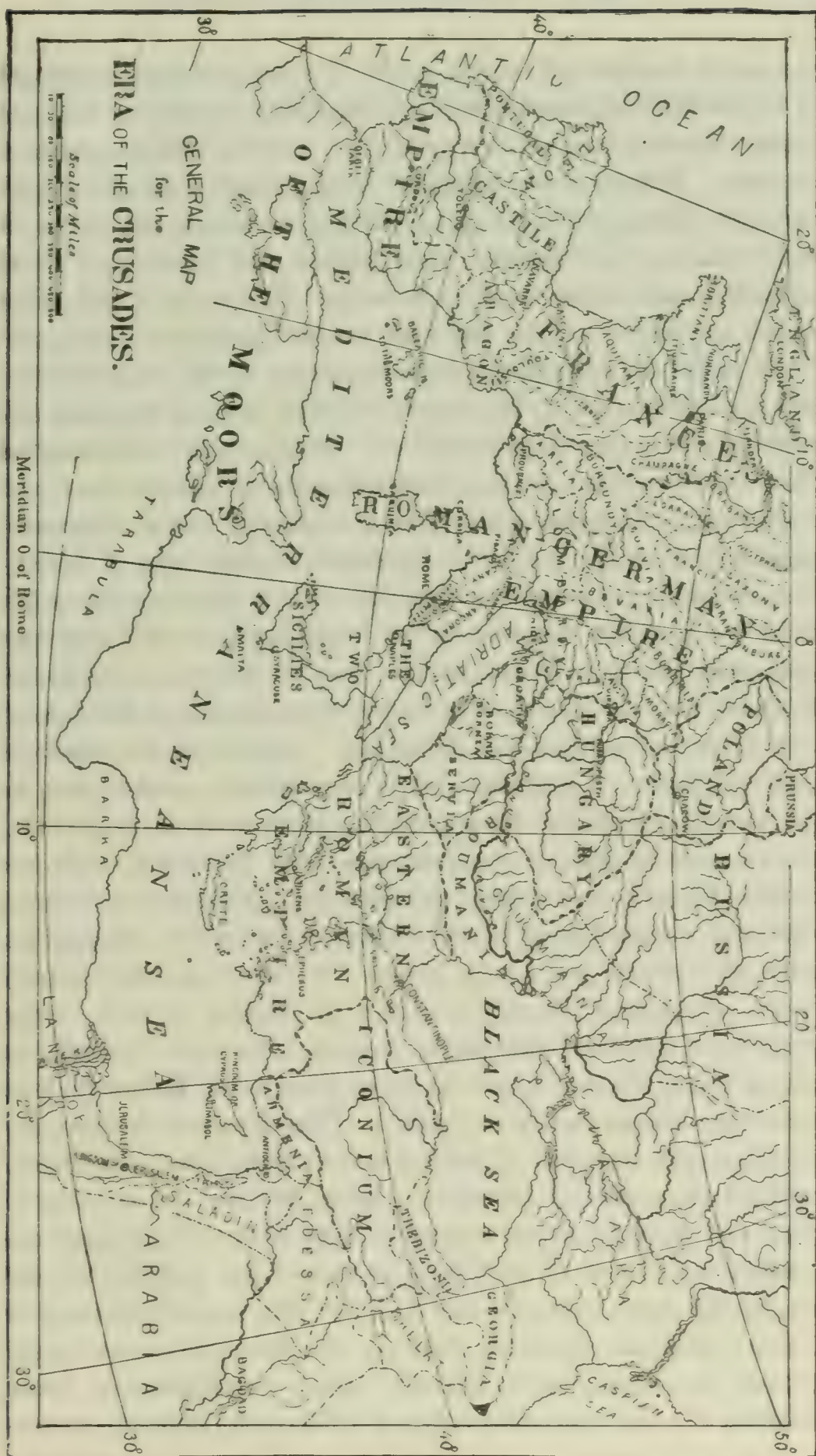
In Antioch the desperation of the crusaders made them listen eagerly to stories of dreams and revelations from heaven. A Lombard priest had learned in a vision that the third year of the crusade should see the conquest of Jerusalem, and those who had heard from the lips of the Saviour himself a rebuke of the vices which had caused all their disasters had also been assured that in five days the needful help would be granted to them. The impulse, once given, gained strength. Peter Barthelemy, the chaplain of Raymond of Toulouse, related a revelation made to him by St. Andrew. The steel head of the spear which had pierced the side of the Redeemer as He hung on the cross had been hidden, according to this tale, in the church of St. Peter; and the recovery of this lance would be followed by immediate and decisive success. Two days were to be spent in special devotion; on the third they were to search for the long-lost weapon. The night had come, and their toil had thus far gone for nothing, when the priest stepped down into the pit. After some strokes of his spade he came upon the holy relic, which was carefully wrapped in a cloth of silk and gold. The priest displayed the lance head, and in a few minutes the wonderful tidings had been spread through the city. A few months later Arnold, the chaplain of Bohemond, publicly denied the genuineness of the relic, and charged the chaplain of Raymond with deliberate imposture. Barthelemy appealed to the ordeal of fire, and passed it, to all appearance, successfully. The bystanders were loud in their exultation; but Peter had been fatally injured, and in a few days he died.

Meanwhile the holy lance, borne by the papal legate Adhemar, had effectually aided the crusaders in the decisive struggle with Kerboga, before whom Peter the Hermit had appeared as an envoy charged to submit to him the alternative of baptism or of retreat from a land which St. Peter had bestowed upon the Christians; the answer was a curt refusal. A battle followed in which Bohemond was severely pressed by Kilidj Arslan, and Kerboga was bearing down the forces of Godfrey and Hugh of Vermandois when some

knights, clothed in white armor and mounted on white horses, were seen riding along the slopes of the neighboring hills. "The saints are come to our help," cried the papal legate, and the imagination of the people at once beheld in these strangers the martyrs St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Maurice. The impulse imparted by this conviction was irresistible. The complete defeat of Kerboga and Arslan was followed by the surrender of the garrison in the citadel, and Bohemond remained Lord of Antioch.

Ten months after the fall of Antioch the crusaders, having become masters of Laodicea, were bidden by the Emperor Alexius to await his coming in June. But with him their forbearance had reached its limits, and they bade him remember that, having broken his compact, he had no longer any claim on their obedience. Marching across the plain of Berytus and along the narrow strip of country once celebrated for the wealth and splendor of the great Phœnician cities, the army at length reached Jaffa, and thence turned inland to Ramlah, a town only sixteen miles distant from Jerusalem. Two days later they came in view of the Holy City. At the sight of the distant walls and towers all fell on their knees, in an outburst of thankfulness which could express itself only in sighs and tears, while they stooped to kiss the sacred soil. The rest of the march they performed with bare feet, and in the garb of pilgrims; but their armor was again put on when Raymond of Toulouse, with his followers, invested the city from the western side, while Godfrey and Tancred, with Robert of Normandy and Robert of Flanders, blockaded it from the north. On the fifth day a desperate attempt was made to storm the walls, with a single ladder and with no siege instruments. It was no wonder that in spite of all their efforts the assailants should be beaten back and hurled from the ramparts. Thirty days more passed away, while Gaston of Bearn was busily occupied in directing the construction of siege engines of timber brought from the woods of Shechem. During the whole of this time the besiegers were in the greatest distress from lack of water. All the cisterns and receptacles of any kind had been carefully destroyed by the enemy, whose horsemen harassed or cut off the parties of Christians who were sent about the country to search for it. Nor was the discipline of the camp by any means

what it should be; and the phantom of Adhemar of Puy appeared, it was said, to denounce the license which was provoking the divine judgments. But if there was wild riot in some quarters, there was devotion and enthusiasm in others. Tancred generously made up his quarrel with Bohemond, and, like the Levites round the walls of Jericho, the clergy moved round the city in procession, singing hymns and followed by the laity. The Saracens, it is said, insulted them from the walls by throwing dirt upon crucifixes. On the second day of the final assault, when it seemed that, in spite of almost superhuman efforts, the crusaders must fail, a horseman was seen, or supposed to be seen, waving his shield on Mount Olivet. "St. George the Martyr has again come to help us," shouted Godfrey, and the cry, taken up and carried along the ranks, banished every feeling of weariness and sent them forth with overwhelming strength for the supreme effort. It was Friday; and at the moment in the afternoon when the last cry was uttered by the Saviour on His cross, Letold of Tournay, it is said, stood on the walls of Jerusalem, followed first by his brother Engelbert and then by Godfrey. The gate of St. Stephen was stormed by Tancred, the Provençals climbed up the ramparts by ladders, and the city was in the hands of the Christians. So terrible, it is said, was the carnage which followed that the horses of the crusaders who rode up to the Mosque of Omar were knee-deep in the stream of blood. Infants were seized by their feet and dashed against the walls or whirled over the battlements, while the Jews were all burned alive in their synagogue. In the midst of these horrors Godfrey entered the Church of the Sepulcher, clothed in a robe of pure white, but barefooted as well as bareheaded, and knelt at the tomb to offer his thanksgiving for the divine goodness which had suffered them to realize the yearning of their hearts. In the profound enthusiasm and devotion of the moment his followers beheld the dead take part in the solemn ritual, and heard the voice of Adhemar rejoicing in the prayers and resolutions of penitence offered by the prostrate warriors of the cross. Among the living, too, there were those who called forth the deepest gratitude; and the vast throng fell at the feet of the hermit Peter, who thus saw the consummation of the enterprise which was mainly his work, and of whom after the com-



pletion of his task we hear no more. On the next day the horrors of that which had preceded it were deliberately repeated on a larger scale. Tancred had given a guarantee of safety to three hundred captives. In spite of his indignant protests these were all brought out and killed; and a massacre followed in which the bodies of men, women, and children were hacked and hewn until their fragments lay tossed together in heaps. The work of slaughter ended, the streets of the city were washed by Saracen prisoners.

So ended the first and the most important of the crusades. Its history shows us clearly the nature of these religious wars and the mode in which they were carried on. Those which follow may be more briefly noticed, as they tend generally to assume more and more of a political character. The first crusade had to all appearance fully attained its object. Godfrey was really king of Jerusalem, although he would not bear the title in the city where his Lord had worn the crown of thorns. His reign lasted barely one year, and this year was signalized less by his victory over the Fatimite caliph of Egypt than by the promulgation of the code of laws known as the Assize of Jerusalem. These laws embodied the main principles of feudalism, while they added a new feature in the judicial courts, the king presiding in the court of the barons, his viscount in that of the burgesses. On Godfrey's death his brother Baldwin was summoned from his principality of Edessa, 1100, and crowned king by the Patriarch Daimbert. During his reign of eighteen years most of the old crusading chiefs passed away. Stephen of Chartres was slain at Ramlah in 1101. Four years later Raymond died on the seacoast. In 1112 Tancred was cut off in the prime of manhood, three years after Bohemond had ended his stormy career at Antioch. The Emperor Alexius, the only man who had derived lasting benefit from these expeditions, outlived them all. If his empire was to last, the Turks must be drawn off from the nearer regions of Asia Minor. This result the crusades accomplished, and thus prolonged the existence of the empire for three centuries and a half. The second successor of Godfrey was his kinsman, Baldwin du Bourg, in whose reign, 1118-31, Tyre became the seat of a Latin archbishopric. After Baldwin II., the uneventful reign of Fulk of Anjou (1131-44) was

followed by that of his son, Baldwin III., a boy thirteen years of age (1144-62), in whose days the fall of Edessa called forth again the enterprise of the West. Of this second crusade St. Bernard was the apostle, as the hermit Peter had been of the first. In the council of Vezelai, 1146, Louis VII., the French king, put on the blood-red cross, and his example was reluctantly followed some months later by the Emperor Conrad. The story of this expedition brings before us a long series of disasters. Conrad lost thousands in an attempted march across Asia Minor; Louis took ship at Attaleia and succeeded in making his way to Jerusalem. Conrad at length reached Ptolemais; and the two sovereigns, abandoning the project of rescuing Edessa, resolved to turn their arms against Damascus, 1148. The siege was a miserable failure, brought about, it is said, by the treachery of the barons of Palestine. Bernard himself was for the moment overwhelmed by the completeness of the catastrophe; but the conviction of the reality of his own mission soon assured him that the fault lay in the sinfulness of the pilgrims—an idea which, having fixed itself in some minds, had its issue in the pathetic and awful tragedies called the Children's Crusades. None but innocent hands, it was thought, could accomplish the work of conquest in the Holy Land; and in 1212 the great experiment was tried, with thirty thousand children, so the tale went, under the boy Stephen, and twenty thousand German boys and girls under the peasant lad Nicholas, to end in death by sea or on land, or in the more fearful horrors of the slave-market. For the present this notion was only in embryo; and the monk John had more success in reviving old feelings by declaring that the places of the fallen angels had been filled by the spirits of those who had died as champions of the cross in Bernard's crusade. In 1162 Baldwin III. died at the early age of thirty-three. The great aim of his brother Amalric, who succeeded him, 1162, was to obtain possession of Egypt, and thus to prevent Nouredin, the sultan of Aleppo, from establishing himself in a country which would enable him to attack the Latin kingdom from the south, as he already could from the north. It may be said that nothing but his own greed for money stood in the way of his success; and Saladin, the nephew of Nouredin, was thus enabled to rise to power

in Egypt, and finally, by setting aside the Fatimite caliph, to put an end to a schism which had lasted two hundred years. Nor was this all. Amalric's son and successor, Baldwin IV., was a leper, who, being obliged by his disease to appoint another as his delegate, fixed on Guy of Lusignan, the husband of his sister Sibylla. For the time the arrangement came to naught; but when, in 1186, the death of Baldwin IV. was followed in a few months by that of Baldwin V., the infant son of Sibylla by her first marriage, Guy managed to establish himself by right of his wife as King of Jerusalem. Over his kingdom the storm was now ready to burst. The army of Saladin assailed Tiberias; and Raymond, Count of Tripolis, the son of Raymond of Toulouse, although he had refused to own his allegiance to Guy, hastened to Jerusalem to beg the king to confine himself to a defensive warfare, which could not fail to be crowned with success. His advice was rejected; and the fatal battle of Tiberias, 1187, almost destroyed the army which should have defended the capital, while the true cross fell into the hands of the conquerors. Against the comparatively defenseless city Saladin now advanced; but he pledged himself that, if it were surrendered, he would provide for the inhabitants new homes in Syria, and would supply them with the money which they might need. His offer was refused, and Saladin made a vow that he would take ample vengeance. But when at length the issue was seen to be inevitable and the besieged threw themselves on his mercy, Saladin agreed that the nobles and fighting men should be sent to Tyre, and that the Latin inhabitants should be reduced to slavery, only if they failed to pay a ransom fixed according to age and sex. Having entered the city, Saladin advanced to the Mosque of Omar. As he approached, the cross, which still flashed on its summit, was hurled to the ground and trailed through the mire. Thus fell the Latin kingdom eighty-eight years after Godfrey became the Defender of the Holy Sepulcher. At no time had it exhibited any signs of real stability. Resting on the rule that no faith was to be kept with the unbeliever, it justified treachery; it recognized no title to property except in the Christians, and the temptation thus held out to robbery went far to demoralize the people. It kept up constant irritation by petty forays, while it did

little to promote military science or discipline. Its leaders were for the most part devoid of statesmanship. As banded together rather for a religious than a political purpose, they could withdraw from the enterprise as soon as they had fulfilled their vows, and thus the cohesion needed for its permanent success was unattainable. More than all, it had to put up with, if it did not sanction, the growth of societies, each of which claimed independent jurisdiction over its own members. The great military orders of the Hospital and Temple had come into existence as fraternities devoted to works of mercy in behalf of poor pilgrims. But under the conditions of their sojourn in Palestine it was necessary to bear arms; the bearing of arms involved the need of discipline; and the military discipline of a brotherhood, animated by monastic enthusiasm, became formidable. These orders were further strengthened by privileges and immunities conferred, some by the kings of Jerusalem, some by the popes. Their freedom from tithe brought them into direct antagonism with the clergy, and the clergy in their turn complained that these orders gave shelter to excommunicated persons, while the fiercest enmity of the Templar was reserved for his brother of the order of the Hospital of St. John. On a kingdom composed of such elements as these the old curse of the house divided against itself cannot fail to descend.

It may have been something like the insight of a statesman which led King Amalric to fix his thoughts on the conquest of Egypt, as the means not only of preventing the co-operation of hostile powers to the north and south of the Latin kingdom, but of opening a country of vast resources to the merchant and the trader. There can be no doubt that these considerations prompted the Lateran Council, 1179, to declare that the first object of every crusade should be the conquest of Damietta; but with this determination these enterprises ceased to be strictly crusades, and the old spirit is seen again only in the royal saint, Louis IX. For the time the fall of Jerusalem seemed to waken again the impulse which had stirred the hearts of Godfrey and Tancred. On the plain between Gisors and Trie the pleadings of William, archbishop of Tyre, prevailed with Henry II. of England and Philip Augustus of France to assume the cross, 1188. Having thus far shown a

marked reluctance to the undertaking, Henry may now have really meant to fulfill his promise; but the quarrels and treachery of his sons interposed a fatal hinderance and soon brought him to his grave. For his son and successor, Richard, the idea of rescuing the Holy City from the Turk had an irresistible attraction, and his whole mind was bent on raising money for the purpose. This task done, he met the French king at Vezelai, where forty-four years ago Louis VII. had listened to the vehement eloquence of Bernard. The two sovereigns made their way to Sicily, while the Emperor Frederick I. (Barbarossa) was advancing with his host to Constantinople. Frederick himself was drowned in a Cilician river, 1190, and of those whom he had brought across the Bosphorus not a tenth, it is said, reached Antioch. The efforts of the Latins of Palestine were now directed against Acre, which had been besieged for two years before Richard and Philip set foot on the Holy Land. The former was prostrated with fever; but his fiery zeal proved stronger than his sickness, and Saladin was compelled, 1191, to assent to a compact which bound him to surrender the true cross, and to give hostages for the payment of two hundred thousand pieces of gold within forty days. The money was not paid in time and the hostages, numbering three thousand or more, were all, it is said, slaughtered on the summit of a hill from which the tragedy might be seen in the camp of Saladin. The sequel of the story tells us of battles won and lost to little purpose. The victory of Richard at Azotus opened the road to Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the army had advanced as far as Ramleh, when the men of Pisa, with the knights of the Hospital and the Temple, insisted that the troops could never be kept together after the recovery of Jerusalem, and thus that its re-conquest would really be fatal to the crusade. In June, 1192, Richard again led his forces toward the Holy City, and was again foiled by the lack of a commissariat and the destruction of all the wells and cisterns, which for miles around had been shattered by the enemy. His prowess was signally shown in the relief of Jaffa; but in the issue he obtained from Saladin simply a truce for three years and eight months, which insured to pilgrims the right of entering Jerusalem untaxed; and thus, leaving the Holy Land, he set out on the homeward journey, which was to

be interrupted by a long captivity in a Tyrolese castle as the prisoner of Henry VI. Although this third crusade had been marked by the woful waste of splendid opportunities, it had still secured to the Christians the possession of a long strip of coast, bounded by two important cities, which might serve as a base of operations in future enterprises, while it had also done much to neutralize the results which Saladin had looked for from his earlier victories.

The fourth crusade may be dismissed in a few words. It was an enterprise set on foot by the Knights of St. John, 1193, seconded by Pope Celestine III., in hopes of getting rid of the Emperor Henry VI., the son of Barbarossa, who claimed the island of Sicily, and encouraged by Henry as a means for promoting his own designs. Henry had no intention of going on the errand himself; but his barons, with their followers, defeated the Turks between Tyre and Sidon, 1196, recovered Jaffa, which had been taken after Richard's departure, obtained possession of Berytus, and lost all that they had gained by their folly and disunion in the siege of the castle of Thoron, 1197. Jaffa was again taken by the Saracens; and the Latin kingdom became little more than a title with which Isabella, the sister of Baldwin IV., linked that of Cyprus on her marriage with Amalric of Lusignan, who had succeeded his brother Guy as sovereign of that island.

The fifth crusade was an undertaking of vastly greater importance. Innocent III., who now sat in St. Peter's chair, was a man of incomparably loftier genius than Urban II., and he was raised to the pontifical throne, 1198, at a time when the European world generally seemed in a state of dissolution. He saw at once how, in such a state of things, the crusades had served, and would serve, to promote the papal power. But if the popes had thus the means and the justification for interfering in the affairs of every kingdom, and acquired the power of demanding contributions, levying subsidies, and dispensing with or enforcing vows, the mode in which the revenues so raised had been administered had roused a wide and deep suspicion, which might more than counterbalance all the gains. Hence it came to pass that Innocent, even in the plenitude of his spiritual pretensions, was compelled to defend himself against

charges of personal corruption; and when in Fulk of Neuilly he had found an apostle not less devoted and only less eloquent than Bernard, the same suspicion came in to chill enthusiasm and lead men to criticise rather than to worship. Nevertheless, a goodly company prepared for the great work was at length brought together, 1201, the most prominent among the leaders being Simon of Montfort, Walter of Brienne, and Geoffrey of Villehardouin, the historian of the crusade. But the story of previous crusades had at least opened men's eyes to the fearful risks of a march across Asia Minor, and the army wholly lacked the means of transport by sea. In this strait whither could they betake themselves but to Venice? For eighty-five thousand silver marks the doge, Henry Dandolo, covenanted to convey them to the Holy Land; but when the fleet was ready, fifty-one thousand marks only were forthcoming, although the counts of Flanders and St. Pol had sold all their plate and strained their credit to the utmost. To the amazement of the crusaders the doge announced that the thirty-four thousand marks would be remitted if they would conquer for the republic the town of Zara, which had been unjustly taken from her by the Hungarian king. To Venice at this time came Alexius, the son of the Byzantine emperor Isaac Angelus whom his brother Alexius had blinded and thrust into a dungeon. The pleadings of the younger Alexius may have wakened in the mind of Dandolo some thought of what was soon to be achieved at Constantinople; but for the present he stuck to his bargain about Zara with inflexible pertinacity. Zara was taken November 15, 1202; and the crusaders expressed their wish to hasten at once to the Holy Land. Dandolo replied that the new conquest must be guarded against the king of Hungary, and that famine in Western Asia rendered the eastward voyage during the winter impracticable. Envoys from Byzantium were also earnest in insisting that the ends of the crusade would be best promoted by placing Alexius on the imperial throne, and that the crusaders' mission was rather the establishment of right everywhere than the wresting of a particular spot from the grasp of the Infidel. They added that the first care of Alexius would be to bring the Eastern Church into submission to the Roman See, while his second would be to provide four hundred

thousand marks for the service of the crusaders, and to accompany them himself to the Holy Land. On hearing these tidings Innocent professed amazement and indignation; but Dandolo was resolved that neither threats nor interdicts should interfere with the execution of his will. The Venetian fleet at length, 1203, reached Scutari, where they received a message from the usurper, Alexius, promising help, if, during their stay, they would do his subjects no harm. The reply was a summons to come down from his throne; and the appeal lay only to the sword. With ordinary courage Alexius must have carried the day; by giving the order for retreat he sealed his own doom, and on his flight from the city the blinded Isaac Angelus, drawn from his prison, was again wrapped in the imperial robes, and his son Alexius raised to share his dignity. But fresh disappointments were in store for the crusaders. Alexius gave them to understand that the winter must be spent in Constantinople; and Dandolo effectually supported him by saying that until the spring the Venetian fleet should not move. In the meantime feuds and factions were doing their old work in Constantinople. The young Alexius, offended at the plainness of speech which told him that solemn compacts must be adhered to, sent a squadron of fire ships against the Venetians. The project failed; and in a little while his throne was filled by Alexius Ducas, called Mourzoufle, from the darkness and shagginess of his eyebrows. Dandolo insisted on the restoration of Alexius; and Mourzoufle had him killed in prison. This deed was held to justify the crusaders in placing a Latin emperor on the Byzantine throne; and this task was achieved after a second siege, 1204, which was followed by riot and carnage altogether disgraceful to Western chivalry. Innocent III. might well ask how the return of the Greek Church to ecclesiastical unity was to be looked for when they saw in the Latins only works of darkness for which they might justly loathe them worse than dogs. The committee of twelve—half French, half Venetian—charged with the election of an emperor, fixed their choice on Dandolo; but the old man, who had wellnigh completed his tale of a hundred winters, cared little for the office, while the Venetians had no wish to see one man at once doge and emperor. Two only remained who could well be made competitors for the

throne—the Marquis of Montferrat, and Baldwin of Flanders. The choice of the electors fell on the latter, who was a descendant of Charles the Great and a cousin of the French king; and Baldwin was crowned by the papal legate in the great church of Justinian.

The crusaders had thus done great things, although not precisely the things which at the outset Innocent would have had them do. The old schism of the Greek Church had been brought to an end, and the dominion of the Holy See vastly enlarged. But the benefits secured to Venice were at least more enduring. The conquest of Zara was the first step only toward the establishment of a great maritime empire; the factories at Pera were exposed only to attacks by sea, and here her ships could guard them. Her settlements were seen in the richest islands of the Ægean; and this development of her greatness seemed to foster a spirit of independence which Innocent III. regarded with instinctive suspicion. It was the fault of the Venetians, he said, that the whole enterprise had not been brought already to a brilliant consummation. What might not an army which had done so much at Zara and Byzantium have achieved in the Holy Land?

The Latin Empire thus set up was not more durable than the kingdom of Jerusalem. Baldwin, as emperor, was really nothing more than a chief among his peers; and although he thus lacked the authority of the sovereigns whose title he bore, he attempted tasks which even they must have failed to accomplish. By the crusaders the Greek people were regarded as barbarians or heathens and their clergy as the ministers of a false faith. The former were excluded from all offices and dignities; the Assize of Jerusalem was substituted for the Code of Justinian; and no native was allowed to take part in the administration of this law. Such changes could portend nothing but future evil; nor were other signs of speedy downfall wanting. The conquerors began to quarrel, and Baldwin found himself at open war with Boniface of Montferrat, now lord of Thessalonica. Like Boniface, the other chiefs of the crusade had been splendidly rewarded. The Count of Blois received the dukedom of Nice; and the Venetian Dandolo became the sovereign of Romania, with Geoffrey of Villehardouin as his marshal. But the power of the Eastern Cæsars was rather divided

than crushed. New empires sprung up at Nice, Trebizond, and Durazza; and the Latins encountered an enemy still more formidable in the Bulgarian Calo-John, who ordered a massacre of the Latins in Thrace, 1205. Eager for vengeance, Baldwin marched against him; but he was taken prisoner, and the army was saved only by the skill and heroism of Villehardouin, who has left us a narrative of the campaign. The liberation of Baldwin was demanded by the pope; the reply was that he had died. The cause was never known; and for a year his brother Henry, who was elected to succeed him, refused to take the title of emperor. The ten years of Henry's reign, 1206-16, stand out in pleasant contrast with the lives of the emperors who were to follow him. Henry at the least saw that his brother had made a fatal mistake in confining the work of government exclusively to the Latins. Greeks were again admitted to public offices and honors; to the imposition of a foreign liturgy or of a foreign dogma Henry offered a passive resistance, while his throne, placed on the right hand of the patriarch's chair in the church of Sancta Sophia, was significant of his thoughts on the question of papal supremacy. With his death the male line of the counts of Flanders came to an end. In a fatal moment the offer of his crown was accepted by Peter of Courtenay, Count of Auxerre, the husband of Henry's sister Yolande. Like Baldwin, Peter fell into the hands of his enemies on his eastward journey, and died without seeing the city of which he was the sovereign, 1218. During the reign of his successor Robert, the second son of Yolande, the range of Latin dominion was rapidly narrowed. When Robert died, Baldwin, Yolande's youngest son, was still a child only seven years old; and John of Brienne, the titular king of Jerusalem, was raised to the imperial throne. At length, after his death, the second Baldwin became emperor; but the twenty-five years of his reign he spent chiefly in distant lands, begging for help in money. In vain the pope proclaimed a crusade in his behalf. The end was drawing nigh. The envoys sent by him to Michael Palæologus were bidden to tell their master that he might have peace on the payment of an annual tribute amounting to the whole revenue from customs and excise at Constantinople. A few years later, 1261, Baldwin was driven from the imperial city, and

spent the rest of his days wandering over Europe and telling the story of his misfortunes. So fell the Latin empire, having dealt the death-blow to the hopes which were dearest to the heart of Pope Innocent III. The reconciliation of the Eastern with the Western Church would, he knew, be best achieved by a close union between the subjects of the Eastern and the Western Empires. The policy of the Latin emperors had opened a gulf of separation which has not to this day been closed, and had converted the dislike and suspicion of former generations into vehement jealousy or furious hatred.

When the Latin empire fell, the era of the crusades was fast drawing to its close; and of the expeditions which had been undertaken before its downfall one only was prompted by the spirit which had animated the hearers of Urban II. at Clermont. The conditions of the conflict were widely changed; and the course adopted by the Christian leaders showed their conviction that the surest road to Jerusalem was by way of Egypt. Again and again this plan might have been carried out successfully; and again and again the crusaders threw the chance away. Thus, in the year 1219, the Syrian Sultan Coradin had offered peace to the besiegers of Damietta, pledging himself to surrender not merely the true cross, but the whole of Palestine, with the exception of two forts for the protection of pilgrims bound to Mecca. The offer was rejected; Damietta was taken and plundered; and in the spring of 1220 the army insisted on attempting the conquest of Egypt. The Sultan Kameel offered them terms as favorable as those of Coradin, and these were also refused. The Nile rose; and the Egyptians inundated the camp of their enemies, who in their turn were compelled to sue for peace by surrendering Damietta. This disaster made the Pope Honorius III., who had been elected on the death of Innocent, still more anxious for the fulfillment of the crusading vow which had long since been taken by the Emperor Frederick II., the grandson of Barbarossa. In a conference at Ferentino, 1223, it was agreed that Frederick should marry Iolante, the daughter of the titular king of Jerusalem, and thus go forth as his heir to recover his own inheritance. Two years were allowed for preparation; but it was found necessary at San Germano to

grant two more. When at length Frederick married Iolante in 1225, he declared that his father-in-law, John of Brienne, was king only by right of his wife, on whose death the title had passed to her daughter, and that thus Frederick was now king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem. Still the months rolled away and the vow of Frederick remained unfulfilled. Honorius had already been obliged to remonstrate; his successor, Gregory IX., 1227, found himself constrained to use sharper weapons. The contrast between the two men was marked indeed. In Gregory IX., chosen pope at the age of fourscore years, the ascetic severity of Gregory the Great was united with the iron will of Gregory VII. Frederick was a young man of thirty-three, born and bred in Sicily, steeped in the luxury of a gorgeous and voluptuous court, where the charms of art and the refinements of literature and philosophy in some measures redeemed the sensuous indulgence at which Gregory would have stood aghast. The pope had indeed enough to disquiet him in the reports which came from this Sicilian paradise. Frederick was spending his days among a motley company gathered from all the countries of Europe—a company in which Christians, Jews, and Saracens mingled freely. A society such as this could exist only in an atmosphere of tolerance, and tolerance in Gregory's eyes was only another name for indifference, and indifference of heresy. The spell, therefore, must be broken, and Frederick must be sent forth to do battle in distant lands with the Infidels to whom he showed so dangerous a liking in his own. At length his forces were gathered at Brindisi, 1228, but fever broke out among them; and Frederick, having embarked, was compelled after three days to put into the harbor of Otranto. Gregory could endure no more. Frederick was solemnly excommunicated, and the excommunication was followed by interdict. Papal messengers forbade him now to leave Italy until he had made satisfaction for his offenses against the church. Frederick retorted by sending his own envoys to demand the removal of the interdict, and then sailed to Ptolemais.

Here he found friends in the Teutonic Knights and their grand master, Herman of Salza; and although he was ready to fight, he was still more willing to gain his ends without bloodshed. At

length a treaty signed by the Sultan Kameel, 1229, surrendered to Frederick the whole of Jerusalem with the exception of the Mosque of Omar, and restored to the Christians the towns of Jaffa, Nazareth, and Bethlehem. Success thus achieved exasperated rather than appeased the pontiff. The interdict followed him to the Holy City, and when he went to his coronation as king of Jerusalem in the Church of the Sepulcher, not a single priest took part in the rite and Frederick was compelled to crown himself. The letters which he wrote to announce a success which he regarded as splendid roused only a storm of indignation. Gregory charged him with a monstrous attempt to reconcile Christ and Belial, and to set up the impostor Mohammed as an object of veneration or worship.

The treaty with Kameel, which closed the sixth crusade, was for ten years. On neither side, probably, was it strictly kept, and the injuries done to pilgrims on their way from Acre to Jerusalem were alleged as a sufficient reason for sending out the expedition headed by Richard, Earl of Cornwall (brother of the English Henry III., and afterward king of the Romans). This expedition may be regarded as the seventh in the list of the crusades, and deserves notice as having been brought to an end, like that of Frederick, by a treaty, 1240. The terms of the later covenant were even more favorable to the Christians; but two years later the Latin power, such as it was, was swept away by the inroad of Korasmians, pushed onward by the hordes of Genghis Khan. The awful havoc thus caused was alleged by Pope Innocent IV. as a reason for again summoning Christendom to the rescue of the Holy Land. But nearly seven years passed away before the French king, Louis IX., was able to set sail for Egypt on the eighth crusade. This royal saint, who lives for us in the quaint and graphic chronicle of his seneschal, Joinville, may with truth be said to have been animated by a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which no other crusading leader manifested in anything like the same measure. Intolerant in theory, if he could be said to have any theory, and bigoted in language, Louis had that true charity which would make him succor his enemies not less readily than his friends. Nor was his bravery less signal than his gentleness. It was displayed not only on the battlefield, but during the prolonged miseries of a

captivity in which he underwent keener pain for the sufferings of others than for his own. He had, indeed, the highest virtues of the monk, the most ardent love of justice and truth, the most vehement hatred of wrong; but as he laid no claim to the qualities of a general, so most assuredly it cannot be said that he possessed them. His dauntless courage saved his army from complete destruction at Mansourah, 1249; but his offer to exchange Damietta for Jerusalem was rejected, and in the retreat, during which they were compelled to fight at desperate disadvantage, Louis was taken prisoner. With serene patience, with unwavering firmness, and with an unclouded trust in God, he underwent sufferings for which the Saracens, so Joinville tells us, frankly confessed that they would have renounced Mohammed; and when the payment of his ransom set him free, he made a pilgrimage in sackcloth to Nazareth, 1250. With a firmness which nothing could shake, he denied himself the solace of looking on the Holy City. His sense of duty would not allow him to reap the fruits of an enterprise in which he had failed, and so to set an evil example to others. As a general he had achieved nothing, but his humiliation involved no dishonor; and the genuineness of his faith, his devotion, and his love had been fully tested in the furnace of affliction.

The crusading fire was now rapidly burning itself out. In the West there was nothing to awaken again the enthusiasm which had been stirred by Peter the Hermit, and by Bernard; while in Palestine itself almost the only signs of genuine activity were furnished by the antagonism of the religious military orders. There was, in truth, disunion and schism everywhere. The relations between the Venetians and the men of Genoa and Pisa were at best those of a hollow truce; and the quarrels of the Templars and Hospitalers led, in 1259, to a pitched battle, in which almost all the Templars were slain. Some eight years later the tidings that Antioch had been taken by the Infidels revived in St. Louis the old yearning for the rescue of the holy places; but he modestly expressed his fear that his sins might again bring on the Christian arms the disasters of his Egyptian expedition. Cheered by the sympathy of the pope, Clement IV., he embarked with an army of sixty thousand men, 1270; but a storm drove his ships to Sar-

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dinia, and thence they sailed for Tunis. They had encamped, it is said, on the site of Carthage, when a plague broke out. The saintly king was among the victims; and this truest of all crusaders died uttering the words, "I will enter Thy house, O Lord; I will worship in Thy sanctuary." The arrival of the English Edward, who was soon to succeed to the throne on the death of Henry III., brought about no immediate change in the circumstances of the crusaders. In the following year Edward reached Acre, took Nazareth—the inhabitants of which he massacred—fell sick, and during his sickness narrowly escaped being murdered by an assassin sent by the emir of Joppa. Having made a peace for ten years, he returned to Europe; and the ninth and last crusade was at an end.

CHAPTER XI

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

CONQUEST OF ENGLAND BY DUKE WILLIAM OF NORMANDY,
AFTERWARD STYLED WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

A. D. 1066

THE battle of Hastings is recognized as the first step by which England reached her present strength. Previously the importance of the country had been meager. Afterward it emerged from insignificance into power.

The interest of this eventful struggle, by which William of Normandy became king of England, is materially enhanced by the character of the competitors for the crown. They were three in number. One was a foreign prince from the north; one was a foreign prince from the south; and one was a native hero of the land. Harald Hardrada, the strongest and the most chivalric of the kings of Norway, was the first; Duke William of Normandy was the second; and the Saxon Harold, the son of Earl Godwin,

was the third. Never was a nobler prize sought by nobler champions, or striven for more gallantly. The Saxon triumphed over the Norwegian, and the Norman triumphed over the Saxon; but Norse valor was never more conspicuous than when Harald Hardrada and his host fought and fell at Stamford Bridge; nor did Saxons ever face their foes more bravely than Harold and his men on the fatal day of Hastings.

During the reign of King Edward the Confessor over the land, the claims of the Norwegian king to the crown were little thought of; and though Hardrada's predecessor, King Magnus of Norway, had on one occasion asserted that, by virtue of a compact with the former king, Hardicanute, he was entitled to the English throne, no serious attempt had been made to enforce his pretensions. But the rivalry of the Saxon Harold and the Norman William was foreseen and bewailed by the Confessor, who was believed to have predicted on his deathbed the calamities that were impending over England. Duke William was King Edward's kinsman. Harold was the head of the most powerful noble house, next to the royal blood, in England; and, personally, he was the bravest and most popular chieftain in the land. King Edward was childless, and the nearest collateral heir was a puny unpromising boy. England had suffered too severely, during royal minorities, to make the accession of Edgar Atheling desirable; and long before King Edward's death, Earl Harold was the destined king of the nation's choice, though the favor of the Confessor was believed to lead toward the Norman duke.

A little time before the death of King Edward, Harold was in Normandy. The causes of the voyage of the Saxon earl to the Continent are doubtful; but the fact of his having been, in 1065, at the ducal court, and in the power of his rival, is indisputable. William made skillful and unscrupulous use of the opportunity. Though Harold was treated with outward courtesy and friendship, he was made fully aware that his liberty and life depended on his compliance with the duke's requests. William said to him, in apparent confidence and cordiality, "When King Edward and I once lived like brothers under the same roof, he promised that if ever he became king of England he would make me heir to his

throne. Harold, I wish that thou wouldst assist me to realize this promise." Harold replied with expressions of assent; and further agreed, at William's request, to marry William's daughter, Adela, and to send over his own sister to be married to one of William's barons. The crafty Norman was not content with this extorted promise; he determined to bind Harold by a more solemn pledge, the breach of which would be a weight on the spirit of the gallant Saxon, and a discouragement to others from adopting his cause. Before a full assembly of the Norman barons, Harold was required to do homage to Duke William, as the heir apparent of the English crown. Kneeling down, Harold placed his hands between those of the duke, and repeated the solemn form by which he acknowledged the duke as his lord, and promised to him fealty and true service. But William exacted more. He had caused all the bones and relics of saints that were preserved in the Norman monasteries and churches to be collected into a chest, which was placed in the council-room, covered over with a cloth of gold. On the chest of relics, which were thus concealed, was laid a missal. The duke then solemnly addressed his titular guest and real captive, and said to him, "Harold, I require thee, before this noble assembly, to confirm by oath the promises which thou hast made me, to assist me in obtaining the crown of England after King Edward's death, to marry my daughter Adela, and to send me thy sister, that I may give her in marriage to one of my barons." Harold, once more taken by surprise, and not able to deny his former words, approached the missal, and laid his hand on it, not knowing that the chest of relics was beneath. The old Norman chronicler, who describes the scene most minutely, says, when Harold placed his hand on it, the hand trembled, and the flesh quivered; but he swore, and promised upon his oath to take Ele (Adela) to wife, and to deliver up England to the duke, and thereunto to do all in his power, according to his might and wit, after the death of Edward, if he himself should live; so help him God. Many cried, "God grant it!" and when Harold rose from his knees, the duke made him stand close to the chest, and took off the pall that had covered it, and showed Harold upon what holy relics he had sworn; and Harold was sorely alarmed at the sight.

Harold was soon after permitted to return to England; and, after a short interval, during which he distinguished himself by the wisdom and humanity with which he pacified some formidable tumults of the Anglo-Danes in Northumbria, he found himself called on to decide whether he would keep the oath which the Norman had obtained from him, or mount the vacant throne of England in compliance with the nation's choice. King Edward the Confessor died on the 5th of January, 1066, and on the following day an assembly of the thanes and prelates present in London, and of the citizens of the metropolis, declared that Harold should be their king. It was reported that the dying Edward had nominated him as his successor. But the sense which his countrymen entertained of his pre-eminent merit was the true foundation of his title to the crown. Harold resolved to disregard the oath which he made in Normandy as violent and void, and on the 7th day of that January he was anointed king of England, and received from the archbishop's hands the golden crown and scepter of England, and also an ancient national symbol, a weighty battle-ax. He had truly deep and speedy need of this significant part of the insignia of Saxon royalty.

A messenger from Normandy soon arrived to remind Harold of the oath which he had sworn to the duke "with his mouth, and his hand upon good and holy relics." "It is true," replied the Saxon king, "that I took an oath to William; but I took it under constraint: I promised what did not belong to me—what I could not in any way hold: my royalty is not my own; I could not lay it down against the will of the country, nor can I, against the will of the country, take a foreign wife. As for my sister, whom the duke claims that he may marry her to one of his chiefs, she has died within the year; would he have me send her corpse?"

William sent another message, which met with a similar answer; and then the duke published far and wide through Christendom what he termed the perjury and bad faith of his rival, and proclaimed his intention of asserting his rights by the sword before the year should expire, and of pursuing and punishing the perjurer even in those places where he thought he stood most strongly and most securely.

Before, however, he commenced hostilities, William, with deep-laid policy, submitted his claims to the decision of the pope. Harold refused to acknowledge this tribunal, or to answer before an Italian priest for his title as an English king. After a formal examination of William's complaints by the pope and the cardinals, it was solemnly adjudged at Rome that England belonged to the Norman duke; and a banner was sent to William from the Holy See, which the pope himself had consecrated and blessed for the invasion of this island. The clergy throughout the Continent were now assiduous and energetic in preaching up William's enterprise as undertaken in the cause of God. Besides these spiritual arms (the effect of which in the eleventh century must not be measured by the philosophy or the indifferentism of the nineteenth), the Norman duke applied all the energies of his mind and body, all the resources of his duchy, and all the influence he possessed among vassals or allies, to the collection of "the most remarkable and formidable armament which the Western nations had witnessed." All the adventurous spirits of Christendom flocked to the holy banner, under which Duke William, the most renowned knight and sagest general of the age, promised to lead them to glory and wealth in the fair domains of England. His army was filled with the chivalry of Continental Europe, all eager to save their souls by fighting at the pope's bidding, eager to signalize their valor in so great an enterprise, and eager also for the pay and the plunder which William liberally promised. But the Normans themselves were the pith and the flower of the army, and William himself was the strongest, the sagest, and the fiercest spirit of them all.

Throughout the spring and summer of 1066, all the seaports of Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany rang with the busy sound of preparation. On the opposite side of the Channel King Harold collected the army and the fleet with which he hoped to crush the southern invaders. But the unexpected attack of King Harald Hardrada of Norway upon another part of England disconcerted the skillful measures which the Saxon had taken against the menacing armada of Duke William.

Harold's renegade brother, Earl Tostig, had excited the Norse king to this enterprise, the importance of which has naturally been

eclipsed by the superior interest attached to the victorious expedition of Duke William, but which was on a scale of grandeur which the Scandinavian ports had rarely, if ever, before witnessed. Haradrada's fleet consisted of two hundred warships and three hundred other vessels, and all the best warriors of Norway were in his host. He sailed first to the Orkneys, where many of the islanders joined him, and then to Yorkshire. After a severe conflict near York, he completely routed Earls Edwin and Morcar, the governors of Northumbria. The city of York opened its gates, and all the country, from the Tyne to the Humber, submitted to him. The tidings of the defeat of Edwin and Morcar compelled Harold to leave his position on the southern coast, and move instantly against the Norwegians. By a remarkably rapid march he reached Yorkshire in four days, and took the Norse king and his confederates by surprise. Nevertheless, the battle which ensued, and which was fought near Stamford Bridge, was desperate, and was long doubtful. Unable to break the ranks of the Norwegian phalanx by force, Harold at length tempted them to quit their close order by a pretended flight. Then the English columns burst in among them, and a carnage ensued, the extent of which may be judged of by the exhaustion and inactivity of Norway for a quarter of a century afterward. King Harald Hardrada, and all the flower of his nobility, perished on the 25th of September, 1066, at Stamford Bridge, a battle which was a Flodden to Norway.

Harold's victory was splendid; but he had bought it dearly by the fall of many of his best officers and men, and still more dearly by the opportunity which Duke William had gained of effecting an unopposed landing on the Sussex coast. The whole of William's shipping had assembled at the mouth of the Dive, a little river between the Seine and the Orne, as early as the middle of August. The army which he had collected amounted to fifty thousand knights and ten thousand soldiers of inferior degree. Many of the knights were mounted, but many must have served on foot, as it is hardly possible to believe that William could have found transports for the conveyance of fifty thousand war-horses across the Channel. For a long time the winds were adverse, and the duke employed the interval that passed before he could set sail in

completing the organization and in improving the discipline of his army, which he seems to have brought into the same state of perfection as was seven centuries and a half afterward the boast of another army assembled on the same coast, and which Napoleon designed for a similar descent upon England.

It was not till the approach of the equinox that the wind veered from the northeast to the west, and gave the Normans an opportunity of quitting the weary shores of the Dive. They eagerly embarked, and set sail, but the wind soon freshened to a gale, and drove them along the French coast to St. Valery, where the greater part of them found shelter; but many of their vessels were wrecked, and the whole coast of Normandy was strewn with the bodies of the drowned. William's army began to grow discouraged and averse to the enterprise, which the very elements thus seemed to fight against; though, in reality, the northeast wind, which had cooped them so long at the mouth of the Dive, and the western gale, which had forced them into St. Valery, were the best possible friends to the invaders. They prevented the Normans from crossing the Channel until the Saxon king and his army of defense had been called away from the Sussex coast to encounter Harald Hardrada in Yorkshire; and also until a formidable English fleet, which by King Harold's orders had been cruising in the Channel to intercept the Normans, had been obliged to disperse temporarily for the purpose of refitting and taking in fresh stores of provisions.

Duke William used every expedient to reanimate the drooping spirits of his men at St. Valery; and at last he caused the body of the patron saint of the place to be exhumed and carried in solemn procession, while the whole assemblage of soldiers, mariners, and appurtenant priests implored the saint's intercession for a change of wind. That very night the wind veered; and enabled the medieval Agamemnon to quit his Aulis.

With full sails, and a following southern breeze, the Norman Armada left the French shores and steered for England. The invaders crossed an undefended sea, and found an undefended coast. It was in Pevensey Bay, in Sussex, at Bulverhithe, between the castle of Pevensey and Hastings, that the last conquerors of this island landed on the 29th of September, 1066.

Harold was at York, rejoicing over his recent victory, which had delivered England from her ancient Scandinavian foes, and resettling the government of the counties which Harald Hardrada had overrun, when the tidings reached him that Duke William of Normandy and his host had landed on the Sussex shore. Harold instantly hurried southward to meet this long-expected enemy. The severe loss which his army had sustained in the battle with the Norwegians must have made it impossible for many of his veteran troops to accompany him in his forced march to London, and thence to Sussex. He halted at the capital only six days, and during that time gave orders for collecting forces from the southern and midland counties, and also directed his fleet to reassemble off the Sussex coast. Harold was well received in London, and his summons to arms was promptly obeyed by citizen, by thane, by sokman, and by ceorl, for he had shown himself, during his brief reign, a just and wise king, affable to all men, active for the good of his country, and (in the words of the old historian) sparing himself from no fatigue by land or by sea. He might have gathered a much more numerous army than that of William; but his recent victory had made him overconfident, and he was irritated by the reports of the country being ravaged by the invaders. As soon, therefore, as he had collected a small army in London, he marched off toward the coast, pressing forward as rapidly as his men could traverse Surrey and Sussex, in the hope of taking the Normans unawares, as he had recently, by a similar forced march, succeeded in surprising the Norwegians. But he had now to deal with a foe equally brave with Harald Hardrada, and far more skillful and wary.

The old Norman chroniclers describe the preparations of William on his landing with a graphic vigor which would be wholly lost by transfusing their racy Norman couplets and terse Latin prose into the current style of modern history. It is best to follow them closely, though at the expense of much quaintness and occasional uncouthness of expression. They tell us how Duke William's own ship was the first of the Norman fleet. It was called the "Mora," and was the gift of his duchess Matilda. On the head of the ship, in the front, which mariners call the prow, there was

a brazen child bearing an arrow with a bended bow. His face was turned toward England, and thither he looked, as though he was about to shoot. The breeze became soft and sweet, and the sea was smooth for their landing. The ships ran on dry land, and each ranged by the other's side. There you might see the good sailors, the sergeants, and squires sally forth and unload the ships; cast the anchors, haul the ropes, bear out shields and saddles, and land the war-horses and the palfreys. The archers came forth, and touched land the first, each with his bow strung, and with his quiver full of arrows slung at his side. All were shaven and shorn; and all clad in short garments, ready to attack, to shoot, to wheel about and skirmish. All stood well equipped, and of good courage for the fight; and they scoured the whole shore, but found not an armed man there. After the archers had thus gone forth, the knights landed all armed, with their hauberks on, their shields slung at their necks, and their helmets laced. They formed together on the shore, each armed, and mounted on his war-horse; all had their swords girded on, and rode forward into the country with their lances raised. Then the carpenters landed, who had great axes in their hands, and planes and adzes hung at their sides. They took counsel together, and sought for a good spot to place a castle on. They had brought with them in the fleet three wooden castles from Normandy in pieces, all ready for framing together, and they took the materials of one of these out of the ships, all shaped and pierced to receive the pins which they had brought cut and ready in large barrels; and before evening had set in, they had finished a good fort on the English ground, and there they placed their stores. All then ate and drank enough, and were right glad that they were ashore.

When Duke William himself landed, as he stepped on the shore he slipped and fell forward upon his two hands. Forthwith all raised a loud cry of distress. "An evil sign," said they, "is here." But he cried out lustily, "See, my lords, by the splendor of God,* I have taken possession of England with both my hands. It is now mine, and what is mine is yours."

* William's customary oath.

The next day they marched along the seashore to Hastings. Near that place the duke fortified a camp, and set up the two other wooden castles. The foragers, and those who looked out for booty, seized all the clothing and provisions they could find, lest what had been brought by the ships should fail them. And the English were to be seen fleeing before them, driving off their cattle, and quitting their houses. Many took shelter in burying-places, and even there they were in grievous alarm.

Besides the marauders from the Norman camp, strong bodies of cavalry were detached by William into the country, and these, when Harold and his army made their rapid march from London southward, fell back in good order upon the main body of the Normans, and reported that the Saxon king was rushing on like a madman. But Harold, when he found that his hopes of surprising his adversary were vain, changed his tactics, and halted about seven miles from the Norman lines. He sent some spies, who spoke the French language, to examine the number and preparations of the enemy, who, on their return, related with astonishment that there were more priests in William's camp than there were fighting men in the English army. They had mistaken for priests all the Norman soldiers, who had short hair and shaven chins, for the English laymen were then accustomed to wear long hair and mustachios. Harold, who knew the Norman usages, smiled at their words, and said, "Those whom you have seen in such numbers are not priests, but stout soldiers, as they will soon make us feel."

Harold's army was far inferior in number to that of the Normans, and some of his captains advised him to retreat upon London, and lay waste the country, so as to starve down the strength of the invaders. The policy thus recommended was unquestionably the wisest, for the Saxon fleet had now reassembled and intercepted all William's communications with Normandy; and, as soon as his stores of provisions were exhausted, he must have moved forward upon London, where Harold, at the head of the full military strength of the kingdom, could have defied his assault, and probably might have witnessed his rival's destruction by famine and disease, without having to strike a single blow.

But Harold's bold blood was up, and his kindly heart could not endure to inflict on the South Saxon subjects even the temporary misery of wasting the country. "He would not burn houses and villages, neither would he take away the substance of his people."

Harold's brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, were with him in the camp, and Gurth endeavored to persuade him to absent himself from the battle. The incident shows how well devised had been William's scheme of binding Harold by the oath on the holy relics. "My brother," said the young Saxon prince, "thou canst not deny that either by force or free will thou hast made Duke William an oath on the bodies of saints. Why then risk thyself in the battle with a perjury upon thee? To us, who have sworn nothing, this is a holy and a just war, for we are fighting for our country. Leave us then alone to fight this battle, and he who has the right will win." Harold replied that he would not look on while others risked their lives for him. Men would hold him a coward, and blame him for sending his best friends where he dared not go himself. He resolved, therefore, to fight, and to fight in person; but he was still too good a general to be the assailant in the action; and he posted his army with great skill along a ridge of rising ground which opened southward, and was covered on the back by an extensive wood. He strengthened his position by a palisade of stakes and osier hurdles, and there he said he would defend himself against whoever should seek him.

The ruins of Battle Abbey at this hour attest the place where Harold's army was posted; and the high altar of the abbey stood on the very spot where Harold's own standard was planted during the fight, and where the carnage was the thickest. Immediately after his victory, William vowed to build an abbey on the site; and a fair and stately pile soon rose there, where for many ages the monks prayed and said masses for the souls of those who were slain in the battle, whence the abbey took its name. Before that time the place was called Senlac. Little of the ancient edifice now remains; but it is easy to trace in the park and the neighborhood the scenes of the chief incidents in the action; and it is impossible to deny the generalship shown by Harold in stationing his men, espe-

cially when we bear in mind that he was deficient in cavalry, the arm in which his adversary's main strength consisted.

William's only chance of safety lay in bringing on a general engagement; and he joyfully advanced his army from their camp on the hill over Hastings nearer to the Saxon position. But he neglected no means of weakening his opponent, and renewed his summonses and demands on Harold with an ostentatious air of sanctity and moderation.

"A monk named Hugues Maigrot came in William's name to call upon the Saxon king to do one of three things—either to resign his royalty in favor of William, or to refer it to the arbitration of the pope to decide which of the two ought to be king, or to let it be determined by the issue of a single combat. Harold abruptly replied, 'I will not resign my title, I will not refer it to the pope, nor will I accept the single combat.' He was far from being deficient in bravery; but he was no more at liberty to stake the crown which he had received from a whole people in the chance of a duel than to deposit it in the hands of an Italian priest. William, not at all ruffled by the Saxon's refusal, but steadily pursuing the course of his calculated measures, sent the Norman monk again, after giving him these instructions: 'Go and tell Harold that if he will keep his former compact with me, I will leave to him all the country which is beyond the Humber, and will give his brother Gurth all the lands which Godwin held. If he still persist in refusing my offers, then thou shalt tell him, before all his people, that he is a perjurer and a liar; that he and all who shall support him are excommunicated by the mouth of the pope, and that the bull to that effect is in my hands.'

"Hugues Maigrot delivered this message in a solemn tone; and the Norman chronicle says that at the word *excommunication* the English chiefs looked at one another as if some great danger were impending. One of them then spoke as follows: 'We must fight, whatever may be the danger to us; for what we have to consider is not whether we shall accept and receive a new lord, as if our king were dead; the case is quite otherwise. The Norman has given our lands to his captains, to his knights, to all his people, the greater part of whom have already done homage to him for

them: they will all look for their gift if their duke become our king; and he himself is bound to deliver up to them our goods, our wives, and our daughters: all is promised to them beforehand. They come not only to ruin us, but to ruin our descendants also, and to take from us the country of our ancestors. And what shall we do—whither shall we go, when we have no longer a country?" The English promised, by a unanimous oath, to make neither peace, nor truce, nor treaty with the invader, but to die, or drive away the Normans." *

The 13th of October was occupied in these negotiations, and at night the duke announced to his men that the next day would be the day of battle. That night is said to have been passed by the two armies in very different manners. The Saxon soldiers spent it in joviality, singing their national songs, and draining huge horns of ale and wine round their camp-fires. The Normans, when they had looked to their arms and horses, confessed themselves to the priests with whom their camp was thronged, and received the sacrament by thousands at a time.

On Saturday, the 14th of October, was fought the great battle.

It is not difficult to compose a narrative of its principal incidents from the historical information which we possess, especially if aided by an examination of the ground. But it is far better to adopt the spirit-stirring words of the old chroniclers, who wrote while the recollections of the battle were yet fresh, and while the feelings and prejudices of the combatants yet glowed in the bosoms of living men. Robert Wace, the Norman poet, who presented his "*Roman de Rou*" to our Henry II., is the most picturesque and animated of the old writers, and from him we can obtain a more vivid and full description of the conflict than even the most brilliant romance-writer of the present time can supply. We have also an antique memorial of the battle, more to be relied on than either chronicler or poet (and which confirms Wace's narrative remarkably), in the celebrated Bayeux tapestry which represents the principal scenes of Duke William's expedition, and of the circumstances connected with it, in minute, though occasionally grotesque details, and which

* Thierry.

was undoubtedly the production of the same age in which the battle took place, whether we admit or reject the legend that Queen Matilda and the ladies of her court wrought it with her own hands in honor of the royal conqueror.

Let us therefore suffer the old Norman chronicler to transport our imaginations to the fair Sussex scenery northwest of Hastings, as it appeared on the morning of the 14th of October, seven hundred and eighty-five years ago. The Norman host is pouring forth from its tents, and each troop and each company is forming fast under the banner of its leader. The masses have been sung, which were finished betimes in the morning; the barons have all assembled round Duke William; and the duke has ordered that the army shall be formed in three divisions, so as to make the attack upon the Saxon position in three places. The duke stood on a hill where he could best see his men; the barons surrounded him, and he spake to them proudly. He told them how he trusted them, and how all that he gained should be theirs, and how sure he felt of conquest, for in all the world there was not so brave an army, or such good men and true as were then forming around him. Then they cheered him in turn, and cried out, "‘You will not see one coward; none here will fear to die for love of you, if need be.’" And he answered them, 'I thank you well. For God's sake, spare not; strike hard at the beginning; stay not to take spoil; all the booty shall be in common, and there will be plenty for every one. There will be no safety in asking quarter or in flight; the English will never love or spare a Norman. Felons they were, and felons they are; false they were, and false they will be. Show no weakness toward them, for they will have no pity on you; neither the coward for running well, nor the bold man for smiting well, will be the better liked by the English, nor will any be the more spared on either account. You may fly to the sea, but you can fly no further; you will find neither ships nor bridge there; there will be no sailors to receive you; and the English will overtake you there, and slay you in your shame. More of you will die in flight than in battle. Then, as flight will not secure you, fight, and you will conquer. I have no doubt of the victory; we are come for glory; the victory is in our hands, and we may make sure of obtaining it

if we so please.' As the duke was speaking thus and would yet have spoken more, William Fitz Osber rode up with his horse all coated with iron: 'Sire,' said he, 'we tarry here too long; let us all arm ourselves. *Allons! allons!*'

"Then all went to their tents, and armed themselves as they best might; and the duke was very busy, giving every one his orders; and he was courteous to all the vassals, giving away many arms and horses to them. When he prepared to arm himself, he called first for his hauberk, and a man brought it on his arm, and placed it before him; but in putting his head in, to get it on, he unawares turned it the wrong way, with the back part in front. He soon changed it; but when he saw that those who stood by were sorely alarmed, he said, 'I have seen many a man who, if such a thing had happened to him, would not have borne arms, or entered the field the same day; but I never believed in omens, and I never will. I trust in God, for he does in all things his pleasure, and ordains what is to come to pass according to his will. I have never liked fortune-tellers, nor believed in diviners; but I commend myself to Our Lady. Let not this mischance give you trouble. The hauberk which was turned wrong, and then set right by me, signifies that a change will arise out of the matter which we are now stirring. You shall see the name of duke changed into king. Yea, a king shall I be, who hitherto have been but a duke.' Then he crossed himself, and straightway took his hauberk, stooped his head, and put it on aright; and laced his helmet, and girt on his sword, which a varlet brought him. Then the duke called for his good horse—a better could not be found. It had been sent him by a king of Spain out of great friendship. Neither arms nor the press of fighting men did it fear, if its lord spurred it on. Walter Giffard brought it. The duke stretched out his hand, took the reins, put foot in stirrup, and mounted; and the good horse pawed, pranced, reared himself up, and curveted. The Viscount of Toarz saw how the duke bore himself in arms; and said to his people that were around him, 'Never have I seen a man so fairly armed, nor one who rode so gallantly, or bore his arms, or became his hauberk so well; neither any one who bore his lance so gracefully, or sat his horse and managed him so nobly.

There is no such knight under heaven! a fair count he is, and fair king he will be. Let him fight, and he shall overcome; shame be to the man who shall fail him.'

"Then the duke called for the standard which the pope had sent him, and he who bore it having unfolded it, the duke took it and called to Raol de Conches. 'Bear my standard,' said he, 'for I would not but do you right; by right and by ancestry your line are standard-bearers of Normandy, and very good knights have they all been.' But Raol said that he would serve the duke that day in



PLAN OF BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

other guise, and would fight the English with his hand as long as life should last. Then the duke bade Galtier Giffart bear the standard. But he was old and white-headed, and bade the duke give the standard to some younger and stronger man to carry. Then the duke said fiercely, 'By the splendor of God, my lords, I think you mean to betray and fail me in this great need.' 'Sire,' said Giffart, 'not so! we have done no treason, nor do I refuse from any felony toward you; but I have to lead a great chivalry, both hired men and the men of my fief. Never had I such good means of serving you as I now have; and, if God please, I will

serve you; if need be, I will die for you, and will give my own heart for yours.'

" 'By my faith,' quote the duke, 'I always loved thee, and now I love thee more; if I survive this day, thou shalt be the better for it all thy days.' Then he called out a knight, whom he had heard much praised, Tosteins Fitz-Rou le Blanc by name, whose abode was at Bec-en-Caux. To him he delivered the standard; and Tosteins took it right cheerfully, and bowed low to him in thanks, and bore it gallantly, and with good heart. His kindred still have quittance of all service for their inheritance on this account, and their heirs are entitled so to hold their inheritance forever.

"William sat on his war-horse, and called out Rogier, whom they call De Montgomeri. 'I rely much on you,' said he; 'lead your men thitherward, and attack them from that side. William, the son of Osber, the seneschal, a right good vassal, shall go with you and help in the attack, and you shall have the men of Boilogne and Poix, and all my soldiers. Alain Fergert and Ameri shall attack on the other side; they shall lead the Poiteyins and the Bretons, and all the barons of Maine; and I, with my own great men, my friends and kindred, will fight in the middle throng, where the battle shall be the hottest.'

"The barons, and knights, and men-at-arms were all now armed; the foot-soldiers were well equipped, each bearing bow and sword; on their heads were caps, and to their feet were bound buskins. Some had good hides which they had bound round their bodies; and many were clad in frocks, and had quivers and bows hung to their girdles. The knights had hauberks and swords, boots of steel, and shining helmets; shields at their necks, and in their hands lances. And all had their cognizances, so that each might know his fellow, and Norman might not strike Norman, nor Frenchman kill his countryman by mistake. Those on foot led the way, with serried ranks, bearing their bows. The knights rode next, supporting the archers from behind. Thus both horse and foot kept their course and order of march as they began, in close ranks at a gentle pace, that the one might not pass or separate from the other. All went firmly and compactly, bearing themselves gallantly.

“Harold had summoned his men, earls, barons and vavasors, from the castles and the cities, from the ports, the villages and boroughs. The peasants were also called together from the villages, bearing such arms as they found; clubs and great picks, iron forks and stakes. The English had inclosed the place where Harold was with his friends and the barons of the country whom he had summoned and called together.

“Those of London had come at once, and those of Kent, of Hertfort, and of Essesse; those of Suree and Susesse, of St. Edmund and Sufoc; of Norwis and Norfoc; of Cantorbierre and Stanfort; Bedefort and Hundetone. The men of Northanton also came; and those of Eurowic and Bokinkeham, of Bed and Notinkeham, Lindesie and Nichole. There came also from the west all who heard the summons; and very many were to be seen coming from Salebiere and Dorset, from Bat and from Sumerset. Many came, too, from about Glocestre, and many from Wirecestre, from Wincestre, Hontesire and Brichesire; and many more from other counties that we have not named, and cannot, indeed, recount. All who could bear arms, and had learned the news of the duke’s arrival, came to defend the land. But none came from beyond the Humbre, for they had other business upon their hands, the Danes and Tosti having much damaged and weakened them.

“Harold knew that the Normans would come and attack him hand to hand, so he had early inclosed the field in which he had placed his men. He made them arm early, and range themselves for the battle, he himself having put on arms and equipments that became such a lord. The duke, he said, ought to seek him, as he wanted to conquer England; and it became him to abide the attack who had to defend the land. He commanded the people, and counseled his barons to keep themselves all together, and defend themselves in a body; for if they once separated, they would with difficulty recover themselves. ‘The Normans,’ said he, ‘are good vassals, valiant on foot and on horseback; good knights are they on horseback, and well used to battle; all is lost if they once penetrate our ranks. They have brought long lances and swords, but you have pointed lances and keen-edged bills; and I do not expect

that their arms can stand against yours. Cleave whenever you can; it will be ill done if you spare aught.'

"The English had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood, and had well joined and wattled in the whole work, so as not to leave even a crevice; and thus they had a barricade in their front through which any Norman who would attack them must first pass. Being covered in this way by their shields and barricades, their aim was to defend themselves; and if they had remained steady for that purpose, they would not have been conquered that day; for every Norman who made his way in lost his life in dishonor, either by hatchet or bill, by club or other weapon. They wore short and close hauberks, and helmets that hung over their garments. King Harold issued orders, and made proclamation round, that all should be ranged with their faces toward the enemy, and that no one should move from where he was, so that whoever came might find them ready; and that whatever any one, be he Norman or other, should do, each should do his best to defend his own place. Then he ordered the men of Kent to go where the Normans were likely to make the attack; for they say that the men of Kent are entitled to strike first; and that whenever the king goes to battle, the first blow belongs to them. The right of the men of London is to guard the king's body, to place themselves around him, and to guard his standard; and they were accordingly placed by the standard to watch and defend it.

"When Harold had made all ready, and given his orders, he came into the midst of the English and dismounted by the side of the standard; Leofwin and Gurth, his brothers, were with him; and around him he had barons enough, as he stood by his standard, which was, in truth, a noble one, sparkling with gold and precious stones. After the victory William sent it to the pope, to prove and commemorate his great conquest and glory. The English stood in close ranks, ready and eager for the fight; and they, moreover, made a fosse, which went across the field, guarding one side of their army.

"Meanwhile the Normans appeared advancing over the ridge of a rising ground, and the first division of their troops moved

onward along the hill and across a valley. And presently another division, still larger, came in sight, close following upon the first, and they were led toward another part of the field, forming together as the first body had done. And while Harold saw and examined them, and was pointing them out to Gurth, a fresh company came in sight, covering all the plain; and in the midst of them was raised the standard that came from Rome. Near it was the duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there. The good knights, the good vassals and brave warriors were there; and there were gathered together the gentle barons, the good archers, and the men-at-arms, whose duty it was to guard the duke and range themselves around him. The youths and common herd of the camp, whose business was not to join in the battle, but to take care of the harness and stores, moved off toward a rising ground. The priests and the clerks also ascended a hill, there to offer up prayers to God and watch the event of the battle.

“The English stood firm on foot in close ranks, and carried themselves right boldly. Each man had his hauberk on, with his sword girt, and his shield at his neck. Great hatchets were also slung at their necks, with which they expected to strike heavy blows.

“The Normans brought on the three divisions of their army to attack at different places. They set out in three companies, and in three companies did they fight. The first and second had come up, and then advanced the third, which was the greatest; with that came the duke with his own men, and all moved boldly forward.

“As soon as the two armies were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles, and of horns; and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready for assault and defense.

“The English stood ready to their post, the Normans still moved on; and when they drew near, the English were to be seen stirring to and fro; were going and coming; troops ranging themselves in

order; some with their color rising, others turning pale; some making ready their arms, others raising their shields; the brave man rousing himself to fight, the coward trembling at the approach of danger.

“Then Taillefer, who sang right well, rode, mounted on a swift horse, before the duke, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland, of Oliver, and the peers who died in Roncesvalles. And when they drew nigh to the English, ‘A boon, sire!’ cried Taillefer; ‘I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!’ And the duke answered, ‘I grant it.’ Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, ‘Come on, come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on, lay on!’ At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward, and surrounded and slew him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion.

“The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onward; all were bold, and cast aside fear. And now, behold, that battle was gathered whereof the fame is yet mighty.

“Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns; and the shocks of the lances, the mighty strokes of maces, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from oversea charged onward, and again at other times retreated. The Normans shouted *Dex Aie*, the English people *Out*. Then came the cunning maneuvers, the rude shocks and strokes of the lance and blows of the swords, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman.

“When the English fall the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understand not their speech.

“Some wax strong, others weak: the brave exult, but the cow-

ards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well; they pierce the hauberks, and cleave the shields, receive and return mighty blows. Again, some press forward, others yield; and thus, in various ways, the struggle proceeds. In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, and unable to rise. Many of the English, also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many Normans die as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

“The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around, not knowing where to find shelter. Then Duke William's brother, Odo, the good priest, the bishop of Bayeux, galloped up, and said to them, ‘Stand fast! stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing; for, if God please, we shall conquer yet.’ So they took courage, and rested where they were; and Odo returned galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of great service on that day. He had put a hauberk on over a white aube, wide in the body, with the sleeve tight, and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need he held up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

“From nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o'clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies, nor do any mis-

chief, how true soever was their aim, or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upward into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies' heads, and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme, and shot up into the air toward the English; and the arrows, in falling, struck their heads and faces, and put out the eyes of many; and all feared to open their eyes, or leave their faces unguarded.

"The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind; fast sped the shafts that the English call 'wibetes.' Then it was that an arrow, that had been thus shot upward, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands; and the pain to his head was so great that he leaned upon his shield. So the English were wont to say, and still say to the French, that the arrow was well shot which was so sent up against their king, and that the archer won them great glory who thus put out Harold's eye.

"The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily, and arranged to draw off, and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited much more easily. As they had said, so they did. The Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out that the men of France fled, and would never return.

"Thus they were deceived by the pretended flight, and great mischief thereby befell them; for if they had not moved from their position, it is not likely that they would have been conquered at all; but, like fools, they broke their lines and pursued.

"The Normans were to be seen following up their stratagem, retreating slowly so as to draw the English further on. As they still flee, the English pursue; they push out their lances and stretch forth their hatchets, following the Normans as they go, rejoicing in the success of their scheme, and scattering themselves over the plain. And the English meantime jeered and insulted their foes

with words. 'Cowards,' they cried, 'you came hither in an evil hour, wanting our lands, and seeking to seize our property, fools that ye were to come! Normandy is too far off, and you will not easily reach it. It is of little use to run back; unless you can cross the sea at a leap, or can drink it dry, your sons and daughters are lost to you.'

"The Normans bore it all; but, in fact, they knew not what the English said: their language seemed like the baying of dogs, which they could not understand. At length they stopped and turned round, determined to recover their ranks; and the barons might be heard crying DEX AIE! for a halt. Then the Normans resumed their former position, turning their faces toward the enemy; and their men were to be seen facing round and rushing onward to a fresh *mêlée*, the one party assaulting the other; this man striking, another pressing onward. One hits, another misses; one flies, another pursues; one is aiming a stroke, while another discharges his blow. Norman strives with Englishman again, and aims his blows afresh. One flies, another pursues swiftly: the combatants are many, the plain wide, the battle and the *mêlée* fierce. On every hand they fight hard, the blows are heavy, and the struggle becomes fierce.

"The Normans were playing their part well, when an English knight came rushing up, having in his company a hundred men, furnished with various arms. He wielded a northern hatchet, with the blade a full foot long, and was well armed after his manner, being tall, bold, and of noble carriage. In the front of the battle, where the Normans thronged most, he came bounding on swifter than the stag, many Normans falling before him and his company. He rushed straight upon a Norman who was armed and riding on a war-horse, and tried with his hatchet of steel to cleave his helmet; but the blow miscarried, and the sharp blade glanced down before the saddle-bow, driving through the horse's neck down to the ground, so that both horse and master fell together to the earth. I know not whether the Englishman struck another blow; but the Normans who saw the stroke were astonished, and about to abandon the assault, when Roger de Montgomeri came galloping up, with his lance set, and heeding not the

long-handled ax which the Englishman wielded aloft, struck him down, and left him stretched on the ground. Then Roger cried out, 'Frenchmen, strike! the day is ours!' And again a fierce *mélée* was to be seen, with many a blow of lance and sword; the English still defending themselves, killing the horses and cleaving the shields.

"There was a French soldier of noble mien, who sat his horse gallantly. He spied two Englishmen who were also carrying themselves boldly. They were both men of great worth, and had become companions in arms and fought together, the one protecting the other. They bore two long and broad bills, and did great mischief to the Normans, killing both horses and men. The French soldier looked at them and their bills, and was sore alarmed, for he was afraid of losing his good horse, the best that he had, and would willingly have turned to some other quarter, if it would not have looked like cowardice. He soon, however, recovered his courage, and, spurring his horse, gave him the bridle, and galloped swiftly forward. Fearing the two bills, he raised his shield, and struck one of the Englishmen with his lance on the breast, so that the iron passed out at his back. At the moment that he fell, the lance broke, and the Frenchman seized the mace that hung at his right side, and struck the other Englishman a blow that completely fractured his skull.

"On the other side was an Englishman who much annoyed the French, continually assaulting them with a keen-edged hatchet. He had a helmet made of wood, which he had fastened down to his coat, and laced round his neck, so that no blows could reach his head. The ravage he was making was seen by a gallant Norman knight, who rode a horse that neither fire nor water could stop in its career when its master urged it on. The knight spurred, and his horse carried him on well till he charged the Englishman, striking him over the helmet, so that it fell down over his eyes; and as he stretched out his hand to raise it and uncover his face, the Norman cut off his right hand, so that his hatchet fell to the ground. Another Norman sprang forward and eagerly seized the prize with both his hands, but he kept it little space, and paid dearly for it; for, as he stooped to pick up the hatchet, an English-

man with his long-handled ax struck him over the back, breaking all his bones, so that his entrails and lungs gushed forth. The knight of the good horse meantime returned without injury; but on his way he met another Englishman and bore him down under his horse, wounding him grievously and trampling him altogether under foot.

“And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades, and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords and hewed down the barricades, and the English, in great trouble, fell back upon their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

“There were many knights of Chauz who jousted and made attacks. The English knew not how to joust, or bear arms on horseback, but fought with hatchets and bills. A man, when he wanted to strike with one of their hatchets, was obliged to hold it with both his hands, and could not at the same time, as it seems to me, both cover himself and strike with any freedom.

“The English fell back toward the standard, which was upon a rising ground, and the Normans followed them across the valley, attacking them on foot and horseback. Then Hue de Mortemer, with the Sires D’Auviler, D’Onebac, and Saint Cler, rode up and charged, overthrowing many.

“Robert Fitz Erneis fixed his lance, took his shield, and, galloping toward the standard, with his keen-edged sword struck an Englishman who was in front, killed him, and then drawing back his sword, attacked many others, and pushed straight for the standard, trying to beat it down; but the English surrounded it and killed him with their bills. He was found on the spot, when they afterward sought for him, dead and lying at the standard’s foot.

“Duke William pressed close upon the English with his lance, striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led, and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans follow their lord, and press around him, they ply their blows upon the English; and these defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

“One of them was a man of great strength, a wrestler, who did great mischief to the Normans with his hatchet; all feared him, for he struck down a great many Normans. The duke spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him, but he stooped, and so escaped the stroke; then jumping on one side, he lifted his hatchet aloft, and, as the duke bent to avoid the blow, the Englishman boldly struck him on the head, and beat in his helmet, though without doing much injury. He was very near falling, however; but, bearing on his stirrups, he recovered himself immediately; and when he thought to have revenged himself upon the churl by killing him, he had escaped, dreading the duke’s blow. He ran back in among the English, but he was not safe even there; for the Normans, seeing him, pursued and caught him, and having pierced him through and through with their lances, left him dead on the ground.

“Where the throng of the battle was greatest, the men of Kent and Essex fought wondrously well, and made the Normans again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back, and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his standard.

“Then those who kept close guard by him, and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English; and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy, and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around, and were trampled under the horses, crawling upon the earth, and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in the rout, but still the English rallied in places, smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could, beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first, and felled him to the earth.

“Loud was now the clamor, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over

the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

“And now the Normans had pressed on so far that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of the battle, and struck him on the ventaille of his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

“Gurth saw the English falling around, and that there was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin, and despaired of any aid; he would have fled, but could not, for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him, and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it was said that he fell under it, and rose no more.

“The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain; but there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it was that slew him.

“The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke’s having conquered and beat down the standard; but they still fought on, and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold, for certain, was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

“William fought well; many an assault did he lead, many a blow did he give, and many receive, and many fell dead under his hand. Two horses were killed under him, and he took a third when necessary, so that he fell not to the ground, and lost not a

drop of blood. But whatever any one did, and whoever lived or died, this is certain, that William conquered, and that many of the English fled from the field, and many died on the spot. Then he returned thanks to God, and in his pride ordered his standard to be brought and set up on high, where the English standard had stood; and that was the signal of his having conquered and beaten down the standard. And he ordered his tent to be raised on the spot among the dead, and had his meat brought thither, and his supper prepared there.

“Then he took off his armor; and the barons and knights, pages and squires came, when he had unstrung his shield; and they took the helmet from his head, and the hauberk from his back, and saw the heavy blows upon his shield, and how his helmet was dented in. And all greatly wondered, and said, ‘Such a baron (ber) never bestrode war-horse, nor dealt such blows, nor did such feats of arms; neither has there been on earth such a knight since Rollant and Oliver.’

“Thus they lauded and extolled him greatly, and rejoiced in what they saw, but grieving also for their friends who were slain in the battle. And the duke stood meanwhile among them, of noble stature and mien, and rendered thanks to the King of glory, through whom he had the victory; and thanked the knights around him, mourning also frequently for the dead. And he ate and drank among the dead, and made his bed that night upon the field.

“The morrow was Sunday; and those who had slept upon the field of battle, keeping watch around, and suffering great fatigue, bestirred themselves at break of day, and sought out and buried such of the bodies of their dead friends as they might find. The noble ladies of the land also came, some to seek their husbands, and others their fathers, sons, or brothers. They bore the bodies to their villages, and interred them at the churches; and the clerks and priests of the country were ready, and at the request of their friends took the bodies that were found and prepared graves and lay them therein.

“King Harold was carried and buried at Varham; but I know not who it was that bore him thither, neither do I know who

buried him. Many remained on the field, and many had fled in the night."

Such is a Norman account of the battle of Hastings, which does full justice to the valor of the Saxons as well as to the skill and bravery of the victors. It is indeed evident that the loss of the battle by the English was owing to the wound which Harold received in the afternoon, and which must have incapacitated him from effective command. When we remember that he had himself just won the battle of Stamford Bridge, over Harald Hardrada, by the maneuver of a feigned flight, it is impossible to suppose that he could be deceived by the same stratagem on the part of the Normans at Hastings. But his men, when deprived of his control, would very naturally be led by their inconsiderate ardor into the pursuit that proved so fatal to them. All the narratives of the battle, however much they vary as to the precise time and manner of Harold's fall, eulogize the generalship and the personal prowess which he displayed, until the fatal arrow struck him. The skill with which he had posted his army was proved both by the slaughter which it cost the Normans to force the position, and also by the desperate rally which some of the Saxons made after the battle in the forest in the rear, in which they cut off a large number of the pursuing Normans. This circumstance is particularly mentioned by William of Poitiers, the conqueror's own chaplain. Indeed, if Harold, or either of his brothers, had survived, the remains of the English army might have formed again in the wood, and could at least have effected an orderly retreat, and prolonged the war. But both Gurth and Leofwine, and all the bravest thanes of Southern England, lay dead on Senlac, around their fallen king and the fallen standard of their country. The exact number that perished on the Saxon's side is unknown; but we read that, on the side of the victors, out of sixty thousand men who had been engaged no less than a fourth perished. So well had the English billmen "plied the ghastly blow," and so sternly had the Saxon battle-ax cloven Norman's casque and mail. The old historian Daniel justly as well as forcibly remarks, "Thus was tried, by the great assize of God's judgment in battle, the right of power between the English and Norman nations; a battle the most memorable of all

others; and, however miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England."

Many a pathetic legend was told in after years respecting the discovery and the burial of the corpse of our last Saxon king. The main circumstances, though they seem to vary, are perhaps reconcilable. Two of the monks of Waltham Abbey, which Harold had founded a little time before his election to the throne, had accompanied him to the battle. On the morning after the slaughter, they begged and gained permission of the conqueror to search for the body of their benefactor. The Norman soldiery and camp-followers had stripped and gashed the slain, and the two monks vainly strove to recognize from among the mutilated and gory heaps around them the features of their former king. They sent for Harold's mistress, Edith, surnamed "the Fair," and "the swannecked," to aid them. The eye of love proved keener than the eye of gratitude, and the Saxon lady even in that Aceldama knew her Harold.

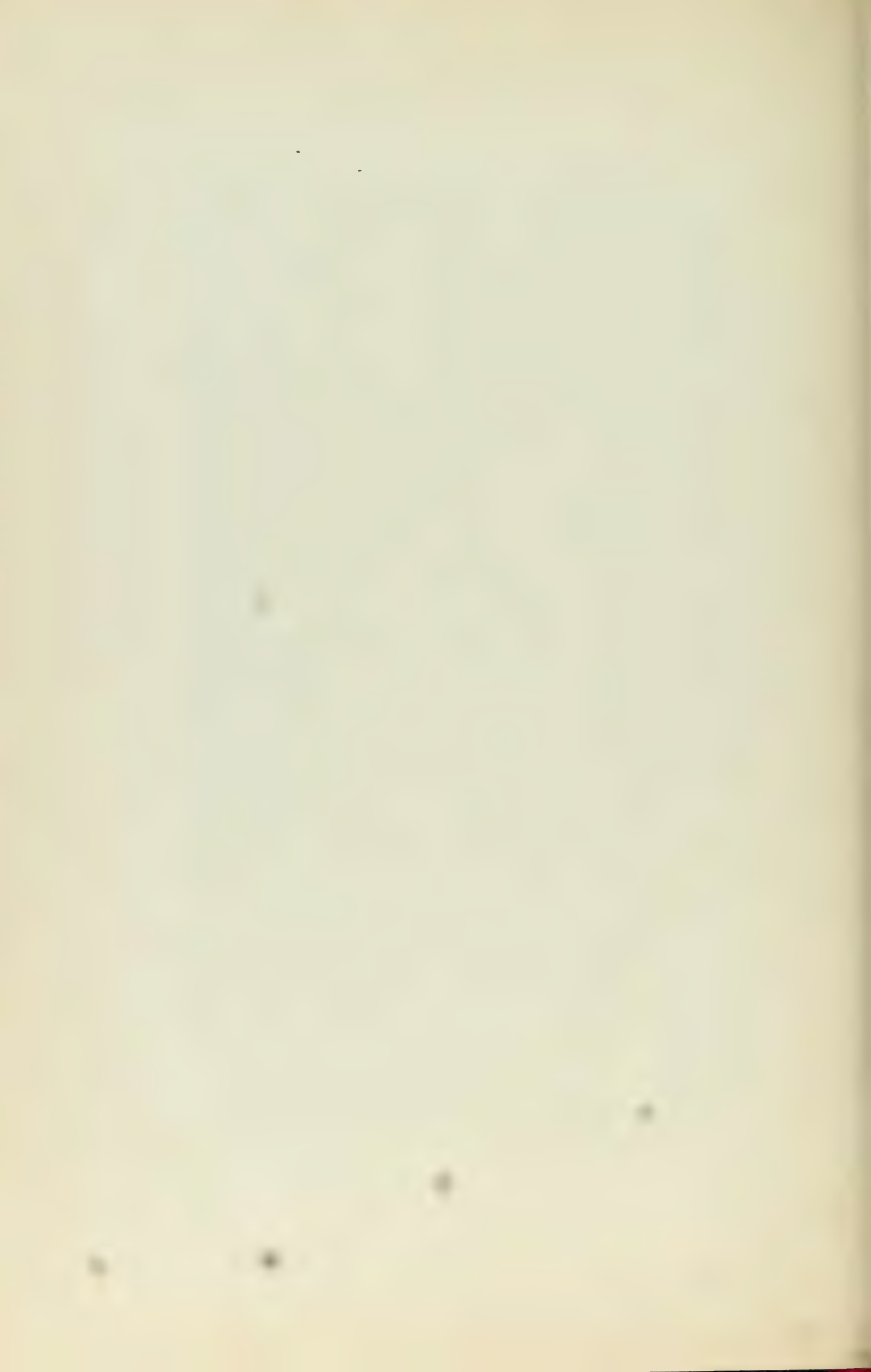
The king's mother now sought the victorious Norman, and begged the dead body of her son. But William at first answered in his wrath and the hardness of his heart that a man who had been false to his word and his religion should have no other sepulcher than the sand of the shore. He added, with a sneer, "Harold mounted guard on the coast while he was alive, he may continue his guard now he is dead." The taunt was an unintentional eulogy; and a grave washed by the spray of the Sussex waves would have been the noblest burial-place for the martyr of Saxon freedom. But Harold's mother was urgent in her lamentations and her prayers; the conqueror relented: like Achilles, he gave up the dead body of his fallen foe to a parent's supplications, and the remains of King Harold were deposited with regal honors in Waltham Abbey.

On Christmas day in the same year William the Conqueror was crowned at London king of England.

[CREASY.]



KING JOHN AND THE DAUPHIN AT THE BATTLE OF POITIERS
Battles, Volume One, Chapter Twelve







THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

Battles, Volume One, Chapter Twelve



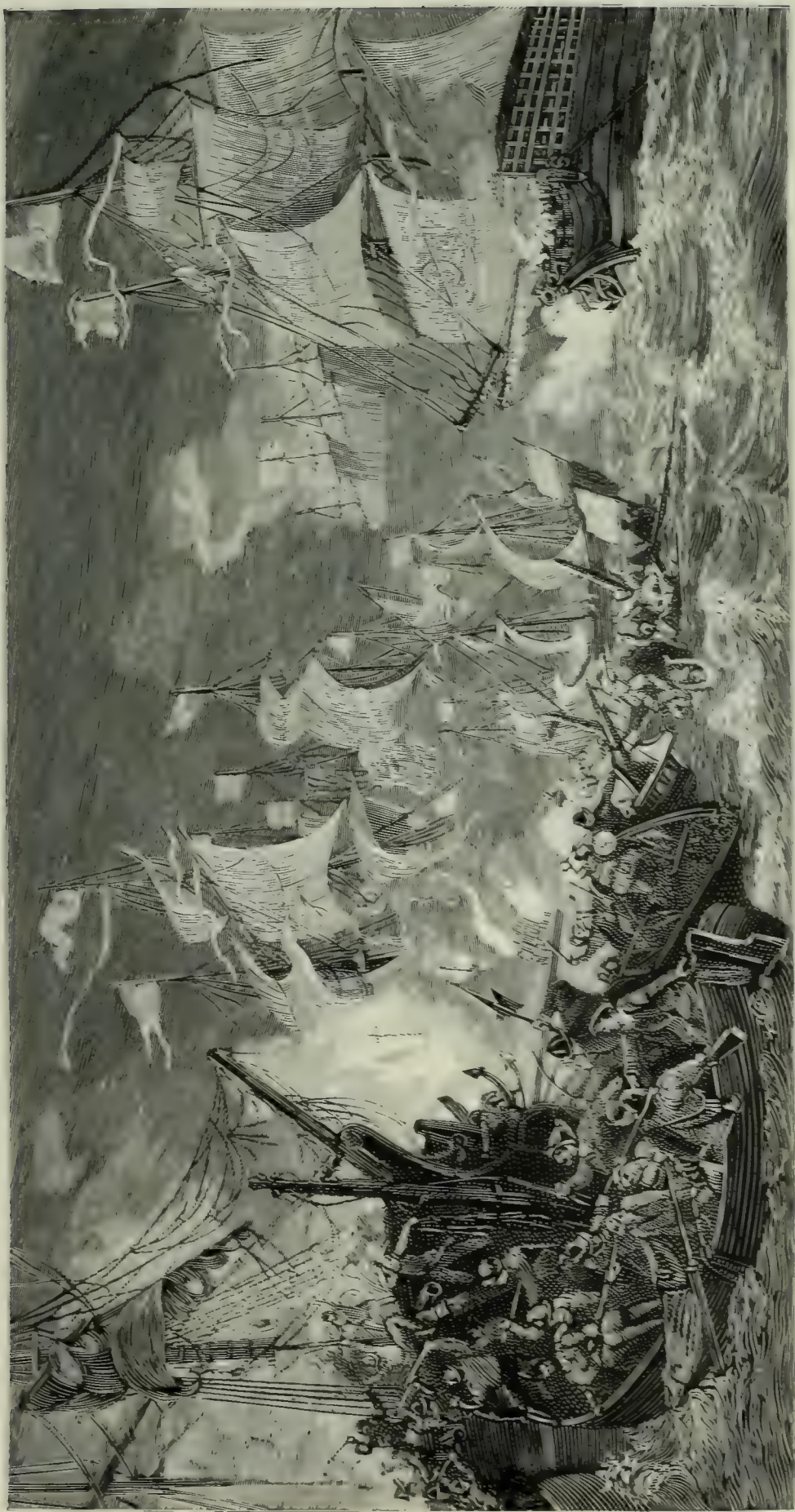
JEANNE D'ARC, AT THE BATTLE OF ORLÉANS

Battles, Volume One, Chapter Thirteen



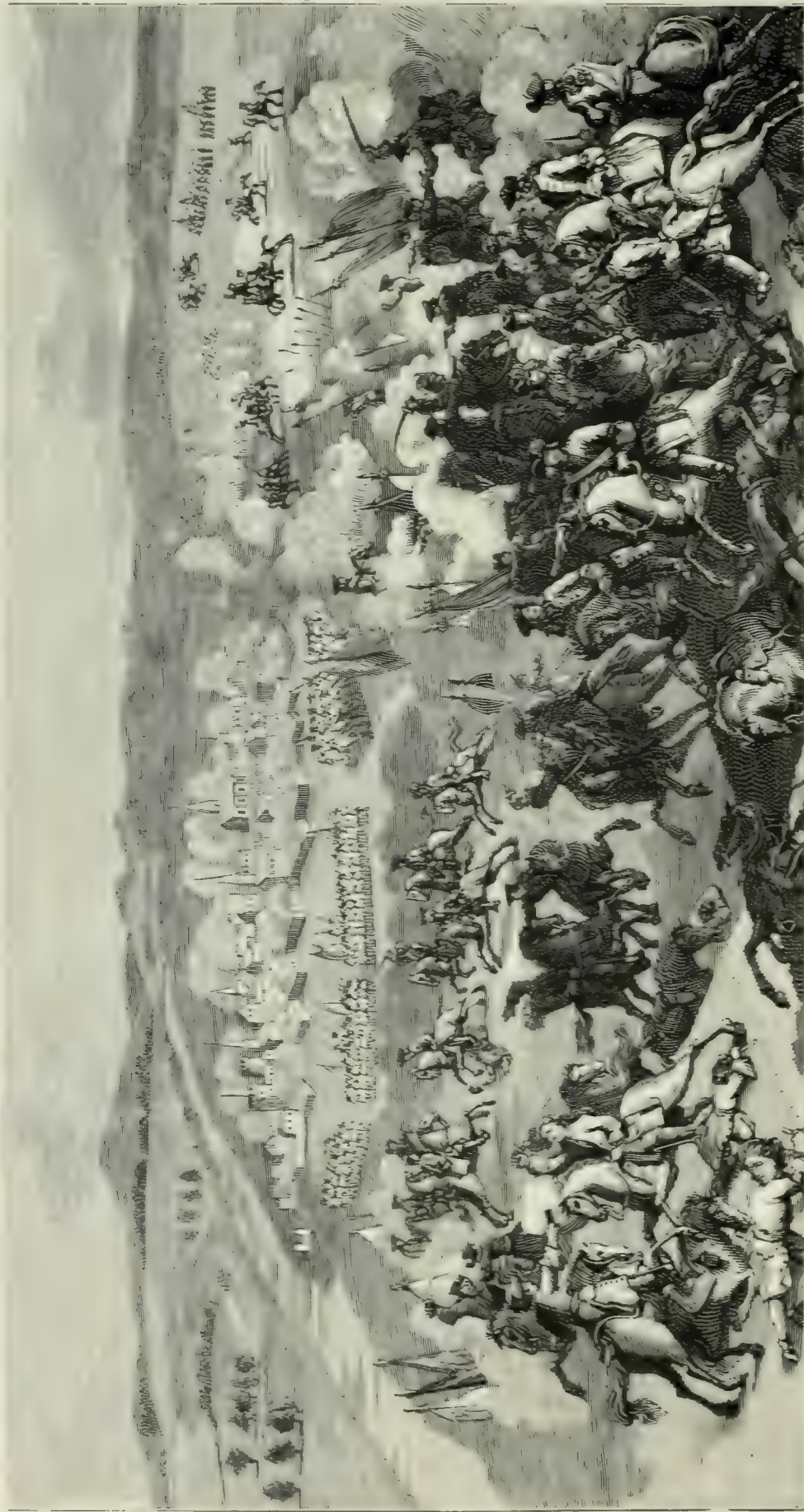


SURRENDERING THE KEYS OF GRANADA



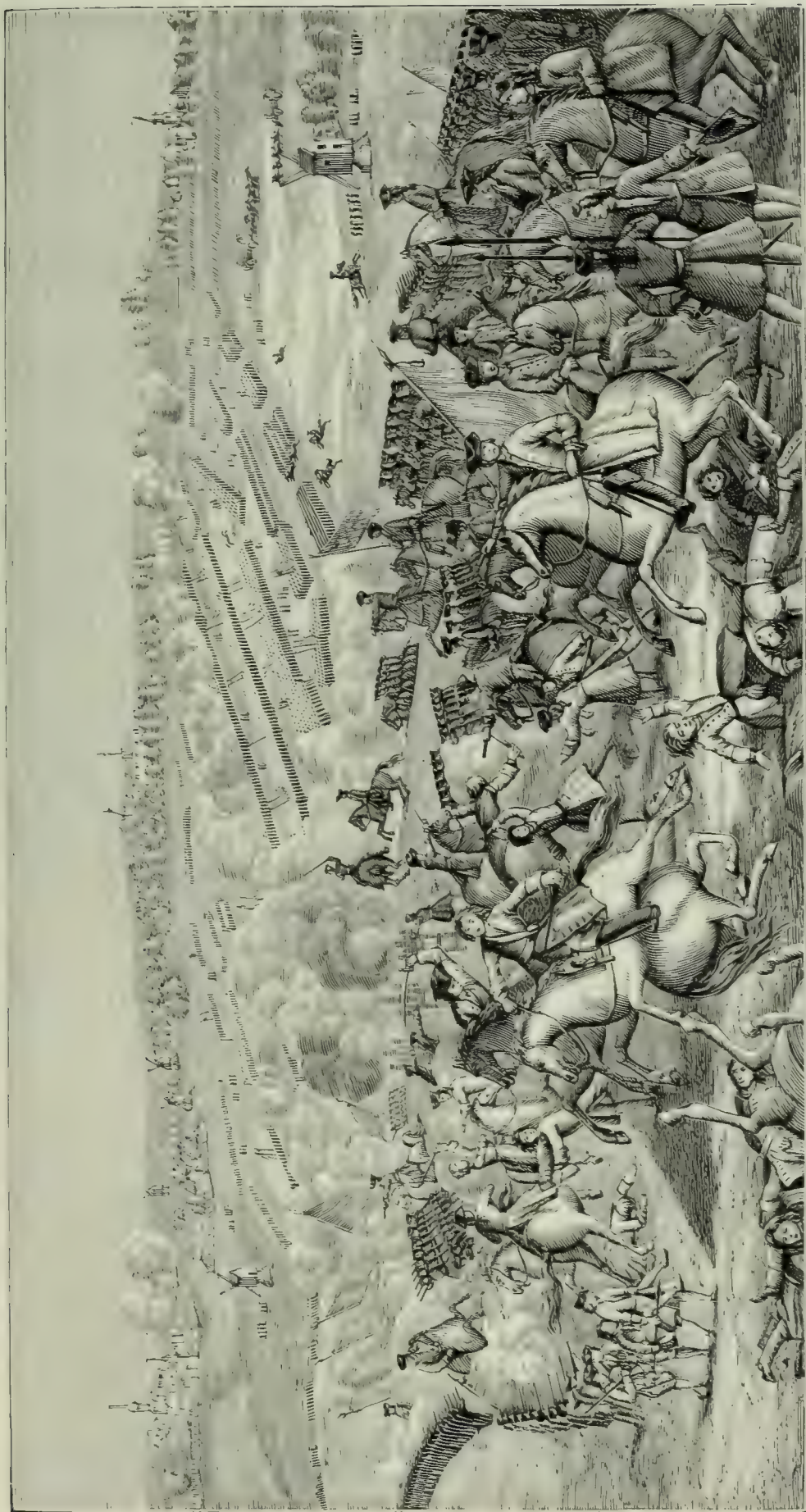
DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA



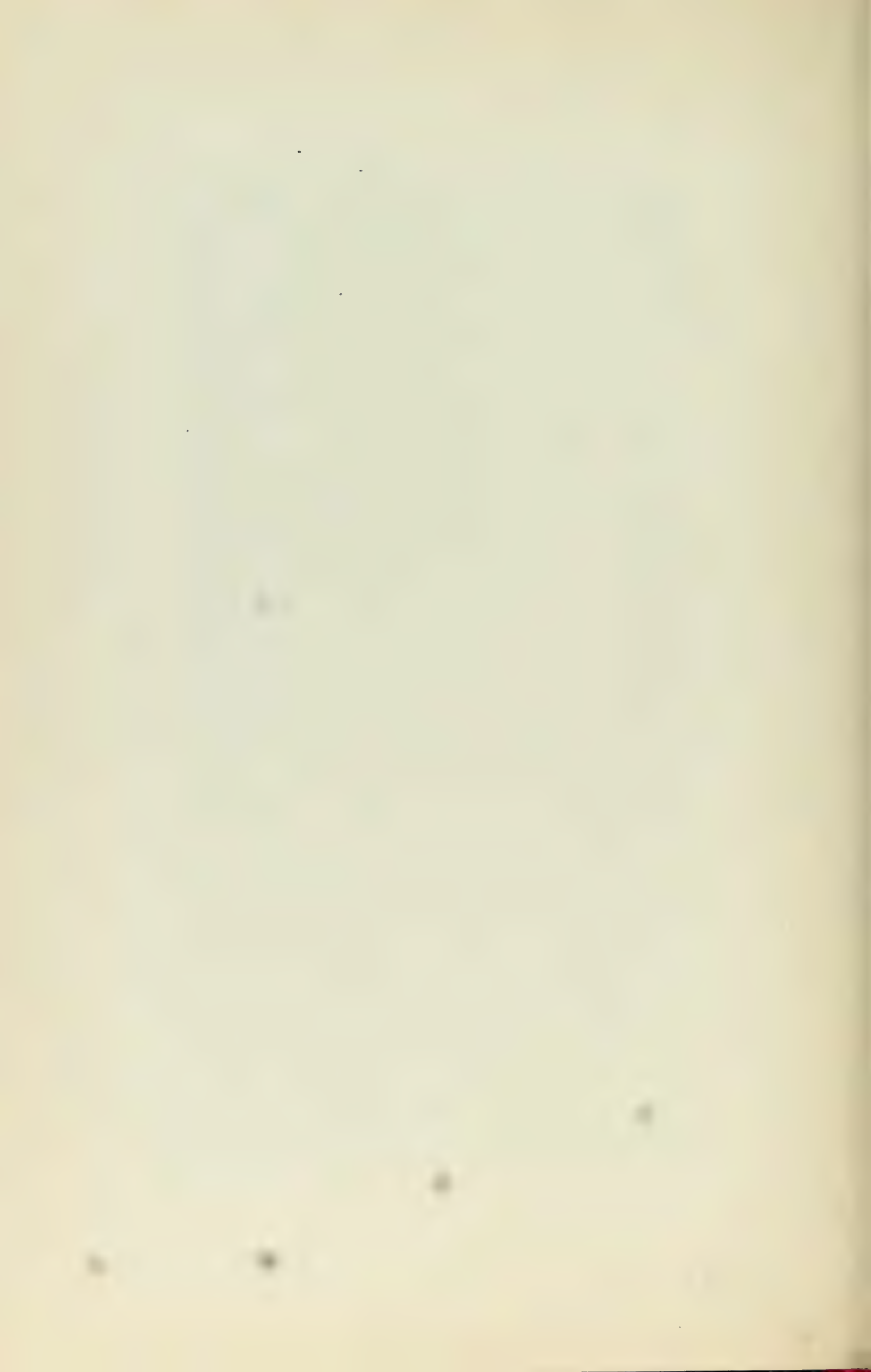


THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

Battles, Volume One, Chapter Sixteen



THE BATTLE OF OUDENARDE





THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

Battles, Volume One, Chapter Twenty

CHAPTER XII

CRESSY, POITIERS, AND AGINCOURT

THE GREAT BATTLES WAGED BY ENGLAND AGAINST FRANCE

A. D. 1346—1415

THOUGH in England the existence of a standing army is comparatively modern, yet soldiers were there enrolled for temporary service abroad under the feudal system from the time of the Conquest. William the Conqueror had not long been seated on the throne of England before he conveyed English troops to the Continent to fight against the French king, or his own rebellious subjects in Normandy and Poitou. These soldiers gained great commendation for their steadiness, fidelity and gallantry in the field. The sons of the Conqueror made a still more frequent and extensive use of English troops. On one occasion, when William II., surnamed Rufus, was under the necessity of proclaiming his ban of war in the old Saxon form—"Let every man that is not a man of nothing, whether he live in burgh or out of burgh, leave his home and come"—thirty thousand stout Englishmen repaired to the place appointed for the muster. In the year 1091, when the Red King went into Normandy, his army consisted chiefly of native English, who appear to have been employed exclusively as infantry.

At a very early period, the English, serving under their Norman and Plantagenet princes, or feudal lords, made their name and prowess known on the Continent. When Duke Robert, brother of William II. and Henry I., repaired to the Holy Land with the crusaders, who captured Jerusalem on the 15th of July, 1099, a great number of English and some Irish followed his standard, and gained honor in fighting with the turbaned Saracens. After

ward, at the battle of Tenchebrai, where Robert and his brother Henry I. fought against each other for the Continental dominions of the family, the king owed his decisive victory to his English army. "This battle," observes an old chronicler, "was fought, and Normandy won, upon Saturday, being the vigil of St. Michael, even the same day forty years that William the Bastard set foot on England's shores for his conquest. God so disposing it (saith Malmsbury) that Normandy should be subjected to England that very day wherein England was subdued to Normandy." Without leaving their own island, the English, in those days, could have abundance of fighting, for Wales continued unsubdued until the time of Edward I., and with Scotland the English were almost continually at war until the accession of James I. These circumstances kept up the use of arms, and the habit and spirit of war, in large portions of the population.

During the incessant wars of Henry II. on the Continent, English bowmen, and other English infantry, always formed a considerable portion of his armies, and, with scarcely an exception, these armies defeated the French, and marched from victory to victory. Under the lion-hearted Richard I. hosts of English were again fighting in Palestine, foremost in every assault and distinguished in every battle. Their blue eyes, fair complexions, and ruddy cheeks, are noticed by all the foreign chroniclers who wrote on the crusades. More than six centuries before Napoleon Bonaparte was foiled at the siege of Acre by British valor and skill—as he bitterly said, his destiny thwarted by an English post-captain—the English crusaders signalized themselves under the same old walls and ramparts, and an English army was halted within sight of Jerusalem, after having fought and won the battle of Jaffa.

Throughout the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the English fully established their reputation as one of the bravest and most warlike nations in Europe. Whatever may have been the evils of the feudal system, as compared with the improved systems of government which have followed it, there is abundant evidence that the English commonalty were better fed than any people on the continent of Europe. Hence, in a great measure, their spirit and alacrity, and that superior muscular strength, which almost invari-

ably gave our infantry the victory. Under that greatest of English kings, equally renowned in war and statesmanship, Edward I., the English were again engaged in Syria and Palestine, distinguishing themselves by many feats of arms, and adding to the glory of the national name.

In 1274, after Edward's return from the Holy Land, these steady English crossbowmen saved his life and overthrew the French foot-soldiers and horsemen in the so-called "Little War of Chalons." During the same reign, besides being engaged in Wales and Scotland, the English fought in the Low Countries. But it was under Edward III., whose long reign extended for half a century from the year 1327, that English arms gained their greatest luster, and to this day the names of Cressy and Poitiers arouse in all of English blood some of our proudest national memories. The rivalry between England and France never allowed any long duration of tranquillity, and in the year 1335 Edward III. claimed the French throne by right of inheritance, proclaiming the French king, Philip VI. (who was then aiding the Scots), a usurper and traitor. Edward went over to the Low Countries, but as long as he fought with foreign mercenaries, and attacked France from the side of Flanders, he was unsuccessful. However, he soon changed both his troops and his field of action. In 1346, Edward collected a fine army, consisting solely of English, Welsh, and Irish, and landed with them on the coast of Normandy, near Cape la Hogue, about the middle of July. That province was defenseless, for Edward's attack had been expected to fall upon the South. In the latter direction, the Duke of Normandy was endeavoring, with the flower of the French army, to drive the English from Guienne. One of Edward's principal objects was to create a diversion which should draw the French out of that province; while he also intended, by crossing the Seine, to join his allies, the Flemings, who had already passed the French border. Having taken Caen and other places, and plundered the country, Edward marched to the left bank of the Seine, intending to cross that river at Rouen; but, finding the French king, Philip, in superior force, he continued his march, and, sacking Nantes, marched to St. Germain, which, together with St. Cloud and Neuilly, was burned to the ground.

Still Edward's situation was critical, as he was separated from his auxiliaries and Philip was re-enforced daily.

Having repaired the bridge at Poissy, which Philip had partially destroyed, Edward struck his tents, and advanced as if he would attack Paris, his van even penetrating to the suburbs of that capital. This bold movement obliged the French to march over to the opposite bank, when Edward rapidly crossed to the right bank, with little loss. From the Seine he continued his march toward the river Somme, but found himself confronted by the French, and failed to effect a crossing. Meanwhile, Philip, who had now one hundred thousand men under his orders, divided his force, and, leaving one division to keep the English in check, marched with the other along the left bank of the Somme, to drive them toward the sea. So close was he upon his enemy that he rested one night where Edward had slept only two hours before. That evening the English reached Oisement, near the coast, where they found themselves cooped up between the sea, the Somme, and the division of the French army with Philip, which was six times more numerous than his whole force. Efforts were made by the English to discover a ford, but without success. Edward then ordered certain prisoners to be brought before him, and questioned them as to any fords across the Somme below Abbeville, offering as a reward to any man his freedom, and that of twenty of his companions. Thereupon a sutler named Gobin Agace stepped forward and said there was a place a little lower down, called Blanche Taque (from the white stones presenting a hard bottom), which was fordable at the ebb tide. "The king of England," says Froissart, "did not sleep much that night, but, rising at midnight, ordered his trumpets to sound."

At the peep of day the army set out from the town of Oisement under the guidance of Gobin Agace. It soon came to the ford of Blanche Taque, but Edward had the mortification to find not only that the tide was full, but that the opposite bank of the river was lined with twelve thousand men, under the command of a doughty baron named Du Fay. He was obliged, therefore, to wait till the tide was out. Fortunately, the French king, Philip, did not come up, and as soon as the river was fordable, Edward commanded his

marshals to cross. Here they were met by the French cavalry, and a fierce conflict took place in the water. When the English had overcome this opposition, they encountered the French, in battle array, in a narrow pass which led from the ford up the right bank of the river. Among others posted there was a strong body of Genoese crossbowmen, who galled them sorely; but the English archers "shot so well together" that they cleared the bank, and while part of his forces pursued Du Fay, Edward encamped with the rest in the pleasant fields between Crotoy and Crécy, anglicized into Cressy. Philip now appeared on the opposite side of the ford, where Edward had so long waited, but he was too late. As the tide was flowing, he thought it prudent to return up the river, and to cross it by the bridge of Abbeville.

The English king, encouraged by the result of the fight at Blanche Taque, resolved to fight the whole French army in his present position. When told that Philip would still pursue him, he merely said, "We will go no further. I have good reason to wait for him on this spot. I am now upon the lawful inheritance of my lady-mother, upon the lands of Ponthieu, which were given to her as her marriage portion, and I am resolved to defend them against my adversary, Philip de Valois."

Edward was outnumbered as eight to one, but his generals took up an advantageous position on an eminence a little in rear of the village of Cressy. While his men busied themselves with preparations for the impending conflict, the king gave a supper that evening to the earls and barons, and then, entering his oratory, prayed God to bring him off with honor if he should fight on the morrow. Rising at early dawn, he and his son Edward, the renowned Black Prince, heard mass, and then the king ordered his men, who had also confessed, to arm and assemble, each under his proper banner or station, which had been carefully marked out during the preceding day. In the rear of his army he inclosed a large park, near a wood, in which he placed all his baggage-wagons and his horses; for every man-at-arms, as well as every archer, was to fight that day on foot.

The English army was marshaled in three divisions. The first was led by the Prince of Wales, a boy of only fifteen, with those

experienced captains, the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury, Sir John Chandos and Sir Thomas Holland, also Lords Lisle, Stafford, and many other nobles and knights. The division consisted of about eight hundred men-at-arms, two thousand archers, and one thousand Welsh foot. In rear, and rather on their flank, stood the second division of eight hundred men-at-arms, and one thousand two hundred archers, who were commanded by the Earls of Northampton and Arundel, the Lords de Ros, Willoughby, and others. The third division stood in reserve on the crest of a hill commanding the whole army, and consisted of seven hundred men-at-arms, and two thousand archers. The archers of each division formed in front in the shape of a portcullis or harrow. When they were thus all arranged, Edward, mounted on a small palfrey, with a white wand in his hand, rode from rank to rank, exhorting his officers to defend his honor and his rights. And, says the old chronicler, he spoke so gently and cheerfully that those who were disheartened were comforted at hearing him and looking into his confident countenance. Having partaken of food and wine, the soldiers sat down in their ranks on the ground, with their helmets and bows before them, so that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

After his march and countermarch on the day of Blanche Taque, Philip rested at Abbeville, where he lost a whole day waiting for re-enforcements, among which were a thousand lances of the Count of Savoy, who, says Froissart, "ought to have been there, as the count had been well paid for them at Troyes, in Champaign, three months in advance." Philip marched rapidly on from Abbeville to give battle, and when he came in sight of the well-ordered divisions of Edward, his men being tired, and his rearguard far behind, he decided to delay the battle till the morrow. Those that were in front stopped, but those behind rode on, saying that they would not halt until they were as forward as the first. When the van perceived the rear pressing on them, they pushed onward, and neither the king nor the marshals could stop them; but on nearing the English the foremost ranks fell back in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been repulsed. There was then room enough for those behind

to pass in front, had they been willing so to do. "Some did so, and some remained very shy." All the roads between Abbeville and Cressy were covered with country people, who, while they were yet three leagues from their enemy, drew their swords, bawling out, "Kill! kill!" and with them were many great lords that were eager to show off their prowess. "There is no man," says Froissart, "unless he had been present, that can imagine or truly record the confusion of that day, especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were innumerable."

The nobles of France advanced each as he thought best, and Philip was carried forward by the torrent. When he came in sight of the English he cried out, "Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis!" These Genoese were famous crossbowmen, under the command of a Doria and a Grimaldi, and, according to Froissart, numbered fifteen thousand strong. But they were quite fatigued, having that day marched six leagues on foot completely armed and carrying their heavy crossbows. Thus they told the Constable that they were not in a state to do any great exploit of battle that day. The Count d'Alencon, King Philip's brother, hearing this, said, "See what we get by employing such scoundrels, who fail us in our need." Nevertheless, the Italians formed up and led the van, supported by the Count d'Alencon, with a numerous body of cavalry magnificently equipped.

Meanwhile a heavy storm of rain, accompanied by thunder, which was preceded by a great flight of crows, burst upon the rival armies, and when the storm cleared off, about five in the afternoon, the sun shone forth in full splendor. His rays darted full in the eyes of the French, but the English had the sun at their backs. When the Genoese approached the English army, they set up a terrible shout to strike terror into their hearts; but the English yeomen remained motionless, as though unconcerned. The Genoese sent up a second shout and advanced, but still the English stood in their ranks: they shouted a third time, and, advancing a little, began to discharge their crossbows. Then the English moved, but it was one step forward, and they shot their arrows with such rapidity and vigor that the air was darkened. These well-shot

arrows pierced shield and armor, and the Genoese could not stand them. On seeing these auxiliaries waver and then fall back, the king of France cried out, "Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop our way without doing any good." And at these words the French men-at-arms laid about them, killing and wounding the retreating Genoese. All this increased the confusion; and still the English yeomen shot vigorously into the crowd. Many of their arrows fell among d'Alencon's cavalry, and, killing and wounding many, made the horses dash into the Genoese, "so that they could never rally or get up again." Having freed themselves from the rabble-rout, d'Alencon and the Count of Flanders skirted the English archers, and fell upon the body of eight hundred men at-arms, when a fierce fight ensued.

The second division of the English now moved to the support of the Prince of Wales. The king of France was eager to support d'Alencon; but he could not penetrate a hedge of English archers which formed in his front. Without the king's forces, d'Alencon, whose command consisted of French, Germans, Bohemians, and Savoyards, was apparently more than a match for the prince's division. The conflict seemed doubtful, and the Prince of Wales dispatched Sir Thomas Holland, with an escort, to request the king to send a re-enforcement, as he could not hold his ground. Cutting a path through the enemy's ranks, the brave knight made his way to the summit of the hill where Edward was stationed with the reserves. The king asked Sir Thomas Holland whether his son was killed, or wounded, or thrown to the ground. The knight replied, "No, sire, please God; but he is hard beset." "Then," said the king, "return to those who sent you, and tell them they shall have no help from me. Let the boy win his spurs, for I am resolved, if it please God, that this day be his, and that the honors of it be given all to him, and to those to whose care I have intrusted him." When Sir Thomas Holland, on his return, reported this message, they were all greatly encouraged, and, says Froissart, repented of having sent him.

Soon after this d'Alencon was killed, and his troops were scattered. The king of France made several brilliant charges, but was repulsed each time with great loss; his horse was killed under him

by an English archer, and the bravest of his nobles and knights fell around him. Night now set in, and at the hour of vespers there only remained with him some sixty men. John of Hainault, who had once remounted the king, now said, "Sire, withdraw, it is time; do not sacrifice yourself foolishly. If you have lost this time, you may win on some other occasion." And so saying, says the chronicler, he laid hold of his bridle-rein and led him away by force. And thus ended one of the most memorable days in English history—Saturday, the 26th August, 1346. In all our island story there is no greater military achievement recorded than this first victory of an English army over foes outnumbering them in a ratio that seemed to render success an impossibility.

After their victory, the English soldiers made great fires and lighted torches because of the darkness of the night. And then King Edward came down from his post, and, in front of his whole army, took the Prince of Wales in his arms, kissed him, and said, "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance! You are my true son, for loyally have you acquitted yourself this day, and worthy are you of a crown." Young Edward, says Froissart, bowed very lowly, and, humbling himself, gave all the honor to the king his father.

Cannon were employed at the battle of Cressy, and a contemporary writer, Giovanni Villani, in his "History of Florence," relates the circumstance, and adds that they did considerable execution, though Froissart makes no mention of them.

On the following Sunday morning a fog arose, so that the English could scarcely see the length of half an acre before them. The king sent out a column of five hundred lancers and two thousand archers to reconnoiter, and learn whether there were any French collecting near them. The English column soon found itself in the midst of a body of militia from Beauvais and Rouen, who, wholly ignorant of what had happened, had marched all night to overtake the French army. Mistaking them for their countrymen, they hastened to join them, and before they found out their mistake the English fell upon them and slew a large number. Proceeding by a different road, the English encountered a fresh force, under the archbishop of Rouen and the Grand Prior

of France, who were also ignorant of the defeat of the French, for they had heard that the king would not fight till the Sunday. A second battle ensued; but the enemy could not cope with men inspired with success, who held themselves invincible. The two spiritual lords were killed, and only a few of their men escaped by flight. Other bodies of troops were encountered, and all were put to the sword. On returning to headquarters the English troops found King Edward coming from mass: for during all these scenes of carnage he never neglected the offices of religion. He then sent to examine the dead, and learn what French lords had fallen. The Lords Cobham and Stafford were charged with this duty, and they took with them three heralds to recognize the arms, and two secretaries to write down the names. They remained all that day on the field, returning as the king was sitting down to supper, when they reported that they had found the bodies of eleven princes, eighty barons, one thousand two hundred knights, and about thirty thousand of "the baser sort." Among the princes and nobles that fell were Philip's own brother, the Count d'Alencon, the dukes of Lorraine and Bourbon, the counts of Flanders, Blois, St. Pol and Aumale. But the most remarkable of the slain was the old and blind king of Bohemia. On hearing that his son was dangerously wounded and forced to abandon the field, and that nothing could resist the Black Prince, the king resolved to charge; and placing himself between two knights, whose bridles were interlaced on either side of his, he rode into the fray and fell. His crest, three ostrich feathers with the motto "Ich dien" (I serve), was adopted by Prince Edward, and has ever since been borne by the princes of Wales.

On the Monday morning the king of England ordered the bodies of the nobles and knights to be removed from the ground and carried to a neighboring monastery, there to be buried in holy ground. And he made it known to the people of the country that he gave them three days' truce, that they might clear the field of Cressy and inter all the dead. Edward then marched off to the north toward Calais, keeping near the coast.

On Thursday, the 31st of August, five days after the great battle of Cressy, Edward sat down before Calais and began his

famous siege of that strong and important place—a siege, or rather a blockade, which lasted nearly a year, and was enlivened by many brilliant feats of arms. The English fleet of eighty sail, under the Earl of Warwick, swept the Channel, and the French ships attempting to revictual Calais were defeated, one-half being sunk and the remainder dispersed.

An immediate consequence of the victory at Cressy was the withdrawal of the Duke of Normandy from Guienne, where Henry, earl of Lancaster, was almost reduced to extremities, notwithstanding the gallant assistance of Sir Walter Manny of Hainault, who had marched some troops from Brittany to Gascony. The English took possession of Château Neuf, Sauveterre, Poitiers, and many other towns, and the country of Poitou and Aquitaine fell to their arms.

Calais surrendered on the 3d of August, 1347, and on the following day, Edward and his queen, Philippa, rode into the city on horseback to the sound of martial music. Mainly through the intervention and good offices of the pope, a truce was concluded between France and England, and this truce was gradually prolonged for the space of six years.

To commemorate the victory of Cressy, and to reward his gallant commanders, King Edward III., on his return to England, instituted the Order of the Garter, and the first recipients were those two doughty knights, Sir John Chandos and Sir Thomas Holland, and many nobles, including Lancaster, Warwick, and Stafford.

In the meantime King Philip died, and was succeeded by his son John, duke of Normandy. The peace between the two countries was only nominal, and in 1354 war was again declared, John being driven into the fatal struggle by the will of his own subjects.

It is idle to tax our early kings and rulers with being solely responsible for the wars of the past. Their people were in most instances equally to blame. Nearly every unwarlike sovereign was despised, if not dethroned and murdered. These early wars were due to a popular impulse, and even down to our own days every war has been eminently popular in its commencement, however much the people may have afterward repined at its duration and expense.

Early in 1355 the Black Prince opened the campaign in the south of France. From Bordeaux he marched to the foot of the Pyrenees, burning and destroying; thence he turned northward, and ravaged the country as far as Toulouse. He then proceeded to the southeast, to the wealthy cities of Carcassone and Narbonne, both of which he plundered and burned, and thence, loaded with booty, got safely back to Bordeaux. A simultaneous movement made by his father in the north of France proved a failure; for the country was cleared of everything before his approach. King John, though at the head of a numerous army, would not fight, and Edward was obliged to turn back upon Calais through want of provisions.

In July, 1355, the Black Prince took the field with about fourteen thousand men, including a body of English archers, the rest being chiefly Gascons. The prince's plan seems to have been merely to repeat the plundering, devastating expedition of the preceding year. By rapid marches he overran Limousin and Auvergne, and penetrated into Berri, in the very heart of France. He advanced so far that he "came," says the chronicle, "to the good city of Bourges, where there was a grand skirmish at one of the gates." He found Bourges too strong for him, but took Vierzon by storm, and burned Romorantin, a town about ten leagues from Blois. The king of France advanced from Chartres, and, crossing the Loire at Blois, made for the city of Poitiers. The Black Prince had so exasperated the French that not a man could be found to give him information of John's march; and in utter ignorance he turned to the southwest, and marched also for Poitiers.

On the 17th of September the English van came unexpectedly upon the rear of the great French army, at a village within two short leagues of Poitiers; and Edward's scouts soon afterward discovered that the whole surrounding country swarmed with the enemy, and that his retreat toward Gascony was cut off. "God help us," said the Black Prince, "we must now consider how we can best fight them." The small English army numbered only some eight thousand men, of whom two thousand were men-at-arms and four thousand archers. But the position they had taken up

was very strong, and displayed the possession of military skill by the leaders, of whom the chief were Sir John Chandos, Sir James Audley, Sir Walter Manny, and Sir Eustache of Ambreticourt. The small army was posted on the scarped face of a hill tangled with vines twisted into bundles, and strengthened with banks, hedges, and ditches, the position being only assailable by a single lane, along which only four horsemen could advance abreast. The banks were lined with the archers, and in the rear the men-at-arms were drawn up.

On the following morning, Sunday, the 18th September, John drew out his host in order of battle, numbering, it is said, sixty thousand horse, besides foot. At this moment a legate of the pope, the Cardinal Perigord, arrived on the field, and implored the French king to avoid the carnage which must inevitably ensue. John reluctantly consented that the cardinal should proceed to the English camp, and represent to the prince the great danger in which he stood. "Save my honor," said the Black Prince, "and the honor of my army, and I will listen to any reasonable terms." The cardinal answered, "Fair son, you say well, and I will endeavor to procure you such conditions." If this prince of the church failed, it was no fault of his; for all that Sunday he rode from one army to the other, exerting himself to the utmost to procure a truce. The prince, whose troops had tasted no food for two days, offered to restore all the gold and plunder taken in the foray, with the towns and castles he had captured, also to yield up all prisoners without ransom, and to swear that he would not for the next seven years bear arms against the king of France. But John, too confident in his numerical superiority, would not agree to these terms; but, goaded by Renard, bishop of Chalons, demanded the surrender, without terms, of the prince and one hundred of his bravest knights.

All Sunday was spent in the negotiations, and meanwhile the English army were engaged digging ditches and throwing up banks. They also arranged their baggage-wagons so as to form a barricade, as had been done at Cressy. On the following morning, Monday, September 19th, the battle began by a charge of three hundred picked cavalry along the lane to force the English position; but such a flight of arrows came from the hedges that

they were soon brought to a pause, and at last were compelled to turn and flee, leaving the lane choked up with their dead and wounded, and their fallen horses. The two marshals of France, Andrehan and Clermont, led the attack, but the former was unhorsed and taken prisoner at the outset by a bowman, and the latter, who penetrated through the archers, was slain in single combat by Sir John Chandos.

After this success Edward became the assailant. Six hundred English bowmen suddenly showed on the flanks of the division led by the Duke of Normandy, which was advancing to the attack. "To say the truth," quoth Froissart, "these English archers were of infinite service to their army, for they shot so thickly and so well that the French did not know which way to turn themselves." The Frenchmen reeled under the storm of arrows, then broke and fled, and the Duke of Normandy, accompanied by the lords of Touraine and Poitiers, with eight hundred horsemen, rode off the field toward Chavigny. Now was the opportunity for the two thousand knights and men-at-arms, under the Black Prince, who, mounting their horses, gave a shout of "St. George for Guienne!" Sir John Chandos said to the prince, "Sire, ride forward; the day is yours! Let us address ourselves to our adversary the king of France, for in that part lies all the strength of the enterprise. Well I know that his valiancy will not permit him to flee, and he will remain with us, please God and St. George." Then the prince said to his standard-bearers, "Advance banners, in the name of God and St. George!" They went through the lane and charged across the open ground with dreadful shock. The king, accompanied by his son Philip, afterward Duke of Burgundy, stood firm at the head of his dismounted squadrons, the flower of French chivalry, who shouted back their war-cry, "Montjoie St. Denis!" but man and horse went to the ground, and the slaughter was terrible. The Black Prince then charged a body of German cavalry, who were soon put to flight. But even here it seems to have been rather the arrow of the English yeomanry than the lance of the knight that gained the advantage.

The victory was rendered complete by the capture of the French king himself. John, with his son, a boy of sixteen, by his side,

fought desperately, battle-ax in hand, until he received two wounds in the face, and was beaten to the ground. But he rose, and still strove to defend himself, while the English and Gascons pressed upon him, crying, "Surrender!" They would have killed him, but a man of gigantic stature, Sir Dennis of Morbecque, an outlawed knight of Picardy, burst through the crowd, and said to the king, in French, "Sire, surrender."

The king replied, "To whom shall I surrender? Show me my cousin, the Prince of Wales!"

"He is not here," replied Sir Dennis, "but surrender to me, and I will conduct you to him."

On learning his name, King John gave him his right-hand glove, and said, "I surrender to you."

There was much crowding and struggling round the king, as many claimed him as their captive, but at length Lords Warwick and Cobham came on the scene, and removed his majesty from a position of much danger. Dismounting from their chargers, these nobles saluted him with profound respect, and conducted him, with his son Philip, to the Prince of Wales, who received his illustrious captive with the greatest modesty and respect, treating him with all the courtesy of the most perfect chivalry. He invited him to supper, waited on him at table, as his superior in age and dignity, cheered his spirits, and praised his valor, which had gained the admiration of both armies.

Among the French leaders killed were Lord Robert of Duras, nephew of Cardinal Perigord, and the two chief French knights, Sir Eustache de Ribaultmont and Sir Geoffrey de Chagny. Of the two marshals, d'Andrehan was wounded and taken prisoner, and Clermont was slain. Among the prisoners, besides the king and his son Philip, were the Prince James of Bourbon and John d'Artois, and many nobles, including d'Estampes, Damartin, Gravill, and Partney.

The day after the great victory at Poitiers, the Black Prince continued his march, and passing through Poitiers and Saintonge, without meeting with any resistance, for the French nowhere rallied to rescue their king, crossed the Garonne, and presently came to Bordeaux, where he safely lodged all his prisoners. He then

concluded a truce for two years with the Dauphin Charles, now appointed regent of France, and in the spring returned to England, taking King John and Prince Philip with him.

Their entrance into London, on the 24th of April, 1357, was magnificent. The king of France was mounted on a cream-colored charger, richly caparisoned; while the Prince of Wales rode by his side, on a small black palfrey. But the former could scarcely be flattered by being made the principal figure in such a procession. The king of England received John with all the honors due to a crowned head. Two legates of the pope followed King John and the Prince of Wales to London, and there labored to promote an amicable arrangement.

At length Edward III. consented to waive his claim to the French crown, and to liberate John, on condition of receiving a great ransom and the restoration of all the provinces which had belonged to Henry II., to be held in separate sovereignty, without any feudal dependence on the French king. John hesitated; but meanwhile, during his captivity, France fell into a frightful state of anarchy. The streets of Paris ran with blood, and in the provinces the revolted peasantry were committing their horrible *jacquerie*, massacring the nobles, men, women and children, and plundering and burning their castles.

The stubborn pride of John at length gave way, and he signed the treaty of peace as dictated by Edward. But the French nation, divided as it was, unanimously rejected it. Edward, enraged at what he termed the bad faith of the enemy, passed over into France in the autumn of 1359, with an army more numerous than any he had hitherto employed on the Continent. From his convenient landing-place at Calais, he poured his irresistible forces through Artois and Picardy, and laid siege to Rheims, with the intention, it is said, of being crowned king of France in that city, where such ceremony was usually performed. But the winter season and the strength of the place baffled his efforts, and after losing seven or eight weeks, he raised the siege and fell upon Burgundy. The duke was forced to pay fifty thousand marks, and to engage to remain neutral.

From Burgundy Edward marched upon Paris, and, on the last

day of March, 1360, the English encamped in front of that capital. They, however, were not strong enough to besiege Paris; and as the Dauphin wisely declined a challenge to come out and fight, and provisions failed, Edward returned toward Brittany. Great numbers of men and horses died from want, and Edward agreed to an armistice; and on the 8th of May, 1360, peace was concluded by the treaty of Bretigny, a village near Chartres.

The Black Prince, after a brief interval, repaired to Spain, to reinstate on his throne Pedro, surnamed "the Cruel," king of Castile, who had been dispossessed by his half-brother, Don Enrique, called "the Bastard." With thirty thousand men, Edward crossed the Pyrenees, marching, in the midst of winter snow and storms, through Roncesvalles, the famed scene of the "dolorous rout" of Charlemagne and all his paladins—the deep and dangerous valley which, after four centuries and a half, was threaded in a contrary direction by a victorious British army under the Duke of Wellington.

Besides his English and Gascon troops, the Black Prince had under his command "free companions," as they were termed, or mercenaries and adventurers of many European nationalities. The chief English generals, besides Edward, were his young brother, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, Sir John Chandos, Sir Hugh Calverly, Sir Thomas Felton, and others. On the 3d of April, 1367, the Black Prince fought a great battle between Navarette and Najara, with an army three times more numerous than his own. The combat was begun by the young Duke of Lancaster, who, emulous of the military fame of his elder brother, Edward, furiously attacked the French and Aragon troops led by Du Guesclin, Constable of France. The Black Prince, meanwhile, advanced against the division led by Don Tello, and when his impetuous charge broke the allied force, the English and Gascon footmen came up and completed their discomfiture. Edward then routed the third division, commanded by Don Enrique, who three times rallied his hosts, which finally broke and fled, losing thousands in their flight, to the banks of the Ebro. The Castilians, fighting for Don Enrique, had slings similar to those used against the Romans by the ancient inhabitants of Spain, with which they hurled big

stones with such force as to stun horses and men, and break helmets. But the English archers, "as was their wont," shot briskly with their bows, "to the great annoyance and death of the Spaniards." The Spanish king wanted to massacre all the prisoners, but this was prevented by the Black Prince. Among the leaders taken were Sancho, brother of Enrique, Bertram du Guesclin, constable of Spain, and Andrehan, marshal of France.

In the month of July, 1367, Edward recrossed the Pyrenees, and led his army back to Bordeaux, where he governed the southern provinces of France for his father, and with his wife and cousin, Joan, "the Fair Maid of Kent"—her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland, earl of Kent, being dead—maintained as splendid a court as any in Europe at that period.

So soon as he was able, Charles, the French king, renewed the war, and invaded the territories which had been ceded to Edward by the treaty of Bretigny. Charles carefully avoided a general battle with the English; for so great was the fame of the Black Prince and his troops that no French army would have dared to face them.

But the Black Prince had brought with him from Spain a dreadful fever, which was rapidly undermining his constitution. Hoping to derive benefit from the air of his native country, he returned to England, leaving the command in the south of France to his brother, the young Duke of Lancaster. On their return, the prince and princess took up their abode in "the Fair Maid's" county of Kent, where she was greatly beloved by the people, among the friends and the pleasant scenes of her youth. It appears that they resided some time in the vicinity of Canterbury. Tradition has consecrated a humble little well or spring at Harbledown, in the rear of the ancient chapel and hospital of St. Nicholas, as a spot frequented by the hero of Cressy and Poitiers, on account of some healing properties believed to exist in the water. It is still called the "well of the Black Prince," and is visited by those who cherish military virtue and national traditions. But not the sweet native air, nor the pleasant scenery of Kent, nor the water at Harbledown, could effect a cure of the prince. He died in London on Trinity Sunday, the 8th day of June, 1376. Although the melan-

choly event had long been expected, his death seemed to toll the knell of his country's glory. "The good fortune of England," says Walsingham, a contemporary chronicler, "as if it had been inherent in his person, flourished in his health, languished in his sickness, and expired on his death; for with him died all the hopes of Englishmen; and during his life they had no fear of invasion of the enemy, nor encounter in battle."

He received a magnificent funeral at Canterbury, the whole court and parliament being present, and the body was interred with great pomp on the south side of the cathedral, near to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. The prince's tomb has escaped better than most others the ravages of time and fanaticism, and that insensate barbarity which derives a pleasure in scratching vulgar names, and in mutilating the most precious objects. The spoliators of Henry VIII.'s time respected the grave of the immortal hero, and it escaped the fury of the fanatical Puritans in the days of Cromwell, and the crowbars and sledge-hammers of Blue Dick and his crew, who destroyed nearly everything they could reach within the walls of the venerable cathedral. Troops of Cromwell's horse were littered within those walls, but, though soured by fanaticism, the men were soldiers, and had soldiers' hearts. The recumbent figure of the prince, with the hands joined in prayer, remains on the monument un mutilated and unhurt; and over it are yet suspended the prince's gauntlets and a fragment of the coat of mail he wore in many battles.

The son of the hero, who succeeded to the throne on the death of Edward III. in 1377, was the handsome, unwarlike, and most unhappy Richard II.; described by a contemporary writer as "a clever fool," and surnamed, from his birthplace, Richard of Bordeaux. Richard undertook no military expedition, except that fatal one into Ireland, which facilitated the usurpation of his cousin Bolingbroke, Henry of Lancaster. But it was long before the people of England could be weaned from their affection to the son of the Black Prince, and they never ceased to love and cherish that prince's widow. In the worst time of Richard's reign, when Wat Tyler, with the insurgent peasantry of Kent, and Ball, the mad friar and rhyming demagogue, were marching on London with

fire and sword, the mother of the king, trying to escape that way, was stopped by a rabble rout on Blackheath. But as soon as she was known every cap was doffed to "the Fair Maid of Kent," and the fond wife of the hero, who was endeared to the people by their memory of past kindnesses. We are told that among all those rude, untutored, infuriated people, there was not a man who would do her hurt, or permit the slightest wrong to be done to her or to any of her company.

During the reign of Richard's successor, the astute and able Henry IV., if we had no war on the Continent, we had foreign invasion and abundance of civil war in England. This, apart from any usurpation or change of dynasty, may be considered as a necessity of the times. There was always war abroad or war at home. But his son and successor, the young, handsome, and heroic Henry V., was scarcely seated on the throne ere the gauntlet of defiance was once more thrown down to France.

There had been no lack of provocation. The French had kept up a correspondence with Owen Glendower in Wales, with the Percies in Northumberland, with every chief that rose in rebellion against Henry IV., and with the Scots whenever they showed a disposition to invade England. They plundered every English ship they could surprise and overpower at sea; they made frequent descents on our coasts; they ravaged the Isle of Wight; and they burned the town of Plymouth. Notwithstanding our naval superiority, they, for years, kept all our maritime counties in a state of alarm. In the year 1406 they succeeded in landing an army, estimated at twelve thousand men, in Milford Haven, one of those spots where a French army may be landed in our own day, unless we make adequate preparations. Joining Glendower and his revolted Welshmen, they penetrated almost to the gates of Worcester, plundering the country and burning villages and towns.

Taking advantage of the distracted state of the French monarchy, then ruled by the insane Charles VI., Henry V., in 1415, laid claim to the crown of France as legitimate representative of Isabella, wife of Edward II., on whose right Edward III. had founded his pretensions.

Henry sailed from Southampton with a fleet of some one thou-

sand four hundred vessels, of from twenty to three hundred tons burden, conveying an army of six thousand five hundred horse, and about twenty-four thousand foot-soldiers. Shakespeare describes this vast armament in his noble play of "Henry V.," in which he closely follows the annalist Holinshed:

" Oh, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing,
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur"

The fleet anchored off Harfleur on the 13th of August. On the following day Henry began to land his troops and stores, an operation which lasted three whole days. A proclamation was issued, forbidding, under pain of death, all excesses against the peaceful inhabitants; and it is noted by many contemporary historians, French as well as English, that Henry, with honorable perseverance, enforced the uniform good treatment of the people through whose districts he afterward passed; and that, too, when suffering the most dreadful privations in his own army.

On the 17th the king laid siege to Harfleur, a very strong fortress with a numerous garrison, situated on the left bank of the river Seine. The conduct of the siege was according to the rules laid down by "Master Giles," the principal military authority of that period. The loss sustained by the besieging army was very great; not so much from the sword and the awkward artillery of those times, as from dysentery, brought on by the damp, unwholesome nature of the place. The men perished by hundreds, but the garrison equally suffered, and there being no prospect of relief, the town was surrendered on the 22d of September, after a siege of thirty-six days. Henry then shipped his sick and wounded for England, and sent a chivalrous challenge to the Dauphin, offering to decide the contest in personal combat, but the heir to the French throne, who was fonder of fiddling than of fighting, returned no answer.

It is said that a council of war recommended to the king that he should re-embark; but Henry gave it as his opinion, "We must first see, by God's help, a little more of this good land of France,

which is all our own. Our mind is made up to endure every peril rather than they should be able to reproach us with being afraid of them. We will go, an' it please God, without harm or danger; but if they disturb our journey, why, then, we must fight them, and victory and glory will be ours."

With a force not exceeding at the utmost nine thousand men, Henry, on the 6th of October, began his march to Calais. At this time a great army, under the king and dauphin, lay at Rouen, and another, under the Constable of France, took up a position in front of the English, in Picardy. In his passage through Normandy Henry met with no great resistance; but detachments more numerous than his whole force watched his movements, and cut off stragglers. The country was laid waste before his approach, so that his troops were in a deplorable state from sickness and want of food, the army having taken only eight days' supplies. But the king gave strict orders, after leaving Harfleur, that "in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villagers, nothing taken but paid for." The garrison of Eu made a sortie, and fell upon Henry's rear, but the leader of the French was killed, and the rest fled back to the cover of their ramparts. On the 12th he reached the memorable ford of Blanche Taque, where he hoped to pass like Edward III.; but the French resolved to defend the line of the Somme. Taught by experience, they had fortified both banks, had driven palisades across the ford, and placed strong bodies of archers behind them. Henry retreated to Airennnes, the little town where his great-grandfather had slept. On the following morning he continued his march along the left bank. The Constable of France had fixed his headquarters at Abbeville. On the opposite side of the river, every bridge was broken down, every ford was fortified, and columns of horse and foot marched in parallel lines along the right bank. "I who write," says an anonymous writer, whom Sir H. Nicolas styles "Chronicler A.," "and many others, looked bitterly up to heaven, and implored the divine mercy and the protection of the Virgin, and of England's saint, St. George, to save us from the imminent peril by which we were surrounded, and enable us to reach Calais in safety." On the 14th Henry made an attempt to pass at Pont St. Remy, and

was repulsed, as Edward had been at the same place. On the following and succeeding days he tried to force a passage at the fords, but met with no better success.

His troops were suffering every possible discomfort, and were disheartened by their repeated disappointments: but on the morning of the 19th he was so fortunate as to find a ford, and making a dash, the vanguard established themselves on the right bank, and soon the whole army crossed safely over. Having lost this line of defense, the Constable fell back from the Somme, and marched along the Calais road as far as St. Pol, in Artois. Henry followed by the same road, but while his small force was every hour further reduced by sickness, that of the Constable was continually strengthened, and in a few days the whole of the French troops were concentrated under his command.

On the 20th of October three heralds arrived from the Constable and the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon to acquaint the king of their resolution to give him battle before he reached Calais. To this Henry replied that he intended marching on Calais, and if the French attempted to stop him, it would be at their peril.

"The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it."

the king of England was as good as his word. From St. Pol the Constable fell back to the village of Agincourt, determining to make his stand there.

On the 24th, Henry crossed the deep and rapid river of Ternois, and soon after came in sight of the enemy. Expecting an attack, he formed in order of battle, but the columns he saw withdrew to Agincourt, and toward evening he marched on to Maisoncelles, a large village which was only a few bow-shots from the enemy's outposts. Here the English rested and refreshed themselves.

As soon as the moon rose, officers were sent out to survey the positions, while the men, though fatigued and suffering from cold and hunger, kept up a cheerful spirit, and maintained what the eccentric Fluellin calls "the disciplines of the wars." But the

position was a critical one, and the more thoughtful confessed their sins, took the sacrament, and made their wills. As Shakespeare says:

The English soldiers
 "by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their gestures sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts!"

On the side of the French there was no want of confidence, but an evident absence of order and discipline. The night was cold and rainy, and the soldiers lighted great fires all along their line and caroused freely, calculating the proper ransoms for the king and the great barons of England, whom they made sure of taking on the morrow. There was continual movement and music all night. Among the leaders of the army were some old officers not quite so confident of success. The Duke of Berri, who had fought at the battle of Poitiers sixty years before, remembered that on that occasion the French had felt sure of victory, and yet his father, King John, had been taken prisoner, and the army destroyed. With these discouraging recollections, the old duke had opposed the plan of giving battle altogether, and had prevented the project of putting Charles in person at the head of his forces. "It is better," said he, "to lose the battle than to lose both king and the battle."

At early dawn King Henry, accompanied by his leading officers—the dukes of Gloucester and Bedford, his brothers, the Duke of Exeter, his uncle, the Duke of York, his cousin, and the earls of Suffolk, Westmoreland, and Salisbury—heard matins and mass with his men, and then led them to their positions in person. His bearing was calm and confident, but without any insolent assurance.

"A largess, universal like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one."

He formed them, as usual, into three divisions, in close order, with the archers placed in advance of the men-at-arms, in form of a wedge. In addition to his bow and arrows, his bill-hook, hatchet,

or hammer, every archer carried a long stake sharpened at both ends, and tipped with iron, for fixing obliquely before him in the ground, so as to serve as a firm pike against the charge of the enemy's cavalry. These stakes formed together an excellent rampart, partaking of the nature of chevaux-de-frise, and easily removable. The baggage and horses—for this battle, like that of Poitiers and Cressy, was to be fought chiefly on foot—were placed in the rear, near the village of Maisoncelles, under the guard of some men-at-arms and a small body of archers.

When these dispositions were made, Henry rode along the lines of each division. He wore a helmet of polished steel, surmounted with a crown of gold set with sparkling gems, and the Arms of England and of France were embroidered on his surcoat; but brighter and more reassuring than gold and gems were the lively blue eyes of the hero, whose countenance, like that of his great ancestor at Cressy, was serenely cheerful.

“For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile,
And calls them—brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrouned him.”

Henry recalled to their memories the glorious victories gained by their ancestors with an equal disparity of numbers. He told them that he had made up his own mind to conquer or die, and that England should never have to pay a ransom for him.

Shakespeare, in his majestic verse, closely follows the version of Holinshed. Lord Westmoreland expressed a wish for

“But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.”

But the king cheerfully replied that he would have “not one man more,” for, he adds:

“If it be a sin to covert honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.”

The disparity of numbers was, indeed, appalling, the French being, at the most moderate calculation, as six to one. A con-

temporary estimates the French at one hundred thousand, which would be more than ten to one, calculating that Henry marched from Harfleur with nine thousand men, and without counting his losses on the march.

But the French had learned little from experience; their chiefs had crowded their immense hosts in fields between two roads, where there was not room for them to deploy or maneuver with any facility. From the Seine to the Somme there was scarcely a position more unfavorable, and the rain, which had fallen in torrents, rendered the clayey soil almost impassable to horses bearing the weight of men in heavy armor, while to the lightly accoutered English foot no such obstacle presented itself.

The French waited to be attacked, but Henry, calculating on the confusion sure to arise at the first movement of so large a force in such close and difficult ground, remained entirely on the defensive for some hours. "The Constable," says M. de Barante, who has described the battle with rare impartiality, "was, by right of his office, the commander-in-chief of the French army; but there were with him so many princes, who had all wills of their own, that it was not easy for him to obtain obedience." He would fain have waited the arrival of re-enforcements, who were on the march, and even sent emissaries to negotiate with Henry, to whom he offered a free passage, if he would, on his part, restore Harfleur, together with all the prisoners he had made, and resign his pretensions to the crown of France.

But the English king rejected these conditions, and at length put in motion two columns of archers, the one to lie in ambush on the left flank of the French, the other to their rear, where, when the battle began, they were to set fire to some buildings, and so create an alarm.

These maneuvers were executed, and the two detachments having taken up their positions, Henry, about noon, gave the order, "Banners, advance."

The distance between the two armies was less than a quarter of a mile. The English moved on in gallant array, until the foremost came within bowshot of the French; then the archers, under their veteran leader, Sir Thomas Erpingham, planted their stakes

in the ground before them, and set up a shout. Their loud huzzas were echoed by the men that lay concealed on the left flank of the French, who at once found themselves assailed by showers of arrows, both in front and flank. Drayton says, in his "Ballad of Agincourt," our archers shot—

"With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long."

It was a repetition of Cressy and Poitiers.

"None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Strike close together."

The French had few or no bowmen. The Duke of Brabant thought that he could break the English archers with his lances, and charged with one thousand two hundred horse, the best chivalry of France, shouting, "Montjoie St. Denis!" But the ground was soft and slippery; the flight of arrows that met them full in the face was terrific, and not above seven score followed their chief up to the English front, where the archers had thrown aside their leathern jackets, that they might more freely ply their weapons, and this they did with deadly effect, so that only three horsemen penetrated beyond the stakes, and they were instantly slain.

Meanwhile, the French horses, mad with pain and fear, caused the wildest uproar and confusion in their lines. All order was already lost there; the columns got mixed; the words of command were disregarded; and while the timid stole to the rear, the brave rushed to the van, making "confusion worse confounded" in that narrow space. Meanwhile, the English, removing their stakes, came on with shouts. The French made a slight retrograde movement, and then got into some newly-plowed cornfields, where their horses sank and stuck fast, or rolled over with their riders.

The English archers, slinging their bows behind them, rushed with their bill-hooks and hatchets into the midst of the steel-clad knights, they themselves being almost without clothing, and many of them both barefooted and bareheaded. The Constable of France and many of the most illustrious of the knights were presently

killed by these despised plebeians, who, without any assistance from the chivalry of England, dispersed the whole body.

Then the second French division opened to receive the broken remnants of the first—a maneuver attended with fresh disorder. At this moment, the Duke Anthony of Brabant, freshly arrived on the field, headed a fresh charge of horse, but was instantly slain by the English bowmen. The second division of the French, however, closed up, and kept its ground. Henry now brought up his men-at-arms, and led them in person to the charge. His majesty freely exposed his person, and when his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was wounded and thrown to the ground, went to his assistance and beat off the assailants. Soon after, he was charged by a band of eighteen knights, bearing the banner of the lord of Croy, who had bound themselves by an oath to take or kill the king of England. One of these knights struck the king with his mace, or battle-ax, and brought him to his knees, but his body-guard closed round him, and killed every one of the eighteen knights. The Duke of Alencon then charged up, and, cutting his way to the royal standard of England, with a stroke of his battle-ax beat the Duke of York to the ground. Henry bestrode the body of his cousin, when Alencon struck him on the helmet, breaking off part of the crown. But it was his last effort, for the English men-at-arms closed upon him, when, seeing his danger, he called to the king, "I surrender to you: I am the Duke of Alencon." Henry held out his hand, but it was too late, and the "flower of France," as Drayton calls him, fell pierced with a dozen wounds.

The fall of Alencon caused dismay throughout the French ranks, and the third division, which had not been engaged, and was in itself more than double the number of the whole English force, retired precipitately. Great numbers of prisoners fell into the hands of the English, but owing to a false alarm of the arrival of re-enforcements, Henry ordered a massacre of them, which, however, was stopped as soon as the mistake was discovered. Attended by his principal barons, Henry rode over the field, and sent out the heralds, as usual, to examine the coats of arms of the knights and princes that had fallen, and learning from Montjoie, the French king-at-arms, that the castle near at hand was called Azincourt,

gave that name to the battlefield, which has become corrupted to Agincourt.

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus."

The loss on the side of the French was enormous; never had so many and such noble men fallen in one battle. Almost the whole chivalry of France and many princes of the blood royal had perished. Among the latter were the dukes of Brabant, Bar, and Alencon, the Count of Nevers, and the Constable of France, Charles de la Bret. Among the great lords were Jaques Chatillon, admiral of France, Count Rambures, master of the crossbows, Sir Guis-
chard Dauphin, master of France, Counts Grandpre, Fauconberg, Foix, Beaumont, Lestrale and Vaudemont, and many others. As Henry said: "Here was a royal fellowship of death." There perished on the field ten thousand men, besides eight thousand four hundred knights and esquires, including one hundred and twenty-eight nobles, each having a banner of his own. Among the one thousand five hundred French prisoners of high degree, lords, knights, and esquires, was the Duke of Orleans, who was dragged out wounded from a heap of slain, and whom the king went to console; the Duke of Bourbon, Marshal Bouciqualt, the counts of Eu and Vendome, and the lords of Harcourt and Craon. The loss of the English is differently estimated. The highest account places it at only one thousand six hundred men, among whom were the Earl of Suffolk, the Duke of York, the king's cousin, and Sir Richard Ketley.

Shakespeare says only twenty-five were slain besides these three nobles, and puts into the mouth of the king the pious ejaculation:

"Oh God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all."

The English heroes returned to Calais, staggering under the weight of their booty. As Drayton says:

"Wagons and carts were laden till they crackt,
With arms and tents there taken on the field;
Nor need they convoy, fearing to be sackt,
For all the country to King Henry yields."

["BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY."]

CHAPTER XIII

THE BATTLE OF ORLEANS

THE EXPULSION OF THE ENGLISH FROM FRANCE AND THE
VICTORY OF JOAN OF ARC

A. D. 1429

AFTER Agincourt there remained little but the capture of Orleans to turn France into a second Ireland. Orleans was regarded as the last stronghold of the French national party. If the English could once obtain possession of it, their victorious progress through the residue of the kingdom seemed free from any serious obstacle. Accordingly, the Earl of Salisbury, one of the bravest and most experienced of the English generals, who had been trained under Henry V., marched to the attack of the all-important city; and, after reducing several places of inferior consequence in the neighborhood, appeared with his army before its walls on the 12th of October, 1428.

The city of Orleans itself was on the north side of the Loire, but its suburbs extended far on the southern side, and a strong bridge connected them with the town. A fortification, which in modern military phrase would be termed a *tete-du-pont*, defended the bridge head on the southern side, and two towers, called the *Tourelles*, were built on the bridge itself, at a little distance from the *tete-du-pont*. Indeed, the solid masonry of the bridge terminated at the *Tourelles*; and the communication thence with the *tete-du-pont* and the southern shore was by means of a draw-bridge. The *Tourelles* and the *tete-du-pont* formed together a strongly fortified post, capable of containing a garrison of considerable strength; and so long as this was in possession of the Orleanais, they could communicate freely with the southern prov-

inces, the inhabitants of which, like the Orleannais themselves, supported the cause of their dauphin against the foreigners. Lord Salisbury rightly judged the capture of the Tourelles to be the most material step toward the reduction of the city itself. Accordingly, he directed his principal operations against this post, and after some severe repulses, he carried the Tourelles by storm on the 23d of October. The French, however, broke down the arches of the bridge that were nearest to the north bank, and thus rendered a direct assault from the Tourelles upon the city impossible. But the possession of this post enabled the English to distress the town greatly by a battery of cannon which they planted there, and which commanded some of the principal streets.

It has been observed by Hume that this is the first siege in which any important use appears to have been made of artillery. And even at Orleans both besiegers and besieged seem to have employed their cannons merely as instruments of destruction against their enemy's *men*, and not to have trusted to them as engines of demolition against their enemy's walls and works. The efficacy of cannon in breaching solid masonry was taught Europe by the Turks a few years afterward, at the memorable siege of Constantinople. In our French wars, as in the wars of the classic nations, famine was looked on as the surest weapon to compel the submission of a well-walled town; and the great object of the besiegers was to effect a complete circumvallation. The great ambit of the walls of Orleans, and the facilities which the river gave for obtaining succors and supplies, rendered the capture of the town by this process a matter of great difficulty. Nevertheless, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Suffolk, who succeeded him in command of the English after his death by a cannon ball, carried on the necessary works with great skill and resolution. Six strongly fortified posts, called bastiles, were formed at certain intervals round the town, and the purpose of the English engineers was to draw strong lines between them. During the winter, little progress was made with the intrenchments, but when the spring of 1429 came, the English resumed their work with activity; the communications between the city and the country became more difficult, and the approach of want began already to be felt in Orleans.

The besieging force also fared hardly for stores and provisions, until relieved by the effects of a brilliant victory which Sir John Fastolfe, one of the best English generals, gained at Rouvrai, near Orléans, a few days after Ash Wednesday, 1429. With only sixteen hundred fighting men, Sir John completely defeated an army of French and Scots, four thousand strong, which had been collected for the purpose of aiding the Orleannais and harassing the besiegers. After this encounter, which seemed decisively to confirm the superiority of the English in battle over their adversaries, Fastolfe escorted large supplies of stores and food to Suffolk's camp, and the spirits of the English rose to the highest pitch at the prospect of the speedy capture of the city before them, and the consequent subjection of all France beneath their arms.

The Orleannais now, in their distress, offered to surrender the city into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, who, though the ally of the English, was yet one of their native princes. The Regent Bedford refused these terms, and the speedy submission of the city to the English seemed inevitable. The Dauphin Charles, who was now at Chinon with his remnant of a court, despaired of continuing any longer the struggle for his crown, and was only prevented from abandoning the country by the more masculine spirits of his mistress and his queen. Yet neither they, nor the boldest of Charles's captains, could have shown him where to find resources for prolonging war; and least of all could any human skill have predicted the quarter whence rescue was to come to Orleans and to France.

In the village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine, there was a poor peasant of the name of Jacques d'Arc, respected in his station of life, and who had reared a family in virtuous habits and in the practice of the strictest devotion. His eldest daughter was named by her parents Jannette, but she was called Jeanne by the French, which was Latinized into Johanna, and Anglicized into Joan.

At the time when Joan first attracted attention, she was about eighteen years of age. She was naturally of a susceptible disposition, which diligent attention to the legends of saints and tales of fairies, aided by the dreamy loneliness of her life while tending her

father's flocks, had made peculiarly prone to enthusiastic fervor. At the same time, she was eminent for piety and purity of soul, and for her compassionate gentleness to the sick and the distressed.

The district where she dwelt had escaped comparatively free from the ravages of war, but the approach of roving bands of Burgundian or English troops frequently spread terror through Domremy. Once the village had been plundered by some of these marauders, and Joan and her family had been driven from their home and forced to seek refuge for a time at Neufchateau. The peasantry in Domremy were principally attached to the house of Orleans and the Dauphin, and all the miseries which France endured were there imputed to the Burgundian faction and their allies, the English, who were seeking to enslave unhappy France.

Thus from infancy to girlhood, Joan had heard continually of the woes of the war, and had herself witnessed some of the wretchedness that it caused. A feeling of intense patriotism grew in her with her growth. The deliverance of France from the English was the subject of her reveries by day and her dreams by night. Blended with these aspirations were recollections of the miraculous interpositions of Heaven in favor of the oppressed, which she had learned from the legends of her Church. Her faith was undoubting; her prayers were fervent. "She feared no danger, for she felt no sin," and at length she believed herself to have received the supernatural inspiration which she sought.

According to her own narrative, delivered by her to her merciless inquisitors in the time of her captivity and approaching death, she was about thirteen years old when her revelations commenced. Her own words describe them best. "At the age of thirteen, a voice from God came to her to help her in ruling herself, and that voice came to her about the hour of noon, in summer time, while she was in her father's garden. And she had fasted the day before. And she heard the voice on her right, in the direction of the church; and when she heard the voice, she saw also a bright light." Afterward St. Michael, and St. Margaret, and St. Catharine appeared to her. They were always in a halo of glory; she could see that their heads were crowned with jewels; and she heard their voices, which were sweet and mild. She did not distinguish their

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arms or limbs. She heard them more frequently than she saw them; and the usual time when she heard them was when the church bells were sounding for prayer. And if she was in the woods when she heard them, she could plainly distinguish their voices drawing near to her. When she thought that she discerned the Heavenly Voices, she knelt down, and bowed herself to the ground. Their presence gladdened her even to tears; and after they departed, she wept because they had not taken her with them back to Paradise. They always spoke soothingly to her. They to'd her that France would be saved, and that she was to save it. Such were the visions and the voices that moved the spirit of the girl of thirteen; and as she grew older, they became more frequent and more clear. At last the tidings of the siege of Orleans reached Domremy. Joan heard her parents and neighbors talk of the sufferings of its population, of the ruin which its capture would bring on their lawful sovereign, and of the distress of the dauphin and his court. Joan's heart was sorely troubled at the thought of the fate of Orleans; and her Voices now ordered her to leave her home; and warned her that she was the instrument chosen by Heaven for driving away the English from that city, and for taking the dauphin to be anointed king at Rheims. At length she informed her parents of her divine mission, and told them that she must go to the Sire de Baudricourt, who commanded at Vaucouleurs, and who was the appointed person to bring her into the presence of the king, whom she was to save. Neither the anger nor the grief of her parents, who said that they would rather see her drowned than exposed to the contamination of the camp, could move her from her purpose. One of her uncles consented to take her to Vaucouleurs, where De Baudricourt at first thought her mad and derided her; but by degrees was led to believe, if not in her inspiration, at least in her enthusiasm, and in its possible utility to the dauphin's cause.

The inhabitants of Vaucouleurs were completely won over to her side by the piety and devoutness which she displayed, and by her firm assurance in the truth of her mission. She told them that it was God's will that she should go to the king, and that no one but her could save the kingdom of France. She said that she her-

self would rather remain with her poor mother, and spin; but the Lord had ordered her forth. The fame of "The Maid," as she was termed, the renown of her holiness, and of her mission, spread far and wide. Baudricourt sent her with an escort to Chinon, where the Dauphin Charles was dallying away his time. Her Voices had bidden her assume the arms and the apparel of a knight; and the wealthiest inhabitants of Vaucouleurs had vied with each other in equipping her with war-horse, armor and sword. On reaching Chinon, she was, after some delay, admitted into the presence of the dauphin. Charles designedly dressed himself far less richly than many of his courtiers were appareled, and mingled with them, when Joan was introduced, in order to see if the Holy Maid would address her exhortations to the wrong person. But she instantly singled him out, and kneeling before him, said: "Most noble dauphin, the King of Heaven announces to you by me that you shall be anointed and crowned king in the city of Rheims, and that you shall be His vicegerent in France." His features may probably have been seen by her previously in portraits, or have been described to her by others; but she herself believed that her Voices inspired her when she addressed the king; and the report soon spread abroad that the Holy Maid had found the king by a miracle: and this, with many other similar rumors, augmented the renown and influence that she now rapidly acquired.

The state of public feeling in France was now favorable to an enthusiastic belief in a divine interposition in favor of the party that had hitherto been unsuccessful and oppressed. The humiliations which had befallen the French royal family and nobility were looked on as the just judgments of God upon them for their vice and impiety. The misfortunes that had come upon France as a nation were believed to have been drawn down by national sins. The English, who had been the instruments of Heaven's wrath against France, seemed now, by their pride and cruelty, to be fitting objects of it themselves. France in that age was a profoundly religious country. There was ignorance, there was superstition, there was bigotry; but there was Faith—a faith that itself worked true miracles, even while it believed in unreal ones. At this time, also, one of those devotional movements began among the clergy

in France, which from time to time occur in national churches, without it being possible for the historian to assign any adequate human cause for their immediate date or extension. Numberless friars and priests traversed the rural districts and towns of France, preaching to the people that they must seek from Heaven a deliverance from the pillages of the soldiery and the insolence of the foreign oppressors. The idea of a Providence that works only by general laws was wholly alien to the feelings of the age. Every political event, as well as every natural phenomenon, was believed to be the immediate result of a special mandate of God. This led to the belief that His holy angels and saints were constantly employed in executing His commands and mingling in the affairs of men. The Church encouraged these feelings, and at the same time sanctioned the concurrent popular belief that hosts of evil spirits were also ever actively interposing in the current of earthly events, with whom sorcerers and wizards could league themselves, and thereby obtain the exercise of supernatural power.

Thus all things favored the influence which Joan obtained both over friends and foes. The French nation, as well as the English and the Burgundians, readily admitted that superhuman beings inspired her; the only question was whether these beings were good or evil angels; whether she brought with her "airs from heaven or blasts from hell." This question seemed to her countrymen to be decisively settled in her favor by the austere sanctity of her life, by the holiness of her conversation, but still more by her exemplary attention to all the services and rites of the Church. The dauphin at first feared the injury that might be done to his cause if he laid himself open to the charge of having leagued himself with a sorceress. Every imaginable test, therefore, was resorted to in order to set Joan's orthodoxy and purity beyond suspicion. At last Charles and his advisers felt safe in accepting her services as those of a true and virtuous Christian daughter of the Holy Church.

It is indeed probable that Charles himself and some of his counselors may have suspected Joan of being a mere enthusiast, and it is certain that Dunois, and others of the best generals, took considerable latitude in obeying or deviating from the military orders that she gave. But over the mass of the people and the soldiery her

influence was unbounded. While Charles and his doctors of theology, and court ladies, had been deliberating as to recognizing or dismissing the Maid, a considerable period had passed away, during which a small army, the last gleanings, as it seemed, of the English sword, had been assembled at Blois, under Dunois, La Hire, Xaintrailles, and other chiefs, who to their natural valor were now beginning to unite the wisdom that is taught by misfortune. It was resolved to send Joan with this force and a convoy of provisions to Orleans. The distress of that city had now become urgent. But the communication with the open country was not entirely cut off: the Orleannais had heard of the Holy Maid whom Providence had raised up for their deliverance, and their messengers earnestly implored the dauphin to send her to them without delay.

Joan appeared at the camp at Blois, clad in a new suit of brilliant white armor, mounted on a stately black war-horse, and with a lance in her right hand, which she had learned to wield with skill and grace. Her head was unhelmeted, so that all could behold her fair and expressive features, her deep-set and earnest eyes, and her long black hair, which was parted across her forehead, and bound by a ribbon behind her back. She wore at her side a small battle-ax, and the consecrated sword, marked on the blade with five crosses, which had at her bidding been taken for her from the shrine of St. Catharine at Fierbois. A page carried her banner, which she had caused to be made and embroidered as her Voices enjoined. It was white satin, strewn with fleurs-de-lis; and on it were the words "JHESUS MARIA," and the representation of the Saviour in His glory. Joan afterward generally bore her banner herself in battle; she said that though she loved her sword much, she loved her banner forty times as much; and she loved to carry it, because it could not kill any one.

Thus accoutered, she came to lead the troops of France, who looked with soldierly admiration on her well-proportioned and upright figure, the skill with which she managed her war-horse, and the easy grace with which she handled her weapons. Her military education had been short, but she had availed herself of it well. She had also the good sense to interfere little with the maneuvers

of the troops, leaving these things to Dunois, and others whom she had the discernment to recognize as the best officers in the camp. Her tactics in action were simple enough. As she herself described it, "I used to say to them, 'Go boldly in among the English,' and then I used to go boldly in myself." Such, as she told her inquisitors, was the only spell she used, and it was one of power. But while interfering little with the military discipline of the troops, in all matters of moral discipline she was inflexibly strict. All the abandoned followers of the camp were driven away. She compelled both generals and soldiers to attend regularly at confessional. Her chaplain and other priests marched with the army under her orders; and at every halt an altar was set up and the sacrament administered. No oath or foul language passed without punishment or censure. Even the roughest and most hardened veterans obeyed her. They put off for a time the bestial coarseness which had grown on them during a life of bloodshed and rapine; they felt that they must go forth in a new spirit to a new career, and acknowledged the beauty of the holiness in which the heaven-sent Maid was leading them to certain victory.

Joan marched from Blois on the 25th of April with a convoy of provisions for Orleans, accompanied by Dunois, La Hire, and the other chief captains of the French, and on the evening of the 28th they approached the town. In the words of the old chronicler Hall: "The Englishmen, perceiving that thei within could not long continue for faute of vitaille and poudre, kepte not their watche so diligently as thei were accustomed, nor scoured now the countrey environed as thei before had ordained. Whiche negligence the citizens shut in perceiving, sent worde thereof to the French captaines, which, with Pucelle, in the dedde tyme of the nighte, and in a greate rayne and thundere, with all their vitaille and artillery, entered into the citie."

When it was day, the Maid rode in solemn procession through the city, clad in complete armor and mounted on a white horse. Dunois was by her side, and all the bravest knights of her army and of the garrison followed in her train. The whole population thronged around her; and men, women and children strove to touch her garments, or her banner, or her charger. They poured

forth blessings on her, whom they already considered their deliverer. In the words used by two of them afterward before the tribunal which reversed the sentence, but could not restore the life of the virgin-martyr of France, "the people of Orleans, when they first saw her in their city, thought that it was an angel from heaven that had come down to save them." Joan spoke gently in reply to their acclamations and addresses. She told them to fear God, and trust in Him for safety from the fury of their enemies. She first went to the principal church, where *Te Deum* was chanted; and then she took up her abode at the house of Jacques Bourcier, one of the principal citizens, and whose wife was a matron of good repute. She refused to attend a splendid banquet which had been provided for her, and passed nearly all her time in prayer.

When it was known by the English that the Maid was in Orleans, their minds were not less occupied about her than were the minds of those in the city; but it was in a very different spirit. The English believed in her supernatural mission as firmly as the French did, but they thought her a sorceress who had come to overthrow them by her enchantments. An old prophecy, which told that a damsel from Lorraine was to save France, had long been current, and it was known and applied to Joan by foreigners as well as by the natives. For months the English had heard of the coming Maid, and the tales of miracles which she was said to have wrought had been listened to by the rough yeomen of the English camp with anxious curiosity and secret awe. She had sent a herald to the English generals before she marched for Orleans, and he had summoned the English generals in the name of the Most High to give up to the Maid, who was sent by Heaven, the keys of the French cities which they had wrongfully taken; and he also solemnly adjured the English troops, whether archers, or men of the companies of war, or gentlemen, or others, who were before the city of Orleans, to depart thence to their homes, under peril of being visited by the judgment of God. On her arrival in Orleans, Joan sent another similar message; but the English scoffed at her from their towers, and threatened to burn her heralds. She determined, before she shed the blood of the besiegers, to repeat the warning with her own voice; and, accordingly, she mounted

one of the boulevards of the town, which was within hearing of the Tourelles, and thence she spoke to the English, and bade them depart, otherwise they would meet with shame and woe. Sir William Gladsdale (whom the French call Glacidas) commanded the English post at the Tourelles, and he and another English officer replied by bidding her go home and keep her cows, and by ribald jests that brought tears of shame and indignation into her eyes. But, though the English leaders vaunted aloud, the effect produced on their army by Joan's presence in Orleans was proved four days after her arrival, when, on the approach of re-enforcements and stores to the town, Joan and La Hire marched out to meet them, and escorted the long train of provision wagons safely into Orleans, between the bastiles of the English, who cowered behind their walls instead of charging fiercely and fearlessly, as had been their wont, on any French band that dared to show itself within reach.

Thus far she had prevailed without striking a blow; but the time was now come to test her courage amid the horrors of actual slaughter. On the afternoon of the day on which she had escorted the re-enforcements into the city, while she was resting fatigued at home, Dunois had seized an advantageous opportunity of attacking the English bastile of St. Loup, and a fierce assault of the Orleanais had been made on it, which the English garrison of the fort stubbornly resisted. Joan was roused by a sound which she believed to be that of her Heavenly Voices; she called for her arms and horse, and quickly equipping herself she mounted to ride off to where the fight was raging. In her haste she had forgotten her banner; she rode back, and, without dismounting, had it given to her from the window, and then she galloped to the gate whence the sally had been made. On her way she met some of the wounded French who had been carried back from the fight. "Ha!" she exclaimed, "I never can see French blood flow without my hair standing on end." She rode out of the gate, and met the tide of her countrymen, who had been repulsed from the English fort, and were flying back to Orleans in confusion. At the sight of the Holy Maid and her banner they rallied and renewed the assault. Joan rode forward at their head, waving her banner and cheering them on. The English quailed at what they believed

to be the charge of hell; St. Loup was stormed, and its defenders put to the sword, except some few whom Joan succeeded in saving. All her woman's gentleness returned when the combat was over. It was the first time that she had ever seen a battlefield. She wept at the sight of so many bleeding corpses; and her tears flowed doubly when she reflected that they were the bodies of Christian men who had died without confession.

The next day was Ascension Day, and it was passed by Joan in prayer. But on the following morrow it was resolved by the chiefs of the garrison to attack the English forts on the south of the river. For this purpose they crossed the river in boats, and after some severe fighting, in which the Maid was wounded in the heel, both the English bastiles of the Augustins and St. Jean de



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Blanc were captured. The Tourelles were now the only post which the besiegers held on the south of the river. But that post was formidably strong, and by its command of the bridge it was the key to the deliverance of Orleans. It was known that a fresh English army was approaching under Fastolfe to re-enforce the besiegers, and should that army arrive while the Tourelles were yet in the possession of their comrades there was great peril of all the advantages which the French had gained being nullified, and of the siege being again actively carried on.

It was resolved, therefore, by the French, to assail the Tourelles at once, while the enthusiasm which the presence and the heroic valor of the Maid had created was at its height. But the enterprise was difficult. The rampart of the *tete-du-pont*, or landward bulwark, of the Tourelles was steep and high, and Sir John Glads-

dale occupied this all-important fort with five hundred archers and men-at-arms, who were the very flower of the English army.

Early in the morning of the 7th of May, some thousands of the best French troops in Orleans heard mass and attended the confessional by Joan's orders, and then crossing the river in boats, as on the preceding day, they assailed the bulwark of the Tourelles "with light hearts and heavy hands." But Gladsdale's men, encouraged by their bold and skillful leader, made a resolute and able defense. The Maid planted her banner on the edge of the fosse, and then springing down into the ditch, she placed the first ladder against the wall and began to mount. An English archer sent an arrow at her, which pierced her corslet, and wounded her severely between the neck and shoulder. She fell bleeding from the ladder; and the English were leaping down from the wall to capture her, but her followers bore her off. She was carried to the rear, and laid upon the grass; her armor was taken off, and the anguish of her wound and the sight of her blood made her at first tremble and weep. But her confidence in her celestial mission soon returned: her patron saints seemed to stand before her and reassure her. She sat up and drew the arrow out with her own hands. Some of the soldiers who stood by wished to stanch the blood by saying a charm over the wound; but she forbade them, saying that she did not wish to be cured by unhallowed means. She had the wound dressed with a little oil, and then bidding her confessor come to her, she betook herself to prayer.

In the meanwhile, the English in the bulwark of the Tourelles had repulsed the oft-renewed efforts of the French to scale the wall. Dunois, who commanded the assailants, was at last discouraged, and gave orders for a retreat to be sounded. Joan sent for him and the other generals, and implored them not to despair. "By my God," she said to them, "you shall soon enter in there. Do not doubt it. When you see my banner wave again up to the wall, to your arms again! the fort is yours. For the present, rest a little, and take some food and drink." "They did so," says the old chronicler of the siege, "for they obeyed her marvelously." The faintness caused by her wound had now passed off, and she headed the French in another rush against the bulwark. The

English, who had thought her slain, were alarmed at her reappearance, while the French pressed furiously and fanatically forward. A Biscayan soldier was carrying Joan's banner. She had told the troops that directly the banner touched the wall they should enter. The Biscayan waved the banner forward from the edge of the fosse, and touched the wall with it; and then all the French host swarmed madly up the ladders that now were raised in all directions against the English fort. At this crisis, the efforts of the English garrison were distracted by an attack from another quarter. The French troops who had been left in Orleans had placed some planks over the broken arch of the bridge, and advanced across them to the assault of the Tourelles on the northern side. Gladsdale resolved to withdraw his men from the landward bulwark, and concentrate his whole force in the Tourelles themselves. He was passing for this purpose across the drawbridge that connected the Tourelles and the *tete-du-pont*, when Joan, who by this time had scaled the wall of the bulwark, called out to him, "Surrender! surrender to the King of Heaven! Ah, Glacidas, you have foully wronged me with your words, but I have great pity on your soul and the souls of your men." The Englishman, disdainful of her summons, was striding on across the drawbridge when a cannon-shot from the town carried it away and Gladsdale perished in the water that ran beneath. After his fall, the remnant of the English abandoned all further resistance. Three hundred of them had been killed in the battle, and two hundred were made prisoners.

The broken arch was speedily repaired by the exulting Orlean-nais, and Joan made her triumphal re-entry into the city by the bridge that had so long been closed. Every church in Orleans rang out its gratulating peal; and throughout the night the sounds of rejoicing echoed, and the bonfires blazed up from the city. But in the lines and forts which the besiegers yet retained on the northern shore there was anxious watching of the generals, and there was desponding gloom among the soldiery. Even Talbot now counseled retreat. On the following morning, the Orlean-nais, from their walls, saw the great forts called "London" and "St. Lawrence" in flames, and witnessed their invaders busy in de-

stroying the stores and munitions which had been relied on for the destruction of Orleans. Slowly and sullenly the English army retired; and not before it had drawn up in battle array opposite to the city, as if to challenge the garrison to an encounter. The French troops were eager to go out and attack, but Joan forbade it. The day was Sunday. "In the name of God," she said, "let them depart, and let us return thanks to God." She led the soldiers and citizens forth from Orleans, but not for the shedding of blood. They passed in solemn procession round the city walls, and then, while their retiring enemies were yet in sight, they knelt in thanksgiving to God for the deliverance which He had vouchsafed them.

Within three months from the time of her first interview with the Dauphin, Joan had fulfilled the first part of her promise—the raising of the siege of Orleans. Within three months more she had fulfilled the second part also, and had stood with her banner in her hand by the high altar at Rheims, while he was anointed and crowned as King Charles VII. of France. In the interval she had taken Jargeau, Troyes, and other strong places, and she had defeated an English army in a fair field at Patay. The enthusiasm of her countrymen knew no bounds; but the importance of her services, and especially of her primary achievement at Orleans, may perhaps be best proved by the testimony of her enemies. There is extant a fragment of a letter from the Regent Bedford to his royal nephew, Henry VI., in which he bewails the turn that the war has taken, and especially attributes it to the raising of the siege of Orleans by Joan. Bedford's own words, which are preserved in Rymer, are as follows:

"And alle thing there prospered for you til the tyme of the Siege of Orleans taken in hand God knoweth by what advis.

"At the whiche tyme, after the adventure fallen to the persone of my cousin of Salisbury, whom God assoille, there felle, by the hand of God as it seemeth, a great strook upon your people that was assembled there in grete nombre, caused in grete partie, as y trowe, of lakke of sadde beleve, and of unlevefulle doubte, that thei hadde of a disciple and lyme of the Feende, called the Pucelle, that used fals enchantments and sorcerie.

“The whiche strooke and discomfiture nott oonly lessed in grete partie the nombre of your people there, but as well withdrewe the courage of the remenant in merveillous wyse, and couraiged your adverse partie and ennemys to assemble them forthwith in grete nombre.”

When Charles had been anointed king of France, Joan believed that her mission was accomplished. And, in truth, the deliverance of France from the English, though not completed for many years afterward, was then insured. The ceremony of a royal coronation and anointment was not in those days regarded as a mere costly formality. It was believed to confer the sanction and the grace of heaven upon the prince, who had previously ruled with mere human authority. Thenceforth he was the Lord's Anointed. Moreover, one of the difficulties that had previously lain in the way of many Frenchmen when called on to support Charles VII. was now removed. He had been publicly stigmatized, even by his own parents, as no true son of the royal race of France. The queen-mother, the English, and the partisans of Burgundy, called him the “Pretender to the title of dauphin”; but those who had been led to doubt his legitimacy were cured of their skepticism by the victories of the Holy Maid, and by the fulfillment of her pledges. They thought that Heaven had now declared itself in favor of Charles as the true heir of the crown of St. Louis, and the tales about his being spurious were thenceforth regarded as mere English calumnies. With this strong tide of national feeling in his favor, with victorious generals and soldiers round him, and a dispirited and divided enemy before him, he could not fail to conquer, though his own imprudence and misconduct, and the stubborn valor which the English still from time to time displayed, prolonged the war in France until the civil war of the Roses broke out in England, and left France to peace and repose.

Joan knelt before the French king in the cathedral of Rheims and shed tears of joy. She said that she had then fulfilled the work which the Lord had commanded her. The young girl now asked for her dismissal. She wished to return to her peasant home, to tend her parents' flocks again, and live at her own will in her native village. She had always believed that her career

would be a short one. But Charles and his captains were loth to lose the presence of one who had such an influence upon the soldiery and the people. They persuaded her to stay with the army. She still showed the same bravery and zeal for the cause of France. She still was as fervent as before in her prayers, and as exemplary in all religious duties. She still heard her Heavenly Voices, but she now no longer thought herself the appointed minister of Heaven to lead her countrymen to certain victory. Our admiration for her courage and patriotism ought to be increased a hundred-fold by her conduct throughout the latter part of her career, amid dangers against which she no longer believed herself to be divinely secured. Indeed, she believed herself doomed to perish in a little more than a year; but she still fought on as resolutely, if not as exultingly, as ever.

She served well with Charles's army in the capture of Laon, Soissons, Compiègne, Beauvais, and other strong places; but in a premature attack on Paris, in September, 1429, the French were repulsed, and Joan was severely wounded. In the winter she was again in the field with some of the French troops, and in the following spring she threw herself into the fortress of Compiègne, which she had herself won for the French king in the preceding autumn, and which was now besieged by a strong Burgundian force.

She was taken prisoner in a sally from Compiègne, on the 24th of May, and was imprisoned by the Burgundians first at Arras, and then at a place called Crotoy, on the Flemish coast, until November, when, for payment of a large sum of money, she was given up to the English, and taken to Rouen, which then was their main stronghold in France.

"Sorrow it were, and shame to tell,
The butchery that there befell."

Tried on the charge of witchcraft, she was burned alive on the 30th of May, 1431, in the market-place at Rouen. Twenty-one years later the English were finally expelled from France.

[CREASY.]

CHAPTER XIV

THE FALL OF GRANADA

THE GREAT STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE MOORS UNDER BOABDIL
AND THE CHRISTIANS UNDER FERDINAND V.—THE PASSING
OF THE CRESCENT FROM SPAIN

A. D. 1491

THE conquest of Granada is one of history's most famous events. After a dominion of seven hundred and eighty-two years, Granada itself constituted the last of all the Moorish possessions in Spain. "This renowned kingdom," says Washington Irving, "was situated in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and defended on the land side by lofty mountains, locking within their embraces rich valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the center of the kingdom, sheltered as it were in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley which divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. There is a Moorish tradition that the king who built this mighty pile was skilled in the occult sciences, and furnished himself with gold and silver for the purpose by means of alchemy. Certainly, never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty in defiance of the ravages of time.

“Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill, on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses and crowded with inhabitants. It was commanded by a fortress called the Alcazaba. The declivities and skirts of these hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove, delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city and the neighborhood of the Sierra Nevada crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of summer; so that while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada.

“The glory of the city, however, was its vega or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labor and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed, they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favorite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig and pomegranate, with great plantations of mulberry trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree; the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasants’ cottage, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet to be

situated in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.

"This rich and populous territory had been left in quiet possession of the Infidels, on condition of an annual tribute to the sovereign of Castile and Leon of two thousand doblas or pistoles of gold, and sixteen hundred Christian captives; or, in default of captives, an equal number of Moors to be surrendered as slaves; all to be delivered in the city of Cordova."

This tribute Muley Aben Hassan refused to pay. Ferdinand and Isabella reigned then over the united kingdoms of Castile, Leon and Aragon. The result of the refusal was the attack and capture of many of the outlying cities of the realm. Meanwhile Hassan's son, Boabdil, revolted against his father and seized the throne. Taken by Ferdinand at Loxa, he was released on agreeing that, if, in addition to the towns already captured, the cities of Guadix, Baza and Almeria should be captured as well, he would surrender Granada. In accordance with the terms of this agreement, Ferdinand ultimately informed him that Guadix, Baza and Almeria had fallen, and called upon him to fulfill his promise.

"If the unfortunate Boabdil," says Washington Irving, "had possessed the will he had not the power to comply with this demand. He was shut up in the Alhambra, while a tempest of popular fury raged without. Granada was thronged by refugees from the captured towns, many of them disbanded soldiers, and others, broken-down citizens, rendered fierce and desperate by ruin. All railed at Boabdil as the real cause of their misfortunes. How was he to venture forth in such a storm?—above all, how was he to talk to such men of surrender? In his reply to Ferdinand he represented the difficulties of his situation, and that, so far from having control over his subjects, his very life was in danger from their turbulence. He entreated the king, therefore, to rest satisfied for the present with his recent conquests, promising him that should he be able to regain full empire over his capital and its inhabitants it would but be to rule over them as vassal to the Castilian crown.

"Ferdinand was not to be satisfied with such a reply. The time was come to bring his game of policy to a close, and to consummate his conquest by seating himself on the throne of the

Alhambra. Professing to consider Boabdil as a faithless ally, who had broken his plighted word, he discarded him from his friendship, and addressed a second letter, not to that monarch, but to the commanders and council of the city. He demanded a complete surrender of the place, with all the arms in the possession either of the citizens or of others who had recently taken refuge within its walls.

“The message of the Catholic monarch produced the greatest commotion in the city. The inhabitants of the Alcaiceria, that busy hive of traffic, and all others who had tasted the sweets of gainful commerce during the late cessation of hostilities, were for securing their golden advantages by timely submission; others, who had wives and children, looked on them with tenderness and solicitude, and dreaded, by resistance, to bring upon them the horrors of slavery.

“But, on the other hand, Granada was crowded with men from all parts, ruined by the war, exasperated by their sufferings, and eager only for revenge; with others, who had been reared amid hostilities, who had lived by the sword, and whom a return of peace would leave without home or hope. Besides these, there were others no less fiery and warlike in disposition, but animated by a loftier spirit. These were valiant and haughty cavaliers of the old chivalrous lineages, who had inherited a deadly hatred to the Christians from a long line of warrior ancestors, and to whom the idea was worse than death, that Granada, illustrious Granada! for ages the seat of Moorish grandeur and delight, should become the abode of unbelievers.

“Among these cavaliers the most eminent was Muza ben Abil Gazan. He was of royal lineage, of a proud and generous nature, and a form combining manly strength and beauty. None could excel him in the management of the horse and dexterous use of all kinds of weapons: his gracefulness and skill in the tourney were the theme of praise among the Moorish dames, and his prowess in the field had made him the terror of the enemy. He had long repined at the timid policy of Boabdil, and had endeavored to counteract its enervating effects, and to keep alive the martial spirit of Granada. For this reason, he had promoted jousts and

tiltings with the reed, and all those other public games which bear the semblance of war. He endeavored also to inculcate into his companions-in-arms those high chivalrous sentiments which lead to valiant and magnanimous deeds, but which are apt to decline with the independence of a nation. The generous efforts of Muza had been in a great measure successful: he was the idol of the youthful cavaliers; they regarded him as a mirror of chivalry, and endeavored to imitate his lofty and heroic virtues.

“When Muza heard the demand of Ferdinand, that they should deliver up their arms, his eye flashed fire: ‘Does the Christian king think that we are old men,’ said he, ‘and that staffs will suffice us? —or that we are women, and can be contented with distaffs? Let him know that a Moor is born to the spear and scimiter; to career the steed, bend the bow, and lanch the javelin: deprive him of these, and you deprive him of his nature. If the Christian king desires our arms, let him come and win them; but let him win them dearly. For my part, sweeter were a grave beneath the walls of Granada, on the spot I had died to defend, than the richest couch within her palaces, earned by submission to the unbeliever.’

“The words of Muza were received with enthusiastic shouts by the warlike part of the populace. Granada once more awoke, as a warrior shaking off a disgraceful lethargy. The commanders and council partook of the public excitement, and dispatched a reply to the Christian sovereigns, declaring that they would suffer death rather than surrender their city.

“When King Ferdinand received the defiance of the Moors he made preparations for bitter hostilities. The winter season did not admit of an immediate campaign; he contented himself, therefore, with throwing strong garrisons into all his towns and fortresses in the neighborhood of Granada, and gave the command of all the frontier of Jaen to Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, count of Tendilla, who had shown such consummate vigilance and address in maintaining the dangerous post of Alhama. This renowned veteran established his headquarters in the mountain city of Alcala la Real, within eight leagues of the city of Granada, and commanding the most important passes of that rugged frontier.

“In the meantime, the city of Granada resounded with the stir

of war. The chivalry of the nation had again control of its councils; and the populace, having once more resumed their weapons, were anxious to wipe out the disgrace of their late passive submission, by signal and daring exploits.

"Muza ben Abil Gazan was the soul of action. He commanded the cavalry, which he had disciplined with uncommon skill: he was surrounded by the noblest youth of Granada, who had caught his own generous and martial fire, and panted for the field; while the common soldiers, devoted to his person, were ready to follow him in the most desperate enterprises. He did not allow their courage to cool for want of action. The gates of Granada once more poured forth legions of light scouring cavalry, which skirred the country up to the very gates of the Christian fortresses, sweeping off flocks and herds. The name of Muza became formidable throughout the frontier; he had many encounters with the enemy in the rough passes of the mountains, in which the superior lightness and dexterity of his cavalry gave him the advantage. The sight of his glistening legion, returning across the vega with long cavalgadas of booty, was hailed by the Moors as a revival of their ancient triumphs; but when they beheld Christian banners borne into their gates as trophies, the exultation of the light-minded populace was beyond all bounds.

"The winter passed away; the spring advanced; yet Ferdinand delayed to take the field. He knew the city of Granada to be too strong and populous to be taken by assault, and too full of provisions to be speedily reduced by siege. 'We must have patience and perseverance,' said the politic monarch; 'by ravaging the country this year we shall produce a scarcity the next, and then the city may be invested with effect.'

"An interval of peace, aided by the quick vegetation of a prolific soil and happy climate, had restored the vega to all its luxuriance and beauty; the green pastures on the borders of the Xenil were covered with flocks and herds; the blooming orchards gave promise of abundant fruit, and the open plain was waving with ripening corn. The time was at hand to put in the sickle and reap the golden harvest, when suddenly a torrent of war came sweeping down from the mountains; and Ferdinand, with an army of five

thousand horse and twenty thousand foot, appeared before the walls of Granada. He had left the queen and princess at the fortress of Moclin, and came attended by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Marques of Cadiz, the Marques de Villena, the Counts of Urena and Cabra, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and other renowned cavaliers. On this occasion, King Ferdinand for the first time led his son Prince Juan into the field, and bestowed upon him the dignity of knighthood. As if to stimulate him to grand achievements, the ceremony took place on the banks of the grand canal, almost beneath the embattled walls of that warlike city, the object of such daring enterprises, and in the midst of that famous vega which had been the field of so many chivalrous exploits. Above them shone resplendent the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amid delicious groves, with the standard of Mohammed waving defiance to the Christian arms.

“The Duke of Medina Sidonia, and the valiant Roderigo Ponce de Leon, marques of Cadiz, were sponsors; and all the chivalry of the camp was assembled on the occasion. The prince, after he was knighted, bestowed the same honor on several youthful cavaliers of high rank, just entering, like himself, on the career of arms.

“Ferdinand did not loiter in carrying his desolating plans into execution. He detached parties in every direction to lay waste the country; villages were sacked, burned, and destroyed, and the lovely vega once more laid waste with fire and sword. The ravage was carried so close to Granada that the city was wrapped in the smoke of its gardens and hamlets. The dismal cloud rolled up the hill and hung about the towers of the Alhambra, where the unfortunate Boabdil still remained shut up from the indignation of his subjects. The hapless monarch smote his breast, as he looked down from his mountain palace on the desolation effected by his late ally. He dared not even show himself in arms among the populace, for they cursed him as the cause of the miseries once more brought to their doors.

“The Moors, however, did not suffer the Christians to carry on their ravages as unmolested as in former years. Muza incited them to incessant sallies. He divided his cavalry into small squadrons, each led by a daring commander. They were taught to hover

round the Christian camp: to harass it from various and opposite quarters, cutting off convoys and straggling detachments; to way-lay the army in its ravaging expeditions, lurking among rocks and passes of the mountains, or in hollows and thickets of the plain, and practicing a thousand stratagems and surprises.

"The Christian army had one day spread itself out rather unguardedly in its foraging about the vega. As the troops commanded by the Marques of Villena approached the skirts of the mountains, they beheld a number of Moorish peasants hastily driving a herd of cattle into a narrow glen. The soldiers, eager for booty, pressed in pursuit of them. Scarcely had they entered the glen, when shouts arose from every side, and they were furiously attacked by an ambuscade of horse and foot. Some of the Christians took to flight: others stood their ground and fought valiantly. The Moors had the vantage-ground; some showered darts and arrows from the cliffs of the rocks, others fought hand to hand on the plain; while their cavalry, rapid as lightning in their movements, carried havoc and confusion into the midst of the Christian forces.

"The Marques de Villena, with his brother Don Alonzo de Pacheco, at the first onset of the Moors, spurred into the hottest of the fight. They had scarce entered, when Don Alonzo was struck lifeless from his horse, before the eyes of his brother. Estevan de Luzon, a gallant captain, fell fighting bravely by the side of the marques, who remained, with his chamberlain Solier and a handful of knights, surrounded by the enemy. Several cavaliers from other parts of the army hastened to their assistance, when King Ferdinand, seeing that the Moors had the vantage-ground and that the Christians were suffering severely, gave signal for retreat. The marques obeyed slowly and reluctantly, for his heart was full of grief and rage at the death of his brother. As he was retiring, he beheld his faithful chamberlain Solier defending himself valiantly against six Moors. The marques turned, and rushed to his rescue; he killed two of the enemy with his own hand, and put the rest to flight. One of the Moors, however, in retreating, rose in his stirrups, and, hurling his lance at the marques, wounded him in the right arm and crippled him for life.

“Such was one of the many ambuscadoes concerted by Muza; nor did he hesitate at times to present a bold front to the Christian forces, and to defy them in the open field. King Ferdinand soon perceived, however, that the Moors seldom provoked a battle without having the advantage of the ground; and that though the Christians generally appeared to have the victory, they suffered the greatest loss; for retreating was a part of the Moorish system, by which they would draw their pursuers into confusion, and then turn upon them with a more violent and fatal attack. He commanded his captains, therefore, to decline all challenges to skirmish, and to pursue a secure system of destruction, ravaging the country, and doing all possible injury to the enemy with slight risk to themselves.

“About two leagues from Granada, on an eminence commanding an extensive view of the vega, stood the strong Moorish castle of Roma, a great place of refuge and security. Hither the neighboring peasantry drove their flocks and herds, and hurried with their most precious effects, on the irruption of a Christian force; and any foraging or skirmishing party from Granada, on being intercepted in their return, threw themselves into Roma, manned its embattled towers, and set the enemy at defiance. The garrison were accustomed to these sudden claims upon their protection; to have parties of Moors clattering up to their gates, so hotly pursued that there was barely time to throw open the portal, receive them within, and shut out their pursuers; while the Christian cavaliers had many a time reined in their panting steeds, at the very entrance of the barbican, and retired, cursing the strong walls of Roma that robbed them of their prey.

“The late ravages of Ferdinand and the continual skirmishings in the vega had roused the vigilance of the castle. One morning early, as the sentinels kept watch upon the battlements, they beheld a cloud of dust advancing rapidly from a distance: turbans and Moorish weapons soon caught their eyes; and as the whole approached, they descried a drove of cattle, urged on in great haste and convoyed by one hundred and fifty Moors, who led with them two Christian captives in chains.

“When the cavalgada had arrived near to the castle, a Moorish

cavalier of noble and commanding mien and splendid attire rode up to the foot of the tower and entreated admittance. He stated that they were returning with rich booty from a foray into the lands of the Christians, but that the enemy was on their traces and they feared to be overtaken before they could reach Granada. The sentinels descended in all haste, and flung open the gates. The long cavalgada defiled into the courts of the castle, which were soon filled with lowing and bleating flocks and herds, with neighing and stamping steeds, and with fierce-looking Moors from the mountains. The cavalier who had asked admission was the chief of the party; he was somewhat advanced in life, of a lofty and gallant bearing, and had with him a son, a young man of great fire and spirit. Close by them followed the two Christian captives, with looks cast down and disconsolate.

"The soldiers of the garrison had roused themselves from their sleep, and were busily occupied attending to the cattle which crowded the courts; while the foraging party distributed themselves about the castle to seek refreshment or repose. Suddenly a shout arose that was echoed from courtyard, and hall, and battlement. The garrison, astonished and bewildered, would have rushed to their arms, but found themselves, almost before they could make resistance, completely in the power of an enemy.

"The pretended foraging party consisted of Mudexares or Moors tributary to the Christians; and the commanders were the Prince Cidi Yahye and his son Alnayer. They had hastened from the mountains with this small force to aid the Catholic sovereigns during the summer's campaign; and they had concerted to surprise this important castle, and present it to King Ferdinand, as a gage of their faith and the first fruits of their devotion.

"The polite monarch overwhelmed his new converts and allies with favors and distinctions, in return for this important acquisition; but he took care to dispatch a strong force of veteran and genuine Christian troops to man the fortress.

"As to the Moors who had composed the garrison, Cidi Yahye remembered that they were his countrymen, and could not prevail upon himself to deliver them into Christian bondage. He set them at liberty, and permitted them to repair to Granada—'A proof,'

says the pious Agapida, 'that his conversion was not entirely consummated, but that there were still some lingerings of the Infidel in his heart.' His lenity was far from procuring him indulgence in the opinions of his countrymen; on the contrary, the inhabitants of Granada, when they learned from the liberated garrison the stratagem by which Roma had been captured, cursed Cidi Yahye for a traitor; and the garrison joined in the malediction.

"But the indignation of the people of Granada was destined to be aroused to tenfold violence. The old warrior Muley Abdalla el Zagal had retired to his little mountain territory, and for a short time endeavored to console himself with his petty title of king of Andarax. He soon grew impatient, however, of the quiet and inaction of his mimic kingdom. His fierce spirit was exasperated by being shut up within such narrow limits, and his hatred rose to downright fury against Boabdil, whom he considered as the cause of his downfall. When tidings were brought him that King Ferdinand was laying waste the vega, he took a sudden resolution. Assembling the whole disposable force of his kingdom, which amounted to but two hundred men, he descended from the Alpuxarras and sought the Christian camp, content to serve as a vassal the enemy of his faith and his nation, so that he might see Granada wrested from the sway of his nephew.

"In his blind passion, the old wrathful monarch injured his cause and strengthened the cause of his adversary. The Moors of Granada had been clamorous in his praise, extolling him as a victim to his patriotism, and had refused to believe all reports of his treaty with the Christians; but when they beheld, from the walls of the city, his banner mingling with the banners of the unbelievers, and arrayed against his late people, and the capital he had commanded, they broke forth into curses and revilings, and heaped all kind of stigmas upon his name.

"Their next emotion, of course, was in favor of Boabdil. They gathered under the walls of the Alhambra, and hailed him as their only hope, as the sole dependence of the country. Boabdil could scarcely believe his senses when he heard his name mingled with praises and greeted with acclamations. Encouraged by this unexpected gleam of popularity, he ventured forth from his retreat

and was received with rapture. All his past errors were attributed to the hardships of his fortune, and the usurpation of his tyrant uncle; and whatever breath the populace could spare from uttering curses on El Zagal was expended in shouts in honor of El Chico.

"For thirty days had the vega been overrun by the Christian forces; and that vast plain, late so luxuriant and beautiful, was one wide scene of desolation. The destroying army, having accomplished its task, passed over the bridge of Pinos and wound up into the mountains, on the way to Cordova, bearing away the spoils of towns and villages, and driving off flocks and herds in long dusty columns. The sound of the last Christian trumpet died away along the side of the mountain of Elvira, and not a hostile squadron was seen glistening on the mournful fields of the vega.

"The eyes of Boabdil el Chico were at length opened to the real policy of King Ferdinand, and he saw that he had no longer anything to depend upon but the valor of his arm. No time was to be lost in hastening to counteract the effect of the late Christian ravage, and in opening the channel for distant supplies to Granada.

"Scarcely had the retiring squadrons of Ferdinand disappeared among the mountains, when Boabdil buckled on his armor, sallied forth from the Alhambra, and prepared to take the field. When the populace beheld him actually in arms against his late ally, both parties thronged with zeal to his standard. The hardy inhabitants also of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snow-capped mountains which rise above Granada, descended from their heights, and hastened into the city gates, to proffer their devotion to their youthful king. The great square of the Vivarambla shone with the proud array of legions of cavalry, decked with the colors and devices of the most ancient Moorish families, and marshaled forth by the patriot Muza to follow the king to battle.

"It was on the 15th of June that Boabdil once more issued forth from the gates of Granada on martial enterprise. A few leagues from the city, within full view of it, and at the entrance of the Alpuxarra mountains, stood the powerful castle of Allhendin. It was built on an eminence, rising from the midst of a small town, and commanding a great part of the vega, and the main road to the rich valleys of the Alpuxarras. The castle was commanded by

a valiant Christian cavalier named Mendo de Quexada, and garrisoned by two hundred and fifty men, all seasoned and experienced warriors. It was a continual thorn in the side of Granada: the laborers of the vega were swept off from their fields by its hardy soldiers; convoys were cut off in the passes of the mountains; and as the garrison commanded a full view of the gates of the city, no band of merchants could venture forth on their needful journeys without being swooped up by the war-hawks of Alhendin.

"It was against this important fortress that Boabdil first led his troops. For six days and nights the fortress was closely besieged. The alcayde and his veteran garrison defended themselves valiantly, but they were exhausted by fatigue and constant watchfulness; for the Moors, being continually relieved by fresh troops from Granada, kept up an unremitted and vigorous attack. Twice the barbican was forced, and twice the assailants were driven forth headlong with excessive loss. The garrison, however, was diminished in number by the killed and wounded; there were no longer soldiers sufficient to man the walls and gateway; and the brave alcayde was compelled to retire, with his surviving force, to the keep of the castle, in which he continued to make desperate resistance.

"The Moors now approached the foot of the tower, under shelter of wooden screens covered with wet hides to ward off missiles and combustibles. They went to work vigorously to undermine the tower, placing props of wood under the foundations, to be afterward set on fire, so as to give the besiegers time to escape before the edifice should fall. Some of the Moors plied their crossbows and arquebuses to defend the workmen, and to drive the Christians from the wall; while the latter showered down stones, and darts, and melted pitch, and flaming combustibles, on the miners.

"The brave Mendo de Quexada had cast many an anxious eye across the vega, in hopes of seeing some Christian force hastening to his assistance. Not a gleam of spear or helm was to be descried, for no one had dreamed of this sudden irruption of the Moors. The alcayde beheld his bravest men dead or wounded around him, while the remainder were sinking with watchfulness and fatigue. In de-

fiance of all opposition, the Moors had accomplished their mine; the fire was brought before the walls that was to be applied to the stanchions in case the garrison persisted in defense. In a little while, the tower would crumble beneath him, and be rent and hurled a ruin to the plain. At the very last moment the brave alcayde made the signal of surrender. He marched forth with the remnant of his veteran garrison, who were all made prisoners. Boabdil immediately ordered the walls of the fortress to be razed, and fire to be applied to the stanchions, that the place might never again become a stronghold to the Christians and a scourge to Granada. The alcayde and his fellow-captives were led in dejected convoy across the vega, when they heard a tremendous crash behind them. They turned to look upon their late fortress, but beheld nothing but a heap of tumbling ruins, and a vast column of smoke and dust, where once had stood the lofty tower of Alhendin.

“Boabdil el Chico followed up his success by capturing the two fortresses of Marchena and Buldy; he sent his alfaquis in every direction, to proclaim a holy war, and to summon all true Moslems of town or castle, mountain or valley, to saddle steed and buckle on armor, and hasten to the standard of the faith. The tidings spread far and wide, that Boabdil el Chico was once more in the field and was victorious. The Moors of various places, dazzled by this gleam of success, hastened to throw off their sworn allegiance to the Castilian crown, and to elevate the standard of Boabdil; and the youthful monarch flattered himself that the whole kingdom was on the point of returning to its allegiance.

The fiery cavaliers of Granada were eager to renew those forays into the Christian lands in which they had formerly delighted. A number of them therefore concerted an irruption to the north, into the territory of Jaen, to harass the country about Quezada. They had heard of a rich convoy of merchants and wealthy travelers, on the way to the city of Baza; and they anticipated a glorious conclusion to their foray, in capturing this convoy.

“Assembling a number of horsemen, lightly armed and fleetly mounted, and one hundred foot-soldiers, these hardy cavaliers issued forth by night from Granada, made their way in silence

through the defiles of the mountains, crossed the frontier without opposition, and suddenly appeared, as if fallen from the clouds, in the very heart of the Christian country.

“The mountainous frontier which separates Granada from Jaen was at this time under the command of the Count de Tendilla, the same veteran who had distinguished himself by his vigilance and sagacity when commanding the fortress of Alhama. He held his headquarters at the city of Alcala la Real, in its impregnable fortress, perched high among the mountains, about six leagues from Granada, and dominating all the frontier. From this cloud-capped hold among the rocks he kept an eagle eye upon Granada, and had his scouts and spies in all directions, so that a crow could not fly over the border without his knowledge. His fortress was a place of refuge for the Christian captives who escaped by night from the Moorish dungeons of Granada. Often, however, they missed their way in the defiles of the mountains, and, wandering about bewildered, either repaired by mistake to some Moorish town, or were discovered and retaken at daylight by the enemy. To prevent these accidents, the count had a tower built at his own expense, on the top of one of the heights near Alcala, which commanded a view of the vega and the surrounding country. Here he kept a light blazing throughout the night, as a beacon for all Christian fugitives, to guide them to a place of safety.

“The count was aroused one night from his repose by shouts and cries, which came up from the town and approached the castle walls. ‘To arms! to arms! the Moor is over the border!’ was the cry. A Christian soldier, pale and emaciated, and who still bore traces of the Moorish chains, was brought before the count. He had been taken as guide by the Moorish cavaliers who had sallied from Granada, but had escaped from them among the mountains, and, after much wandering, had found his way to Alcala by the signal-fire.

“Notwithstanding the bustle and agitation of the moment, the Count de Tendilla listened calmly and attentively to the account of the fugitive, and questioned him minutely as to the time of departure of the Moors, and the rapidity and direction of their march. He saw that it was too late to prevent their incursion and ravage;

but he determined to await them, and give them a warm reception on their return. His soldiers were always on the alert and ready to take the field at a moment's warning. Choosing a hundred and fifty lancers, hardy and valiant men, well disciplined and well seasoned, as indeed were all his troops, he issued forth quietly before break of day, and, descending through the defiles of the mountains, stationed his little force in ambush, in a deep barranca, or dry channel of a torrent, near Barzina, but three leagues from Granada, on the road by which the marauders would have to return. In the meantime, he sent out scouts to post themselves upon different heights, and look out for the approach of the enemy.

"All day they remained concealed in the ravine, and for a great part of the following night; not a turban, however, was to be seen, excepting now and then a peasant returning from his labor, or a solitary muleteer hastening toward Granada. The cavaliers of the count began to grow restless and impatient; they feared that the enemy might have taken some other route, or might have received intelligence of their ambuscade. They urged the count to abandon the enterprise and return to Alcala. 'We are here,' said they, 'almost at the gates of the Moorish capital; our movements may have been descried, and, before we are aware, Granada may pour forth its legions of swift cavalry, and crush us with an overwhelming force.' The Count de Tendilla, however, persisted in remaining until his scouts should come in. About two hours before day-break, there were signal-fires on certain Moorish watch-towers of the mountains. While they were regarding these with anxiety, the scouts came hurrying into the ravine: 'The Moors are approaching,' said they; 'we have reconnoitered them near at hand. They are between one and two hundred strong, but encumbered with many prisoners and much booty.' The Christian cavaliers laid their ears to the ground, and heard the distant tramp of horses and the tread of foot-soldiers. They mounted their horses, braced their shields, couched their lances, and drew near to the entrance of the ravine where it opened upon the road.

"The Moors had succeeded in waylaying and surprising the Christian convoy on its way to Baza. They had captured a great number of prisoners, male and female, with great store of gold and

jewels, and sumpter mules laden with rich merchandise. With these they had made a forced march over the dangerous parts of the mountains; but now, finding themselves so near to Granada, they fancied themselves in perfect security. They loitered along the road, therefore, irregularly and slowly, some singing, others laughing and exulting at having eluded the boasted vigilance of the Count de Tendilla; while ever and anon were heard the plaint of some female captive, bewailing the jeopardy of her honor, and the heavy sighing of the merchant at beholding his property in the grasp of ruthless spoilers.

"The Count de Tendilla waited until some of the escort had passed the ravine; then, giving the signal for assault, his cavaliers set up great shouts and cries, and charged furiously into the center of the foe. The obscurity of the place and the hour added to the terrors of the surprise. The Moors were thrown into confusion; some rallied, fought desperately, and fell covered with wounds. Thirty-six were killed and fifty-five were made prisoners; the rest, under cover of the darkness, made their escape to the rocks and defiles of the mountains.

"The good count unbound the prisoners, gladdening the hearts of the merchants by restoring to them their merchandise. To the female captives also he restored the jewels of which they had been despoiled, excepting such as had been lost beyond recovery. Forty-five saddle horses, of the choice Barbary breed, remained as captured spoils of the Moors, together with costly armor and booty of various kinds. Having collected everything in haste and arranged his cavalgada, the count urged his way with all speed for Alcala la Real, lest he should be pursued and overtaken by the Moors of Granada. As he wound up the steep ascent to his mountain city, the inhabitants poured forth to meet him with shouts of joy. His triumph was doubly enhanced by being received at the gates of the city by his wife, the daughter of the Marques of Villena, a lady of distinguished merit, whom he had not seen for the two years that he had been separated from his home by the arduous duties of these iron wars.

"King Boabdil found that his diminished territory was too closely dominated by Christian fortresses like Alcala la Real, and

too strictly watched by vigilant alcaides like the Count of Tendilla, to be able to maintain itself by internal resources. His foraging expeditions were liable to be intercepted and defeated, while the ravage of the vega had swept off everything on which the city depended for future sustenance. He felt the want of a seaport, through which, as formerly, he might keep open a communication with Africa, and obtain re-enforcements and supplies from beyond the sea. All the ports and harbors were in the hands of the Christians, and Granada and its remnant of dependent territory were completely landlocked.

"In this emergency, the attention of Boabdil was called by circumstances to the seaport of Salobrena. This redoubtable town has already been mentioned in this chronicle as a place deemed impregnable by the Moors: insomuch that their kings were accustomed, in time of peril, to keep their treasures in its citadel. It was situated on a high rocky hill, dividing one of those rich little vegas or plains which lie open to the Mediterranean, but run like deep green bays into the stern bosoms of the mountains. The vega was covered with beautiful vegetation, with rice and cotton, with groves of oranges, citrons, figs and mulberries, and with gardens inclosed by hedges of reeds, of aloes, and the Indian fig. Running streams of cool water from the springs and snows of the Sierra Nevada kept this delightful valley continually fresh and verdant; while it was almost locked up by mountain barriers, and lofty promontories that stretched far into the sea.

"Through the center of this rich vega, the rock of Salobrena reared its rugged back, nearly dividing the plain, and advancing to the margin of the sea, with just a strip of sandy beach at its foot, laved by the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

"The town covered the ridge and sides of the rocky hill, and was fortified by strong walls and towers; while on the highest and most precipitous part stood the citadel, a huge castle that seemed to form a part of the living rock; the massive ruins of which, at the present day, attract the gaze of the traveler, as he winds his way far below, along the road which passes through the vega.

"This important fortress had been intrusted to the command of Don Francisco Ramirez de Madrid, captain-general of the artillery,

and the most scientific of all the Spanish leaders. That experienced veteran, however, was with the king at Cordova, having left a valiant cavalier as alcaide of the place.

“Boabdil el Chico had full information of the state of the garrison and the absence of its commander. Putting himself at the head of a powerful force, therefore, he departed from Granada, and made a rapid march through the mountains; hoping, by this sudden move, to seize upon Salobrena before King Ferdinand could come to its assistance.

“The inhabitants of Salobrena were Mudexares, or Moors who had sworn allegiance to the Christians. Still, when they heard the sound of the Moorish drums and trumpets, and beheld the squadrons of their countrymen advancing across the vega, their hearts yearned toward the standard of their nation and their faith. A tumult arose in the place; the populace shouted the name of Boabdil el Chico, and, throwing open the gates, admitted him within the walls.

“The Christian garrison was too few in number to contend for the possession of the town: they retreated to the citadel, and shut themselves within its massive walls, which were considered impregnable. Here they maintained a desperate defense, hoping to hold out until succor should arrive from the neighboring fortresses.

“The tidings that Salobrena was invested by the Moorish king spread along the seacoast and filled the Christians with alarm. Don Francisco Enriquez, uncle of the king, commanded the city of Velez Malaga, about twelve leagues distant, but separated by ranges of those vast rocky mountains which are piled along the Mediterranean, and tower in steep promontories and precipices above its waves.

“Don Francisco summoned the alcaydes of his district to hasten with him to the relief of this important fortress. A number of cavaliers and their retainers answered to his call, among whom was Hernando Perez del Pulgar, surnamed ‘El de las Hazanas’ (he of the exploits)—the same who had signalized himself in a foray, by elevating a handkerchief on a lance for a banner and leading on his disheartened comrades to victory. As soon as Don Francisco beheld a little band collected round him, he set out with

all speed for Salobrena. The march was rugged and severe, climbing and descending immense mountains, and sometimes winding along the edge of giddy precipices, with the surges of the sea raging far below. When Don Francisco arrived with his followers at the lofty promontory that stretches along one side of the little vega of Salobrena, he looked down with sorrow and anxiety upon a Moorish army of great force encamped at the foot of the fortress, while Moorish banners, on various parts of the walls, showed that the town was already in possession of the Infidels. A solitary Christian standard alone floated on the top of the castle-keep, showing that the brave garrison were hemmed up in their rock-built citadel.

“Don Francisco found it impossible, with his small force, to make any impression on the camp of the Moors, or to get to the relief of the castle. He stationed his little band upon a rocky height near the sea, where they were safe from the assaults of the enemy. The sight of his friendly banner waving in their neighborhood cheered the heart of the garrison, and conveyed to them assurance of speedy succor from the king.

“In the meantime, Hernando Perez del Pulgar, who always burned to distinguish himself by bold and striking exploits, in the course of a prowling expedition along the borders of the Moorish camp, remarked a postern-gate of the castle, opening upon the steep part of the rocky hill which looked toward the mountains.

“A sudden thought flashed upon the daring mind of Pulgar: ‘Who will follow my banner,’ said he, ‘and make a dash for yonder postern?’ A bold proposition, in time of warfare, never wants for bold spirits to accept it. Seventy resolute men immediately stepped forward. Pulgar put himself at their head; they cut their way suddenly through a weak part of the camp, fought their way up to the gate, which was eagerly thrown open to receive them; and succeeded in making their way into the fortress, before the alarm of their attempt had spread through the Moorish army.

“The garrison was roused to new spirit by this unlooked-for re-enforcement, and were enabled to make a more vigorous resistance. The Moors had intelligence, however, that there was a great scarcity of water in the castle; and they exulted in the idea

that this additional number of warriors would soon exhaust the cisterns and compel them to surrender. When Pulgar heard of this hope entertained by the enemy, he caused a bucket of water to be lowered from the battlements and threw a silver cup in bravado to the Moors.

"The situation of the garrison, however, was daily growing more and more critical; they suffered greatly from thirst, while, to tantalize them in their sufferings, they beheld limpid streams winding in abundance through the green plain below them. They began to fear that all succor would arrive too late, when one day they beheld a little squadron of vessels far at sea, but standing toward the shore. There was some doubt at first whether it might not be a hostile armament from Africa; but as it approached they descried, to their great joy, the banner of Castile.

"It was a re-enforcement, brought in all haste by the governor of the fortress, Don Francisco Ramirez. The squadron anchored at a steep rocky island, which rises from the very margin of the smooth sandy beach, directly in front of the rock of Salobrena, and stretches out into the sea. On this island Ramirez landed his men, and was as strongly posted as if in a fortress. His force was too scanty to attempt a battle, but he assisted to harass and distract the besiegers. Whenever King Boabdil made an attack upon the fortress, his camp was assailed on one side by the troops of Ramirez, who landed from their island, and on another by those of Don Francisco Enrique, who swept down from their rock, while Hernando del Pulgar kept up a fierce defense from every tower and battlement of the castle.

"The attention of the Moorish king was diverted also, for a time, by an ineffectual attempt to relieve the little port of Adra, which had recently declared in his favor, but which had been recaptured for the Christians by Cidi Yahye and his son Alnayar. Thus the unlucky Boabdil, bewildered on every hand, lost all the advantage that he had gained by his rapid march from Granada. While he was yet besieging the obstinate citadel, tidings were brought him that King Ferdinand was in full march, with a powerful host, to its assistance. There was no time for further delay: he made a furious attack with all his forces upon the castle,

but was again repulsed by Pulgar and his coadjutors; when, abandoning the siege in despair, he retreated with his army, lest King Ferdinand should get between him and his capital. On his way back to Granada, however, he in some sort consoled himself for his late disappointment, by overrunning a part of the territories and possessions lately assigned to his uncle El Zagal and to Cidi Yahye. He defeated their alcaydes, destroyed several of their fortresses, burned their villages, and, leaving the country behind him reeking and smoking with his vengeance, returned with considerable booty, to repose himself within the walls of the Alhambra.

“Scarcely had Boabdil ensconced himself in his capital, when King Ferdinand, at the head of seven thousand horse and twenty thousand foot, again appeared in the vega. He had set out in all haste from Cordova to the relief of Salobrena; but, hearing on his march that the siege was raised, he turned with his army to make a second ravage round the walls of devoted Granada. His present forage lasted fifteen days, in the course of which everything that had escaped his former desolating visit was destroyed, and scarce a green thing or a living animal was left on the face of the land. The Moors sallied frequently and fought desperately, in defense of their fields, but the work of destruction was accomplished—and Granada, once the queen of gardens, was left surrounded by a desert.

“From hence Ferdinand marched to crush a conspiracy which had lately manifested itself in the cities of Guadix, Baza and Almeria. These recently conquered places had entered into secret correspondence with King Boabdil, inviting him to march to their gates, promising to rise upon the Christian garrisons, seize upon the citadels, and surrender themselves into his power. The Marques of Villena had received notice of the conspiracy, and had suddenly thrown himself, with a large force, into Guadix. Under pretense of making a review of the inhabitants, he made them sally forth into the fields before the city. When the whole Moorish population capable of bearing arms was thus without the walls, he ordered the gates to be closed. He then permitted them to enter, two by two and three by three, and to take forth their wives, children and effects. The houseless Moors were fain to

make themselves temporary hovels, in the gardens and orchards about the city; they were clamorous in their complaints at being thus excluded from their homes, but were told they must wait with patience until the charges against them could be investigated, and the pleasure of the king be known.

“When Ferdinand arrived at Guadix, he found the unhappy Moors in their cabins among the orchards. They complained bitterly of the deception that had been practiced upon them, and implored permission to return into the city, and live peaceably in their dwellings, as had been promised them in their articles of capitulation.

“King Ferdinand listened graciously to their complaints: ‘My friends,’ said he in reply, ‘I am informed that there has been a conspiracy among you to kill my alcayde and garrison, and to take part with my enemy the king of Granada. I shall make a thorough investigation of this conspiracy. Those among you who shall be proved innocent shall be restored to their dwellings, but the guilty shall incur the penalty of their offenses. As I wish, however, to proceed with mercy as well as justice, I now give you your choice, either to depart at once without further question, going wherever you please, and taking with you your families and effects, under an assurance of safety; or to deliver up those who are guilty, not one of whom, I give you my royal word, shall escape punishment.’

“When the people of Guadix heard these words, they communed among themselves; and as most of them (says the worthy Agapida) were either culpable or feared to be considered so, they accepted the alternative, and departed sorrowfully, they and their wives and their little ones. ‘Thus,’ in the words of that excellent and contemporary historian, Andres Bernaldez, commonly called the curate of Los Palacios—‘thus did the king deliver Guadix from the hands of the enemies of our holy faith, after seven hundred and seventy years that it had been in their possession, ever since the time of Roderick the Goth; and this was one of the mysteries of our Lord, who would not consent that the city should remain longer in the power of the Moors’: a pious and sage remark, which is quoted with peculiar approbation by the worthy Agapida.

“King Ferdinand offered similar alternatives to the Moors of Baza, Almeria, and other cities accused of participation in this conspiracy; who generally preferred to abandon their homes rather than incur the risk of an investigation. Most of them relinquished Spain, as a country where they could no longer live in security and independence, and departed with their families for Africa; such as remained were suffered to live in villages and hamlets, and other unwallled places.

“While Ferdinand was thus occupied at Guadix, dispensing justice and mercy, and receiving cities in exchange, the old monarch Muley Abdalla, surnamed El Zagal, appeared before him. He was haggard with care and almost crazed with passion. He had found his little territory of Andarax, and his two thousand subjects, as difficult to govern as had been the distracted kingdom of Granada. The charm which had bound the Moors to him was broken when he appeared in arms under the banner of Ferdinand. He had returned from his inglorious campaign with his petty army of two hundred men, followed by the execrations of the people of Granada, and the secret repining of those he had led into the field. No sooner had his subjects heard of the successes of Boabdil el Chico than they had seized their arms, assembled tumultuously, declared for the young monarch, and threatened the life of El Zagal. The unfortunate old king had with difficulty evaded their fury; and this last lesson seemed entirely to have cured him of his passion for sovereignty. He now entreated Ferdinand to purchase the towns and castles and other possessions which had been granted to him; offering them at a low rate, and begging safe passage for himself and his followers to Africa. King Ferdinand graciously complied with his wishes. He purchased of him three-and-twenty towns and villages in the valleys of Andarax and Alhaurin, for which he gave him five millions of maravedies. El Zagal relinquished his right to one-half of the salinas or salt-pits of Maleha, in favor of his brother-in-law Cidi Yahye. Having thus disposed of his petty empire and possessions, he packed up all his treasure, of which he had a great amount, and, followed by many Moorish families, passed over to Africa.

“And here let us cast an eye beyond the present period of our

chronicle, and trace the remaining career of El Zagal. His short and turbulent reign, and disastrous end, would afford a wholesome lesson to unprincipled ambition, were not all ambition of the kind fated to be blind to precept and example. When he arrived in Africa, instead of meeting with kindness and sympathy, he was seized and thrown into prison by the king of Fez, as though he had been his vassal. He was accused of being the cause of the dissensions and downfall of the kingdom of Granada; and the accusation being proved to the satisfaction of the king of Fez, he condemned the unhappy El Zagal to perpetual darkness. A basin of glowing copper was passed before his eyes, which effectually destroyed his sight. His wealth, which had probably been the secret cause of these cruel measures, was confiscated and seized upon by his oppressor, and El Zagal was thrust forth, blind, helpless and destitute, upon the world. In this wretched condition, the late Moorish monarch groped his way through the regions of Tingitania, until he reached the city of Velez de Gomera. The king of Velez had formerly been his ally, and felt some movement of compassion at his present altered and abject state. He gave him food and raiment, and suffered him to remain unmolested in his dominions. Death, which so often hurries off the prosperous and happy from the midst of untasted pleasures, spares on the other hand the miserable, to drain the last drop of his cup of bitterness. El Zagal dragged out a wretched existence of many years in the city of Velez. He wandered about blind and disconsolate, an object of mingled scorn and pity, and bearing above his raiment a parchment on which was written in Arabic, 'This is the unfortunate king of Andalusia.'

"How is thy strength departed, oh Granada! how is thy beauty withered and despoiled, oh city of groves and fountains! The commerce that once thronged thy streets is at an end; the merchant no longer hastens to thy gates with the luxuries of foreign lands. The cities which once paid thee tribute are wrested from thy sway; the chivalry which filled the Vivarambla with the sumptuous pageantry of war have fallen in many battles. The Alhambra still rears its ruddy towers from the midst of groves, but melancholy reigns in its marble halls; and the monarch looks down from his lofty bal-

conies upon a naked waste, where once had extended the blooming glories of the vega!

“Such is the lament of the Moorish writers, over the lamentable state of Granada, which now remained a mere phantom of its former greatness. The two ravages of the vega, following so closely upon each other, had swept off all the produce of the year; and the husbandman had no longer the heart to till the field, seeing that the ripening harvest only brought the spoiler to the door.

“During the winter season, King Ferdinand made diligent preparations for the last campaign that was to decide the fate of Granada. As this war was waged purely for the promotion of the Christian faith, he thought it meet that its enemies should bear the expenses. He levied, therefore, a general contribution upon all the Jews throughout his kingdom, by synagogues and districts; and obliged them to render in the proceeds at the city of Seville.

“On the 11th of April, Ferdinand and Isabella departed for the Moorish frontier, with the solemn determination to lay close siege to Granada, and never to quit its walls until they had planted the standard of the faith on the towers of the Alhambra. Many of the nobles of the kingdom, particularly those from the parts remote from the scene of action, wearied by the toils of war, and foreseeing that this would be a tedious siege, requiring patience and vigilance rather than hardy deeds of arms, contented themselves with sending their vassals, while they stayed at home, to attend to their domains. Many cities furnished soldiers at their cost, and the king took the field with an army of forty thousand infantry and ten thousand horse. The principal captains who followed the king in this campaign were Roderigo Ponce de Leon, the Marques of Cadiz, the Master of Santiago, the Marques of Villena; the counts of Tendilla, Cifuentes, Cabra, and Urena; and Don Alonzo de Aguilar.

“Queen Isabella, accompanied by her son the Prince Juan, and by the Princesses Juana, Maria, and Cathalina, her daughters, proceeded to Alcala la Real, the mountain fortress and stronghold of the Count de Tendilla. Here she remained, to forward supplies to the army, and to be ready to repair to the camp, whenever her presence might be required.

“The army of Ferdinand poured into the vega by various defiles of the mountains; and, on the 23d of April, the royal tent was pitched at a village called Los Ojos de Huescar, about a league and a half from Granada. At the approach of this formidable force, the harassed inhabitants turned pale, and even many of the warriors trembled; for they felt that the last desperate struggle was at hand.

“Boabdil el Chico assembled his council in the Alhambra, from the windows of which they could behold the Christian squadrons glistening through clouds of dust, as they poured along the vega. The utmost confusion and consternation reigned in the council. Many of the members, terrified with the horrors impending over their families, advised Boabdil to throw himself upon the generosity of the Christian monarch: even several of the bravest suggested the possibility of obtaining honorable terms.

“The wazir of the city, Abul Cazim Abdel Melic, was called upon to report the state of the public means for sustenance and defense. There were sufficient provisions, he said, for a few months’ supply, independent of what might exist in the possession of merchants and other rich inhabitants. ‘But of what avail,’ said he, ‘is a supply for a few months, against the sieges of the Castilian monarch, which are interminable?’

“He produced, also, the lists of men capable of bearing arms. ‘The number,’ said he, ‘is great; but what can be expected from mere citizen soldiers? They vaunt and menace, in time of safety; none are so arrogant, when the enemy is at a distance—but when the din of war thunders at their gates, they hide themselves in terror.’

“When Muza heard these words, he rose with generous warmth: ‘What reason have we,’ said he, ‘to despair? The blood of those illustrious Moors, the conquerors of Spain, still flows in our veins. Let us be true to ourselves, and fortune will again be with us. We have a veteran force, both horse and foot, the flower of our chivalry, seasoned in war and scarred in a thousand battles. As to the multitude of our citizens, spoken of so slightly, why should we doubt their valor? There are twenty thousand young men, in the fire of youth, for whom I will engage, that in the defense of their homes

they will rival the most valiant veterans. Do we want provisions? Our horses are fleet, and our horsemen daring in the foray. Let them scour and scourge the country of those apostate Moslems who have surrendered to the Christians. Let them make inroads into the lands of our enemies. We shall soon see them returning with cavalgadas to our gates; and, to a soldier, there is no morsel so sweet as that wrested with hard fighting from the foe.'

"Boabdil el Chico, though he wanted firm and durable courage, was readily excited to sudden emotions of bravery. He caught a glow of resolution from the noble ardor of Muza. 'Do what is needful,' said he to his commanders; 'into your hands I confide the common safety. You are the protectors of the kingdom, and, with the aid of Allah, will revenge the insults of our religion, the deaths of our friends and relations, and the sorrows and sufferings heaped upon our land.'

"To every one was now assigned his separate duty. The wazir had charge of the arms and provisions, and the enrolling of the people. Muza was to command the cavalry, to defend the gates, and to take the lead in all sallies and skirmishings. Naim Reduan and Muhamed Aben Zayde were his adjutants. Abdel Kerim Zegri, and the other captains, were to guard the walls; and the alcaides of the Alcazaba, and of the Red Towers, had command of the fortresses.

"Nothing now was heard but the din of arms and the bustle of preparation. The Moorish spirit, quick to catch fire, was immediately in a flame; and the populace, in the excitement of the moment, set at naught the power of the Christians. Muza was in all parts of the city, infusing his own generous zeal into the bosoms of the soldiery. The young cavaliers rallied round him as their model; the veteran warriors regarded him with a soldier's admiration; the vulgar throng followed him with shouts, and the helpless part of the inhabitants, the old men and the women, hailed him with blessings as their protector.

"On the first appearance of the Christian army, the principal gates of the city had been closed, and secured with bars and bolts and heavy chains: Muza now ordered them to be thrown open: 'To me and my cavaliers,' said he, 'is intrusted the defense of the

gates; our bodies shall be their barriers.' He stationed at each gate a strong guard, chosen from his bravest men. His horsemen were always completely armed, and ready to mount at a moment's warning: their steeds stood saddled and caparisoned in the stables, with lance and buckler beside them. On the least approach of the enemy, a squadron of horse gathered within the gate, ready to lanch forth like the bolt from the thundercloud. Muza made no empty bravado nor haughty threat; he was more terrible in deeds than in words, and executed daring exploits, beyond even the vaunt of the vainglorious. Such was the present champion of the Moors. Had they possessed many such warriors, or had Muza risen to power at an earlier period of the war, the fate of Granada might have been deferred, and the Moor for a long time have maintained his throne within the walls of the Alhambra.

"Though Granada was shorn of its glories, and nearly cut off from all external aid, still its mighty castles and massive bulwarks seemed to set all attack at defiance. Being the last retreat of Moorish power, it had assembled within its walls the remnants of the armies that had contended, step by step, with the invaders in their gradual conquest of the land. All that remained of high-born and high-bred chivalry was here; all that was loyal and patriotic was roused to activity by the common danger; and Granada, that had so long been lulled into inaction by vain hopes of security, now assumed a formidable aspect in the hour of its despair.

"Ferdinand saw that any attempt to subdue the city by main force would be perilous and bloody. Cautious in his policy, and fond of conquests gained by art rather than valor, he resorted to the plan which had been so successful with Baza, and determined to reduce the place by famine. For this purpose, his armies penetrated into the very heart of the Alpuxarras, and ravaged the valleys, and sacked and burned the towns, upon which the city depended for its supplies. Scouting parties, also, ranged the mountains behind Granada, and captured every casual convoy of provisions. The Moors became more daring as their situation became more hopeless. Never had Ferdinand experienced such vigorous sallies and assaults. Muza, at the head of his cavalry,

harassed the borders of the camp, and even penetrated into the interior, making sudden spoil and ravage, and leaving his course to be traced by the slain and wounded. To protect his camp from these assaults, Ferdinand fortified it with deep trenches and strong bulwarks. It was of a quadrangular form, divided into streets like a city, the troops being quartered in tents and in booths constructed of bushes and branches of trees. When it was completed, Queen Isabella came in state, with all her court, and the prince and princesses, to be present at the siege. This was intended, as on former occasions, to reduce the besieged to despair, by showing the determination of the sovereigns to reside in the camp until the city should surrender. Immediately after her arrival, the queen rode forth to survey the camp and its environs: wherever she went, she was attended by a splendid retinue; and all the commanders vied with each other in the pomp and ceremony with which they received her. Nothing was heard, from morning until night, but shouts and acclamations, and bursts of martial music; so that it appeared to the Moors as if a continual festival and triumph reigned in the Christian camp.

“The arrival of the queen, however, and the menaced obstinacy of the siege, had no effect in damping the fire of the Moorish chivalry. Muza inspired the youthful warriors with the most devoted heroism: ‘We have nothing left to fight for,’ said he, ‘but the ground we stand on; when this is lost we cease to have a country and a name.’

“Finding the Christian king forbore to make an attack, Muza incited his cavaliers to challenge the youthful chivalry of the Christian army to single combat, or partial skirmishes. Scarce a day passed without gallant conflicts of the kind in sight of the city and the camp. The combatants rivaled each other in the splendor of their armor and array, as well as in the prowess of their deeds. Their contests were more like the stately ceremonials of tilts and tournaments than the rude conflicts of the field. Ferdinand soon perceived that they animated the fiery Moors with fresh zeal and courage, while they cost the lives of many of his bravest cavaliers; he again, therefore, forbade the acceptance of any individual challenges, and ordered that all partial encounters should

be avoided. The cool and stern policy of the Catholic sovereign bore hard upon the generous spirits of either army, but roused the indignation of the Moors when they found that they were to be subdued in this inglorious manner: 'Of what avail,' said they, 'are chivalry and heroic valor? the crafty monarch of the Christians has no magnanimity in warfare; he seeks to subdue us through the weakness of our bodies, but shuns to encounter the courage of our souls.'

"When the Moorish knights beheld that all courteous challenges were unavailing, they sought various means to provoke the Christian warriors to the field. Sometimes a body of them, fleetly mounted, would gallop up to the skirts of the camp, and try who should hurl his lance furthest within the barriers, having his name inscribed upon it, or a label affixed to it, containing some taunting defiance. These bravadoes caused great irritation, but still the Spanish warriors were restrained by the prohibition of the king.

"Among the Moorish cavaliers was one named Yarfe, renowned for his great strength and daring spirit; but whose courage partook of fierce audacity rather than chivalric heroism. In one of these sallies, when they were skirting the Christian camp, this arrogant Moor outstripped his companions, overleaped the barriers, and, galloping close to the royal quarters, lanced his lance so far within that it remained quivering in the earth close by the pavilions of the sovereigns. The royal guards rushed forth in pursuit, but the Moorish horsemen were already beyond the camp, and scouring in a cloud of dust for the city. Upon wresting the lance from the earth, a label was found upon it, importing that it was intended for the queen.

"Nothing could equal the indignation of the Christian warriors, at the insolence of the bravado and the discourteous insult offered to the queen. Hernando Perez del Pulgar, surnamed 'he of the exploits,' was present, and resolved not to be outbraved by this daring Infidel: 'Who will stand by me,' said he, 'in an enterprise of desperate peril?' The Christian cavaliers well knew the hare-brained valor of Hernando del Pulgar, yet not one hesitated to step forward. He chose fifteen companions, all men of powerful arm and dauntless heart. In the dead of the night, he led them forth

from the camp, and approached the city cautiously, until he arrived at a postern-gate which opened upon the Darro and was guarded by foot-soldiers. The guards, little thinking of such an unwonted and partial attack, were for the most part asleep. The gate was forced, and a confused and chance-medley skirmish ensued. Hernando del Pulgar stopped not to take part in the affray; putting spurs to his horse, he galloped furiously through the streets, striking fire out of the stones at every bound. Arrived at the principal mosque, he sprang from his horse, and, kneeling at the portal, took possession of the edifice as a Christian chapel, dedicating it to the blessed Virgin. In testimonial of the ceremony, he took a tablet which he had brought with him, on which was inscribed in large characters, 'AVE MARIA,' and nailed it to the door of the mosque with his dagger. This done, he remounted his steed and galloped back to the gate. The alarm had been given—the city was in an uproar—soldiers were gathering from every direction. They were astonished at seeing a Christian warrior galloping from the interior of the city. Hernando del Pulgar overturned some, cut down others, rejoined his companions, who still maintained possession of the gate by dint of hard fighting, and all made good their retreat to the camp. The Moors were at a loss to imagine the meaning of this wild and apparently fruitless assault; but great was their exasperation, on the following day, when the trophy of hardihood and prowess, the 'AVE MARIA,' was discovered thus elevated in bravado in the very center of the city. The mosque thus boldly sanctified by Hernando del Pulgar was actually consecrated into a cathedral after the capture of Granada.

"The royal encampment lay at such a distance from Granada that the general aspect of the city only could be seen, as it rose gracefully from the vega, covering the sides of the hills with palaces and towers. Queen Isabella had expressed an earnest desire to behold, nearer at hand, a city whose beauty was so renowned throughout the world; and the Marques of Cadiz, with his accustomed courtesy, prepared a great military escort and guard to protect the queen and the ladies of the court while they enjoyed this perilous gratification.

"It was on the morning after the events just recorded

that a magnificent and powerful train issued forth from the Christian camp. The advance guard was composed of legions of cavalry, heavily armed, that looked like moving masses of polished steel. Then came the king and queen, with the prince and princess, and the ladies of the court, surrounded by the royal body-guard, sumptuously arrayed, composed of the sons of the most illustrious houses of Spain; after these was the rearguard, composed of a powerful force of horse and foot; for the flower of the army sallied forth that day. The Moors gazed with fearful admiration at this glorious pageant, wherein the pomp of the court was mingled with the terrors of the camp. It moved along in a radiant line, across the vega, to the melodious thunders of martial music; while banner and plume, and silken scarf, and rich brocade, gave a gay and gorgeous relief to the grim visage of iron war that lurked beneath.

“The army moved toward the hamlet of Zubia, built on the skirts of the mountain to the left of Granada, and commanding a view of the Alhambra and the most beautiful quarter of the city. As they approached the hamlet, the Marques of Villena, the Count Urena, and Don Alonzo de Aguilar, filed off with their battalions, and were soon seen glittering along the side of the mountain above the village. In the meantime, the Marques of Cadiz, the Count de Tendilla, the Count de Cabra, and Don Alonzo Fernandez, Senior of Alcandrete and Montemayor, drew up their forces in battle array on the plain below the hamlet, presenting a living barrier of loyal chivalry between the sovereigns and the city.

“Thus securely guarded, the royal party alighted, and, entering one of the houses of the hamlet, which had been prepared for their reception, enjoyed a full view of the city from its terraced roof. The ladies of the court gazed with delight at the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amid shady groves, anticipating the time when the Catholic sovereigns should be enthroned within its walls and its courts shine with the splendor of Spanish chivalry. ‘The reverend prelates and holy friars, who always surrounded the queen, looked with serene satisfaction,’ says Fray Antonio Agapida, ‘at this modern Babylon, enjoying the triumph that awaited them, when those mosques and minarets should be converted into

churches, and goodly priests and bishops should succeed to the Infidel alfaquis.'

"When the Moors beheld the Christians thus drawn forth in full array in the plain, they supposed it was to offer them battle; and they hesitated not to accept it. In a little while, the queen beheld a body of Moorish cavalry pouring into the vega, the riders managing their fleet and fiery steeds with admirable address. They were richly armed, and clothed in the most brilliant colors, and the caparisons of their steeds flamed with gold and embroidery. This was the favorite squadron of Muza, composed of the flower of the youthful cavaliers of Granada. Others succeeded, some heavily armed, some *à la ginete* with lance and buckler; and lastly came the legions of foot-soldiers, with arquebuse and crossbow, and spear and scimiter.

"When the queen saw this army issuing from the city, she sent to the Marques of Cadiz, and forbade any attack upon the enemy, or the acceptance of any challenge to a skirmish; for she was loth that her curiosity should cost the life of a single human being.

"The marques promised to obey, though sorely against his will; and it grieved the spirit of the Spanish cavaliers to be obliged to remain with sheathed swords while bearded by the foe. The Moors could not comprehend the meaning of this inaction of the Christians, after having apparently invited a battle. They sallied several times from their ranks, and approached near enough to discharge their arrows; but the Christians were immovable. Many of the Moorish horsemen galloped close to the Christian ranks, brandishing their lances and scimiters, and defying various cavaliers to single combat; but King Ferdinand had rigorously prohibited all duels of the kind, and they dared not transgress his orders under his very eye.

"While this grim and reluctant tranquillity prevailed along the Christian line, there rose a mingled shout and sound of laughter near the gate of the city. A Moorish horseman, armed at all points, issued forth, followed by a rabble who drew back as he approached the scene of danger. The Moor was more robust and brawny than was common with his countrymen. His visor was closed; he bore a huge buckler and a ponderous lance; his scimiter

was of a Damascus blade, and his richly ornamented dagger was wrought by an artificer of Fez. He was known by his device to be Yafte, the most insolent, yet valiant, of the Moslem warriors—the same who had hurled into the royal camp his lance, inscribed to the queen. As he rode slowly along in front of the army, his very steed, prancing with fiery eye and distended nostril, seemed to breathe defiance to the Christians.

“But what were the feelings of the Spanish cavaliers, when they beheld, tied to the tail of his steed, and dragged in the dust, the very inscription, ‘AVE MARIA,’ which Hernando Perez del Pulgar had affixed to the door of the mosque! A burst of horror and indignation broke forth from the army. Hernando del Pulgar was not at hand to maintain his previous achievement; but one of his young companions in arms, Garcilasso de la Vega by name, putting spurs to his horse, galloped to the hamlet of Zubia, threw himself on his knees before the king, and besought permission to accept the defiance of this insolent Infidel, and to revenge the insult offered to our blessed Lady. The request was too pious to be refused: Garcilasso remounted his steed; he closed his helmet, graced by four sable plumes, grasped his buckler of Flemish workmanship, and his lance of matchless temper, and defied the haughty Moor in the midst of his career. A combat took place in view of the two armies and of the Castilian court. The Moor was powerful in wielding his weapons and dexterous in managing his steed. He was of larger frame than Garcilasso, and more completely armed; and the Christians trembled for their champion. The shock of their encounter was dreadful; their lances were shattered, and sent up splinters in the air. Garcilasso was thrown back in the saddle—his horse made a wide career, before he could recover, gather up the reins, and return to the conflict. They now encountered each other with swords. The Moor circled round his opponent, as a hawk circles whereabouts to make a swoop; his Arabian steed obeyed his rider with matchless quickness; at every attack of the Infidel it seemed as if the Christian knight must sink beneath his flashing scimitar. But if Garcilasso were inferior to him in power, he was superior in agility: many of his blows he parried; others he received upon his Flemish shield, which was proof against

the Damascus blade. The blood streamed from numerous wounds received by either warrior. The Moor, seeing his antagonist exhausted, availed himself of his superior force, and, grappling, endeavored to wrest him from his saddle. They both fell to earth; the Moor placed his knee upon the breast of his victim, and, brandishing his dagger, aimed a blow at his throat. A cry of despair was uttered by the Christian warriors, when suddenly they beheld the Moor rolling lifeless in the dust. Garcilasso had shortened his sword, and, as his adversary raised his arm to strike, had pierced him to the heart. 'It was a singular and miraculous victory,' says Fray Antonio Agapida; 'but the Christian knight was armed by the sacred nature of his cause, and the holy Virgin gave him strength, like another David, to slay this gigantic champion of the Gentiles.'

"The laws of chivalry were observed throughout the combat—no one interfered on either side. Garcilasso now despoiled his adversary; then, rescuing the holy inscription of 'AVE MARIA' from its degrading situation, he elevated it on the point of his sword, and bore it off as a signal of triumph amid the rapturous shouts of the Christian army.

"The sun had now reached the meridian; and the hot blood of the Moors was inflamed by its rays and by the sight of the defeat of their champion. Muza ordered two pieces of ordnance to open a fire upon the Christians. A confusion was produced in one part of their ranks: Muza called to the chiefs of the army, 'Let us waste no more time in empty challenges—let us charge upon the enemy: he who assaults has always an advantage in the combat.' So saying, he rushed forward, followed by a large body of horse and foot, and charged so furiously upon the advance guard of the Christians that he drove it in upon the battalion of the Marques of Cadiz.

"The gallant marques now considered himself absolved from all further obedience to the queen's commands. He gave the signal to attack. 'Santiago!' was shouted along the line; and he pressed forward to the encounter, with his battalion of twelve hundred lances. The other cavaliers followed his example, and the battle instantly became general.

“‘When the king and queen beheld the armies thus rushing to the combat, they threw themselves on their knees and implored the holy Virgin to protect her faithful warriors. The prince and princess, the ladies of the court, and the prelates and friars who were present, did the same; and the effect of the prayers of these illustrious and saintly persons was immediately apparent. The fierceness with which the Moors had rushed to the attack was suddenly cooled; they were bold and adroit for a skirmish, but unequal to the veteran Spaniards in the open field. A panic seized upon the foot-soldiers—they turned, and took to flight. Muza and his cavaliers in vain endeavored to rally them. Some took refuge in the mountains; but the greater part fled to the city in such confusion that they overturned and trampled upon each other. The Christians pursued them to the very gates. Upward of two thousand were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and the two pieces of ordnance were brought off as trophies of the victory. Not a Christian lance but was bathed that day in the blood of an Infidel.’

“Such was the brief but bloody action which was known among the Christian warriors by the name of ‘the queen’s skirmish’; for when the Marques of Cadiz waited upon her majesty to apologize for breaking her commands, he attributed the victory entirely to her presence. The queen, however, insisted that it was all owing to her troops being led on by so valiant a commander. Her majesty had not yet recovered from her agitation at beholding so terrible a scene of bloodshed; though certain veterans present pronounced it as gay and gentle a skirmish as they had ever witnessed.

“To commemorate this victory, the queen afterward erected a monastery in this village of Zubia, dedicated to St. Francisco, which still exists; and in its garden is a laurel, planted by the hands of her majesty.

“The ravages of war had as yet spared a little portion of the vega of Granada. A green belt of gardens and orchards still flourished round the city, extending along the banks of the Xenil and the Darro. They had been the solace and delight of the inhabitants in their happier days, and contributed to their sustenance

in this time of scarcity. Ferdinand determined to make a final and exterminating ravage to the very walls of the city, so that there should not remain a single green thing for the sustenance of man or beast. The evening of a hot July day shone splendidly upon the Christian camp, which was in a bustle of preparation for the next day's service—for desperate resistance was expected from the Moors. The camp made a glorious appearance in the setting sun. The various tents of the royal family and the attendant nobles were adorned with rich hangings, and sumptuous devices, and costly furniture; forming, as it were, a little city of silk and brocade, where the pinnacles of pavilions of various gay colors, surmounted with waving standards and fluttering pennons, might vie with the domes and minarets of the capital they were besieging.

"In the midst of this little gaudy metropolis, the lofty tent of the queen domineered over the rest like a stately palace. The Marques of Cadiz had courteously surrendered his own tent to the queen: it was the most complete and sumptuous in Christendom, and had been carried about with him throughout the war. In the center rose a stately alfaneque or pavilion in Oriental taste, the rich hangings being supported by columns of lances and ornamented with martial devices. This central pavilion or silken tower was surrounded by other compartments, some of painted linen lined with silk, and all separated from each other by curtains. It was one of those camp palaces which are raised and demolished in an instant, like the city of canvas that surrounds them.

"As the evening advanced, the bustle in the camp subsided. Every one sought repose, preparatory to the next day's trial. The king retired early, that he might be up with the crowing of the cock, to head the destroying army in person. All stir of military preparation was hushed in the royal quarters; the very sound of minstrelsy was mute, and not the tinkling of a guitar was to be heard from the tents of the fair ladies of the court.

"The queen had retired to the innermost part of her pavilion, where she was performing her orisons before a private altar; perhaps the peril to which the king might be exposed in the next day's foray inspired her with more than usual devotion. While thus at her prayers, she was suddenly aroused by a glare of light and

wreaths of suffocating smoke. In an instant, the whole tent was in a blaze: there was a high gusty wind, which whirled the light flames from tent to tent, and wrapped the whole in one conflagration.

"Isabella had barely time to save herself by instant flight. Her first thought, on being extricated from her tent, was for the safety of the king. She rushed to his tent, but the vigilant Ferdinand was already at the entrance of it. Starting from bed on the first alarm, and fancying it an assault of the enemy, he had seized his sword and buckler, and sallied forth undressed, with his cuirass upon his arm.

"The late gorgeous camp was now a scene of wild confusion. The flames kept spreading from one pavilion to another, glaring upon the rich armor, and golden and silver vessels, which seemed melting in the fervent heat. Many of the soldiers had erected booths and bowers of branches, which, being dry, crackled and blazed, and added to the rapid conflagration. The ladies of the court fled, shrieking and half-dressed, from their tents. There was an alarm of drum and trumpet, and a distracted hurry about the camp of men half-armed. The Prince Juan had been snatched out of bed by an attendant, and conveyed to the quarters of the Count de Cabra, which were at the entrance of the camp. The loyal count immediately summoned his people, and those of his cousin Don Alonzo de Montemayor, and formed a guard round the tent in which the prince was sheltered.

"The idea that this was a stratagem of the Moors soon subsided; but it was feared that they might take advantage of it to assault the camp. The Marques of Cadiz, therefore, sallied forth with three thousand horse to check any advance from the city. As they passed along, the whole camp was a scene of hurry and consternation—some hastening to their posts at the call of drum and trumpet; some attempting to save rich effects and glittering armor from the tents, others dragging along terrified and restive horses.

"When they emerged from the camp they found the whole firmament illuminated. The flames whirled up in long light spires, and the air was filled with sparks and cinders. A bright glare was thrown upon the city, revealing every battlement and

tower. Turbaned heads were seen gazing from every roof, and armor gleamed along the walls; yet not a single warrior sallied from the gates: the Moors suspected some stratagem on the part of the Christians, and kept quietly within their walls. By degrees the flames expired; the city faded from sight; all again became dark and quiet, and the Marques of Cadiz returned with his cavalry to the camp.

"When day dawned on the Christian camp, nothing remained of that beautiful assemblage of stately pavilions but heaps of smoldering rubbish, with helms and corselets and other furniture of war, and masses of melted gold and silver glittering among the ashes. The wardrobe of the queen was entirely destroyed, and there was an immense loss in plate, jewels, costly stuffs, and sumptuous armor of the luxurious nobles. The fire at first had been attributed to treachery, but on investigation it proved to be entirely accidental. The queen, on retiring to her prayers, had ordered her lady in attendance to remove a light burning near her couch, lest it should prevent her sleeping. Through heedlessness, the taper was placed in another part of the tent, near the hangings, which, being blown against it by a gust of wind, immediately took fire.

"The wary Ferdinand knew the sanguine temperament of the Moors, and hastened to prevent their deriving confidence from the night's disaster. At break of day, the drums and trumpets sounded to arms, and the Christian army issued from among the smoking ruins of their camp, in shining squadrons, with flaunting banners and bursts of martial melody, as though the preceding night had been a time of high festivity, instead of terror.

"The Moors had beheld the conflagration with wonder and perplexity. When the day broke, and they looked toward the Christian camp, they saw nothing but a dark smoking mass. Their scouts came in, with the joyful intelligence that the whole camp was a scene of ruin. Scarce had the tidings spread throughout the city, when they beheld the Christian army advancing toward their walls. They considered it a feint, to cover their desperate situation and prepare for a retreat. Boabdil el Chico had one of his impulses of valor—he determined to take the field in person.

and to follow up this signal blow which Allah had inflicted on the enemy.

“The Christian army approached close to the city, and were laying waste the gardens and orchards, when Boabdil sallied forth, surrounded by all that was left of the flower and chivalry of Granada. There is one place where even the coward becomes brave—that sacred spot called home. What then must have been the valor of the Moors, a people always of fiery spirit, when the war was thus brought to their thresholds! They fought among the scenes of their loves and pleasures; the scenes of their infancy, and the haunts of their domestic life. They fought under the eyes of their wives and children, their old men and their maidens, of all that was helpless and all that was dear to them; for all Granada, crowded on tower and battlement, watched with trembling heart the fate of this eventful day.

“There was not so much one battle as a variety of battles; every garden and orchard became a scene of deadly contest; every inch of ground was disputed, with an agony of grief and valor, by the Moors; every inch of ground that the Christians advanced, they valiantly maintained; but never did they advance with severer fighting or greater loss of blood.

“The cavalry of Muza was in every part of the field; wherever it came, it gave fresh ardor to the fight. The Moorish soldier, fainting with heat, fatigue, and wounds, was roused to new life at the approach of Muza; and even he who lay gasping in the agonies of death turned his face toward him and faintly uttered cheers and blessings as he passed.

“The Christians had by this time gained possession of various towers near the city, from whence they had been annoyed by cross-bows and arquebuses. The Moors, scattered in various actions, were severely pressed. Boabdil, at the head of the cavaliers of his guard, displayed the utmost valor, mingling in the fight in various parts of the field, and endeavoring to inspirit the foot-soldiers in the combat. But the Moorish infantry was never to be depended upon. In the heat of the action, a panic seized upon them; they fled, leaving their sovereign exposed with his handful of cavaliers to an overwhelming force. Boabdil was on the point of falling

into the hands of the Christians, when, wheeling round, with his followers, they threw the reins on the necks of their fleet steeds, and took refuge by dint of hoof within the walls of the city.

“Muza endeavored to retrieve the fortune of the field. He threw himself before the retreating infantry, calling upon them to turn and fight for their homes, their families, for everything that was sacred and dear to them. It was all in vain—they were totally broken and dismayed, and fled tumultuously for the gates. Muza would fain have kept the field with his cavalry; but this devoted band, having stood the brunt of war throughout this desperate campaign, was fearfully reduced in numbers, and many of the survivors were crippled and enfeebled by their wounds. Slowly and reluctantly Muza retreated to the city, his bosom swelling with indignation and despair. When he entered the gates, he ordered them to be closed, and secured with bolts and bars; for he refused to place any further confidence in the archers and arquebusiers who were stationed to defend them, and he vowed never more to sally forth with foot-soldiers to the field.

“In the meantime the artillery thundered from the walls, and checked all further advances of the Christians. King Ferdinand, therefore, called off his troops, and returned in triumph to the ruins of his camp, leaving the beautiful city of Granada wrapped in the smoke of her fields and gardens, and surrounded by the bodies of her slaughtered children.

“Such was the last sally made by the Moors in defense of their favorite city. The French ambassador, who witnessed it, was filled with wonder at the prowess, the dexterity, and daring of the Moslems.

“In truth, this whole war was an instance, memorable in history, of the most persevering resolution. For nearly ten years had the war endured—an almost uninterrupted series of disasters to the Moorish arms. Their towns had been taken, one after another, and their brethren slain or led into captivity. Yet they disputed every city and town, and fortress and castle, nay, every rock itself, as if they had been inspirited by victories. Wherever they could plant foot to fight, or find wall or cliff from whence to lanch an arrow, they disputed their beloved country; and now, when their

capital was cut off from all relief and had a whole nation thundering at its gates, they still maintained defense, as if they hoped some miracle to interpose in their behalf. Their obstinate resistance (says an ancient chronicler) shows the grief with which the Moors yielded up the vega, which was to them a paradise and heaven. Exerting all the strength of their arms, they embraced, as it were, that most beloved soil from which neither wounds, nor defeats, nor death itself, could part them. They stood firm, battling for it with the united force of love and grief, never drawing back the foot while they had hands to fight, or fortune to befriend them.

“The Moors now shut themselves up gloomily within their walls; there were no longer any daring sallies from their gates; and even the martial clangor of the drum and trumpet, which had continually resounded within that warrior city, was now seldom heard from its battlements. For a time, they flattered themselves with hopes that the late conflagration of the camp would discourage the besiegers; that, as in former years, their invasion would end with the summer, and that they would again withdraw before the autumnal rains.

“The measures of Ferdinand and Isabella soon crushed these hopes. They gave orders to build a regular city upon the site of their camp, to convince the Moors that the siege was to endure until the surrender of Granada. Nine of the principal cities of Spain were charged with this stupendous undertaking; and they emulated each other with a zeal worthy of the cause. ‘It verily seems,’ says Fray Antonio Agapida, ‘as though some miracle operated to aid this pious work, so rapidly did arise a formidable city, with solid edifices, and powerful walls, and mighty towers, where lately had been seen nothing but tents and light pavilions. The city was traversed by two principal streets in form of a cross, terminating in four gates facing the four winds; and in the center was a vast square, where the whole army might be assembled. To this city it was proposed to give the name of Isabella, so dear to the army and the nation: ‘But that pious princess,’ adds Antonio Agapida, ‘calling to mind the holy cause in which it was erected, gave it the name of Santa Fe (or the City of the Holy Faith); and

it remains to this day a monument of the piety and glory of the Catholic sovereigns."

"Hither the merchants soon resorted from all points. Long trains of mules were seen every day entering and departing from its gates; the streets were crowded with magazines, filled with all kinds of costly and luxurious merchandise; a scene of bustling commerce and prosperity took place, while unhappy Granada remained shut up and desolate.

"In the meantime, the besieged city began to suffer the distress of famine. Its supplies were all cut off; a cavalcade of flocks and herds, and mules laden with money, coming to the relief of the city from the mountains of the Alpuxarras, was taken by the Marques of Cadiz, and led in triumph to the camp, in sight of the suffering Moors. Autumn arrived; but the harvests had been swept from the face of the country; a rigorous winter was approaching, and the city was almost destitute of provisions. The people sank into deep despondency. They called to mind all that had been predicted by astrologers at the birth of their ill-starred sovereign, and all that had been foretold of the fate of Granada at the time of the capture of Zahara.

"Boabdil was alarmed by the gathering dangers from without, and by the clamors of his starving people. He summoned a council, composed of the principal officers of the army, the alcaides of the fortresses, the *xequis* or sages of the city, and the *alfaquis* or doctors of the faith. They assembled in the great hall of audience of the Alhambra, and despair was painted in their countenances. Boabdil demanded of them what was to be done in their present extremity; and their answer was, 'Surrender.' The venerable Abul Cazim Abdel Melic, governor of the city, represented its unhappy state: 'Our granaries are nearly exhausted, and no further supplies are to be expected. The provender for the war-horses is required as sustenance for the soldiery; the very horses themselves are killed for food; of seven thousand steeds which once could be sent into the field, three hundred only remain. Our city contains two hundred thousand inhabitants, old and young, with such a mouth that calls pitously for bread.'

"The *xequis* and principal citizens declared that the people could

no longer sustain the labors and sufferings of a defense: 'And of what avail is our defense,' said they, 'when the enemy is determined to persist in the siege?—what alternative remains but to surrender or to die?'

"The heart of Boabdil was touched by this appeal and he maintained a gloomy silence. He had cherished some faint hope of relief from the sultan of Egypt or the Barbary powers: but it was now at an end; even if such assistance were to be sent, he had no longer a seaport where it might debark. The counselors saw that the resolution of the king was shaken, and they united their voices in urging him to capitulate.

"The valiant Muza alone arose in opposition: 'It is yet too early,' said he, 'to talk of a surrender. Our means are not exhausted; we have yet one source of strength remaining, terrible in its effects, and which often has achieved the most signal victories—it is our despair. Let us rouse the mass of the people—let us put weapons in their hands—let us fight the enemy to the very utmost until we rush upon the points of their lances. I am ready to lead the way into the thickest of their squadrons; and much rather would I be numbered among those who fell in the defense of Granada than of those who survived to capitulate for her surrender!'

"The words of Muza were without effect, for they were addressed to broken-spirited and heartless men, or men, perhaps, to whom sad experience had taught discretion. They were arrived at that state of public depression when heroes and heroism are no longer regarded, and when old men and their counsels rise into importance. Boabdil el Chico yielded to the general voice; it was determined to capitulate with the Christian sovereigns; and the venerable Abul Cazim Abdel Melic was sent forth to the camp, empowered to treat for terms.

"The old governor, Abul Cazim Abdel Melic, was received with great distinction by Ferdinand and Isabella, who appointed Gonsalvo of Cordova and Fernando de Zafra, secretary to the king, to confer with him. All Granada awaited, in trembling anxiety, the result of his negotiations. After repeated conferences, he at length returned with the ultimate terms of the Catholic sov-

ereigns. They agreed to suspend all attack for seventy days, at the end of which time, if no succor should arrive to the Moorish king, the city of Granada was to be surrendered.

"All Christian captives should be liberated without ransom.

"Boabdil and his principal cavaliers should take an oath of fealty to the Castilian crown, and certain valuable territories in the Alpuxarra mountains should be assigned to the Moorish monarch for his maintenance.

"The Moors of Granada should become subjects of the Spanish sovereigns, retaining their possessions, their arms and horses, and yielding up nothing but their artillery. They should be protected in the exercise of their religion, and governed by their own laws, administered by cadis of their own faith, under governors appointed by the sovereigns. They should be exempted from tribute for three years, after which term they should pay the same that they had been accustomed to render to their native monarchs.

"Those who chose to depart for Africa within three years should be provided with a passage for themselves and their effects, free of charge, from whatever port they should prefer.

"For the fulfillment of these articles four hundred hostages from the principal families were required previous to the surrender, to be subsequently restored. The son of the king of Granada, and all other hostages in possession of the Castilian sovereigns, were to be restored at the same time.

"Such were the conditions that the wazir Abul Cazim laid before the council of Granada as the best that could be obtained from the besieging foe.

"When the members of the council found that the awful moment had arrived when they were to sign and seal the perdition of their empire, and blot themselves out as a nation, all firmness deserted them, and many gave way to tears. Muza alone retained an unaltered mien: 'Leave, seniors,' cried he, 'this idle lamentation to helpless women and children: we are men—we have hearts, not to shed tender tears, but drops of blood. I see the spirit of the people so cast down that it is impossible to save the kingdom. Yet there still remains an alternative for noble minds—a glorious death! Let us die defending our liberty, and avenging the woes of Gra-

nada. Our mother earth will receive her children into her bosom, safe from the chains and oppressions of the conqueror; or, should any fail a sepulcher to hide his remains, he will not want a sky to cover him. Allah forbid it should be said the nobles of Granada feared to die in her defense!

“Muza ceased to speak, and a dead silence reigned in the assembly. Boabdil el Chico looked anxiously round and scanned every face; but he read in them all the anxiety of careworn men, in whose hearts enthusiasm was dead, and who had grown callous to every chivalrous appeal. ‘Allah Achbar! God is great!’ exclaimed he; ‘there is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet! It is in vain to struggle against the will of Heaven. Too surely was it written in the book of fate that I should be unfortunate and the kingdom expire under my rule.’

“‘Allah Achbar! God is great!’ echoed the viziers and alfaquis; ‘the will of God be done!’ So they all accorded with the king that these evils were preordained; that it was hopeless to contend with them; and that the terms offered by the Castilian monarchs were as favorable as could be expected.

“When Muza saw that they were about to sign the treaty of surrender, he rose in violent indignation: ‘Do not deceive yourselves,’ cried he, ‘nor think the Christians will be faithful to their promises, or their king as magnanimous in conquest as he has been victorious in war. Death is the least we have to fear. It is the plundering and sacking of our city, the profanation of our mosques, the ruin of our homes, the violation of our wives and daughters—cruel oppression, bigoted intolerance, whips and chains, the dungeon, the fagot, and the stake—such are the miseries and indignities we shall see and suffer; at least, those groveling souls will see them who now shrink from an honorable death. For my part, by Allah, I will never witness them!’

“With these words he left the council chamber, and strode gloomily through the Court of Lions and the outer halls of the Alhambra, without deigning to speak to the obsequious courtiers who attended in them. He repaired to his dwelling, armed himself at all points, mounted his favorite war-horse, and, issuing forth from the city by the gate of Elvira, was never seen or heard of

more. Such is the account given by Arabian historians of the exit of Muza ben Abel Gazan; but the venerable Fray Antonio Agapida endeavors to clear up the mystery of his fate. That very evening, a small party of Andalusian cavaliers, somewhat more than half a score of lances, were riding along the banks of the Xenil, where it winds through the vega. They beheld in the twilight a Moorish warrior approaching, closely locked up from head to foot in proof. His visor was closed, his lance in rest, his powerful charger barbed like himself in steel. The Christians were lightly armed, with corselet, helm and target; for, during the truce, they apprehended no attack. Seeing, however, the unknown warrior approach in this hostile guise, they challenged him to stand and declare himself.

"The Moslem answered not, but, charging into the midst of them, transfixing one knight with his lance, and bore him out of his saddle to the earth. Wheeling round, he attacked the rest with his scimiter. His blows were furious and deadly; he seemed regardless what wounds he received, so he could but slay. He was evidently fighting, not for glory, but revenge—eager to inflict death, but careless of surviving to enjoy victory. Near one-half of the cavaliers fell beneath his sword before he received a dangerous wound, so completely was he cased in armor of proof. At length he was desperately wounded and his steed, being pierced by a lance, sank to the ground. The Christians, admiring the valor of the Moor, would have spared his life; but he continued to fight upon his knees, brandishing a keen dagger of Fez. Finding at length he could no longer battle, and determined not to be taken prisoner, he threw himself, with an expiring exertion, into the Xenil, and his armor sank him to the bottom of the stream.

"This unknown warrior the venerable Agapida pronounces to have been Muza ben Abel Gazan, and says his horse was recognized by certain converted Moors of the Christian camp: the fact, however, has always remained in doubt.

"The capitulation for the surrender of Granada was signed on the 25th of November, 1491, and produced a sudden cessation of those hostilities which had raged for so many years. Christian and Moor might now be seen mingling courteously on the banks

of the Xenil and the Darro, where to have met a few days previous would have produced a scene of sanguinary contest. Still, as the Moors might be suddenly aroused to defense, if, within the allotted term of seventy days, succors should arrive from abroad; and as they were at all times a rash, inflammable people, the wary Ferdinand maintained a vigilant watch upon the city, and permitted no supplies of any kind to enter. His garrisons in the seaports, and his cruisers in the Straits of Gibraltar, were ordered likewise to guard against any relief from the grand soldan of Egypt, or the princes of Barbary. There was no need of such precautions. Those powers were either too much engrossed by their own wars, or too much daunted by the success of the Spanish arms, to interfere in a desperate cause; and the unfortunate Moors of Granada were abandoned to their fate.

"The month of December had nearly passed away; the famine became extreme, and there was no hope of any favorable event within the term specified in the capitulation. Boabdil saw that to hold out to the end of the allotted time would but be to protract the miseries of his people. With the consent of his council, he determined to surrender the city on the 6th of January. On the 30th of December he sent his grand vizier, Yusef Aben Comixa, with the four hundred hostages, to King Ferdinand, to make known his intention; bearing him, at the same time, a present of a magnificent scimiter, and two Arabian steeds superbly caparisoned.

"The unfortunate Boabdil was doomed to meet with trouble to the end of his career. The very next day, the santón or dervise Hamet Aben Zarrax, the same who had uttered prophecies and excited commotions on former occasions, suddenly made his appearance. Whence he came no one knew; it was rumored that he had been in the mountains of the Alpuxarras, and on the coast of Barbary, endeavoring to rouse the Moslems to the relief of Granada. He was reduced to a skeleton; his eyes glowed like coals in their sockets, and his speech was little better than frantic raving. He harangued the populace in the streets and squares; inveighed against the capitulation, denounced the king and nobles as Moslems only in name, and called upon the people to sally forth

against the unbelievers, for that Allah had decreed them a signal victory.

"Upward of twenty thousand of the populace seized their arms and paraded the streets with shouts and outcries. The shops and houses were shut up; the king himself did not dare to venture forth, but remained a kind of prisoner in the Alhambra.

"The turbulent multitude continued roaming and shouting and howling about the city, during the day and a part of the night. Hunger, and a wintry tempest, tamed their frenzy; and when morning came, the enthusiast who had led them on had disappeared. Whether he had been disposed of by the emissaries of the king, or by the leading men of the city, is not known: his disappearance remains a mystery.

"The Moorish king now issued from the Alhambra, attended by his principal nobles, and harangued the populace. He set forth the necessity of complying with the capitulation, from the famine that reigned in the city, the futility of defense, and from the hostages having already been delivered into the hands of the besiegers.

"In the dejection of his spirits, the unfortunate Boabdil attributed to himself the miseries of the country. 'It was my crime in ascending the throne in rebellion against my father,' said he, mournfully, 'which has brought these woes upon the kingdom; but Allah has grievously visited my sins upon my head. For your sake, my people, I have now made this treaty, to protect you from the sword, your little ones from famine, your wives and daughters from the outrages of war; and to secure you in the enjoyment of your properties, your liberties, your laws and your religion, under a sovereign of happier destinies than the ill-starred Boabdil.'

"The versatile population were touched by the humility of their sovereign—they agreed to adhere to the capitulation, and there was even a faint shout of 'Long live Boabdil the unfortunate!' and they all returned to their homes in perfect tranquillity.

"Boabdil immediately sent missives to King Ferdinand, apprising him of these events, and of his fears lest further delay should produce new tumults. He proposed, therefore, to surrender the city on the following day. The Castilian sovereigns assented with

great satisfaction; and preparations were made in city and camp for this great event, that was to seal the fate of Granada.

“It was a night of doleful lamentings within the walls of the Alhambra; for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. All the royal treasures, and the most precious effects of the Alhambra, were hastily packed upon mules; the beautiful apartments were despoiled, with tears and wailings, by their own inhabitants. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern-gate of the Alhambra, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, which he sent off thus privately that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the sultana Ayxa la Horra, rode on in silence, with dejected yet dignified demeanor; but his wife Zorayma, and all the females of his household, gave way to loud lamentations, as they looked back upon their favorite abode, now a mass of gloomy towers behind them. They were attended by the ancient domestics of the household, and by a small guard of veteran Moors, loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defense of his family. The city was yet buried in sleep as they passed through its silent streets. The guards at the gate shed tears as they opened it for their departure. They paused not, but proceeded along the banks of the Xenil on the road that leads to the Alpuxarras, until they arrived at a hamlet at some distance from the city, where they halted, and waited until they should be joined by King Boabdil.

“The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains which rise above Granada when the Christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers. It had been stipulated in the capitulation that the detachment sent for this purpose should not enter by the streets of the city; a road had therefore been opened, outside of the walls, leading by the Puerta de los Molinos, or the

Gate of the Mills, to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to a postern-gate of the Alhambra.

“When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, leaving his vizier Yusef Aben Comixa to deliver up the palace. ‘Go, senior,’ said he to the commander of the detachment, ‘go and take possession of those fortresses, which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful sovereigns, in punishment of the sins of the Moors.’ He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come; descending to the vega, to meet the Catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted.

“In the meantime, the Christian court and army poured out of the city of Santa Fe, and advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead, accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

“The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty tower of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vala, or Great Watch-Tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James, and a great shout of ‘Santiago! Santiago!’ rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king of arms, with the shout of ‘Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!’ The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession the sovereigns sank upon their knees,

giving thanks to God for this great triumph; the whole assembled host followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of '*Te Deum laudamus.*'

"The procession now resumed its march with joyful alacrity, to the sound of triumphant music, until they came to a small mosque near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day, consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here the sovereigns were met by the unfortunate Boabdil, accompanied by about fifty cavaliers and domestics. As he drew near, he would have dismounted in token of homage, but Ferdinand prevented him. He then proffered to kiss the king's hand, but this sign of vassalage was likewise declined; whereupon, not to be outdone in magnanimity, he leaned forward and kissed the right arm of Ferdinand. Queen Isabella also refused to receive this ceremonial of homage, and, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had remained as hostage ever since Boabdil's liberation from captivity. The Moorish monarch pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes.

"He then delivered the keys of the city to King Ferdinand, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation: 'These keys,' said he, 'are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain: thine, oh king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person. Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands.'

"King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. 'Doubt not our promises,' replied he, 'nor that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee.'

"On receiving the keys, King Ferdinand handed them to the queen; she in her turn presented them to her son Prince Juan, who delivered them to the Count de Tendilla, that brave and loyal cavalier being appointed alcaide of the city and captain-general of the kingdom of Granada.

"Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on toward the Alpuxarras, that he might not be

hold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy signs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

"Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence in the valley of Purchena. At two leagues' distance the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enameled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself: 'Allah Achbar! God is great!' said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears.

"His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness: 'You do well,' said she, 'to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!'

"The vizier Aben Comixa endeavored to console his royal master. 'Consider, sire,' said he, 'that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity.'

"The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled; his tears continued to flow. 'Allah Achbar!' exclaimed he; 'when did misfortunes ever equal mine?'

"From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from the Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar: but the point of view

commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*; or, "The last sigh of the Moor."

"When the Castilian sovereigns had received the keys of Granada from the hands of Boabdil el Chico, the royal army resumed its triumphant march. As it approached the gates of the city, in all the pomp of courtly and chivalrous array, a procession of a different kind came forth to meet it. This was composed of more than five hundred Christian captives, many of whom had languished for years in Moorish dungeons. Pale and emaciated, they came clanking their chains in triumph and shedding tears of joy. They were received with tenderness by the sovereigns. The king hailed them as good Spaniards, as men loyal and brave, as martyrs to the holy cause; the queen distributed liberal relief among them with her own hands, and they passed on before the squadrons of the army, singing hymns of jubilee.

"The sovereigns did not enter the city on this day of its surrender, but waited until it should be fully occupied by their troops, and public tranquillity insured. The Marques de Villena, and the Count de Tendilla, with three thousand cavalry and as many infantry, marched in and took possession, accompanied by the proselyte Prince Cidi Yahye, now known by the Christian appellation of Don Pedro de Granada, who was appointed chief alguazil of the city, and had charge of the Moorish inhabitants, and by his son, the late Prince Alnayar, now Don Alonzo de Granada, who was appointed admiral of the fleets. In a little while, every battlement glistened with Christian helms and lances, the standard of the faith and of the realm floated from every tower, and the thundering salvos of the ordnance told that the subjugation of the city was complete.

"The grandees and cavaliers now knelt and kissed the hands of the king and queen and the Prince Juan, and congratulated them on the acquisition of so great a kingdom; after which, the royal procession returned in state to Santa Fe.

"It was on the sixth of January, the day of kings and festival of the Epiphany, that the sovereigns made their triumphal entry. The king and queen (says the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida)

looked on this occasion as more than mortal: the venerable ecclesiastics, to whose advice and zeal this glorious conquest ought in a great measure to be attributed, moved along with hearts swelling with holy exultation, but with chastened and downcast looks of edifying humility; while the hardy warriors, in tossing plumes and shining steel, seemed elevated with a stern joy at finding themselves in possession of this object of so many toils and perils. As the streets resounded with the tramp of steed and swelling peals of music, the Moors buried themselves in the deepest recesses of their dwellings. There they bewailed in secret the fallen glory of their race, but suppressed their groans, lest they should be heard by their enemies and increase their triumph.

“The royal procession advanced to the principal mosque, which had been consecrated as a cathedral. Here the sovereigns offered up prayers and thanksgivings, and the choir of the royal chapel chanted a triumphant anthem, in which they were joined by all the courtiers and cavaliers. Nothing (says Fray Antonio Agapida) could exceed the thankfulness to God of the pious King Ferdinand, for having enabled him to eradicate from Spain the empire and name of that accursed heathen race, and for the elevation of the cross in that city wherein the impious doctrines of Mohammed had so long been cherished. In the fervor of his spirit, he supplicated from Heaven a continuance of its grace, and that this glorious triumph might be perpetuated. The prayer of the pious monarch was responded by the people, and even his enemies were for once convinced of his sincerity.

“When the religious ceremonies were concluded, the court ascended to the stately palace of the Alhambra, and entered by the great gate of Justice. The halls lately occupied by turbaned Infidels now rustled with stately dames and Christian courtiers, who wandered with eager curiosity over this far-famed palace, admiring its verdant courts and gushing fountains, its halls decorated with elegant arabesques and storied with inscriptions, and the splendor of its gilded and brilliantly painted ceilings.

“It had been a last request of the unfortunate Boabdil, and one which showed how deeply he felt the transition of his fate, that no person might be permitted to enter or depart by the gate of the

Alhambra through which he had sallied forth to surrender his capital. His request was granted; the portal was closed up, and remains so to the present day—a mute memorial of that event.

“The Spanish sovereigns fixed their throne in the presence-chamber of the palace, so long the seat of Moorish royalty. Hither the principal inhabitants of Granada repaired, to pay them homage and kiss their hands in token of vassalage; and their example was followed by deputies from all the towns and fortresses of the Al-puxarras, which had not hitherto submitted.

“Thus terminated the war of Granada, after ten years of incessant fighting; equaling (says Fray Antonio Agapida) the far-famed siege of Troy in duration, and ending, like that, in the capture of the city. Thus ended also the dominion of the Moors in Spain, having endured seven hundred and seventy-eight years, from the memorable defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, on the banks of the Guadalete. The authentic Agapida is uncommonly particular in fixing the epoch of this event. This great triumph of our holy Catholic faith, according to his computation, took place in the beginning of January, in the year of Our Lord 1492, being 3,655 years from the population of Spain by the patriarch Tubal; 3,797 from the general deluge; 5,453 from the creation of the world, according to Hebrew calculation; and in the month Rabic, in the eight hundred and ninety-seventh year of the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed, whom may God confound! saith the pious Agapida.”

CHAPTER XV

THE SPANISH ARMADA AND ITS DEFEAT

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SPAIN

A. D. 1588

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair
 maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald
 flew:

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet.
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring
 street:

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand
went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers
forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the
north;
And on, and on, without a pause untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill
to hill:
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

—MACAULAY.

Spain for a long time has been so impotent, and England so powerful, that it is not easy, without some reflection and care, to comprehend the full extent of the peril which England then ran from the power and the ambition of Spain, or to appreciate the importance of that crisis in the history of the world. England had then no Indian or colonial empire, save the feeble germs of the North American settlements, which Raleigh and Gilbert had recently planted. Scotland was a separate kingdom; and Ireland was then even a greater source of weakness and a worse nest of rebellion than she became in after times. Queen Elizabeth had found at her accession an encumbered revenue, a divided people, and an unsuccessful foreign war, in which the last remnant of the possessions in France had been lost; she had also a formidable pretender to her crown, whose interests were favored by all the Roman Catholic powers; and even some of her subjects were warped by

religious bigotry to deny her title and to look on her as a heretical usurper. It is true that, during the years of her reign which had passed away before the attempted invasion of 1588, she had revived the commercial prosperity, the national spirit, and the national loyalty of England. But her resources to cope with the colossal power of Philip II. still seemed most scanty; and she had not a single foreign ally, except the Dutch, who were themselves struggling hard, and, as it seemed, hopelessly, to maintain their revolt against Spain.

On the other hand, Philip II. was absolute master of an empire so superior to the other states of the world in extent, in resources, and especially in military and naval forces, as to make the project of enlarging that empire into a universal monarchy seem a perfectly feasible scheme; and Philip had both the ambition to form that project and the resolution to devote all his energies and all his means to its realization. Since the downfall of the Roman empire, no such preponderating power had existed in the world. During the medieval centuries the chief European kingdoms were slowly molding themselves out of the feudal chaos; and though the wars with each other were numerous and desperate, and several of their respective kings figured for a time as mighty conquerors, none of them in those times acquired the consistency and perfect organization which are requisite for a long-sustained career of aggrandizement. After the consolidation of the great kingdoms, they for some time kept each other in mutual check. During the first half of the sixteenth century, the balancing system was successfully practiced by European statesmen. But when Philip II. reigned, France had become so miserably weak through her civil wars that he had nothing to dread from the rival state which had so long curbed his father, the Emperor Charles V. In Germany, Italy and Poland he had either zealous friends and dependents, or weak and divided enemies. Against the Turks he had gained great and glorious successes; and he might look round the continent of Europe without discerning a single antagonist of whom he could stand in awe. Spain, when he acceded to the throne, was at the zenith of her power. The hardihood and spirit which the Aragonese, the Castilians, and the other nations of the Penin-

sula had acquired during centuries of free institutions and successful war against the Moors, had not yet become obliterated. Charles V. had, indeed, destroyed the liberties of Spain; but that had been done too recently for its full evil to be felt in Philip's time. A people cannot be debased in a single generation; and the Spaniards under Charles V. and Philip II. proved the truth of the remark that no nation is ever so formidable to its neighbors, for a time, as a nation which, after being trained up in self-government, passes suddenly under a despotic ruler. The energy of democratic institutions survives for a few generations, and to it are superadded the decision and certainty which are the attributes of government when all its powers are directed by a single mind. It is true that this preternatural vigor is short-lived: national corruption and debasement gradually follow the loss of the national liberties; but there is an interval before their workings are felt, and in that interval the most ambitious schemes of foreign conquest are often successfully undertaken.

Philip had also the advantage of finding himself at the head of a large standing army in a perfect state of discipline and equipment, in an age when, except some few insignificant corps, standing armies were unknown in Christendom. The renown of the Spanish troops was justly high, and the infantry in particular was considered the best in the world. His fleet, also, was far more numerous and better appointed than that of any other European power; and both his soldiers and his sailors had the confidence in themselves and their commanders which a long career of successful warfare alone can create.

Besides the Spanish crown, Philip succeeded to the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the duchy of Milan, Franche-Compte, and the Netherlands. In Africa he possessed Tunis, Oran, the Cape Verde, and the Canary Islands; and in Asia, the Philippine and Sunda Islands, and a part of the Moluccas. Beyond the Atlantic he was lord of the most splendid portions of the New World, which Columbus found "for Castile and Leon." The empires of Peru and Mexico, New Spain, and Chili, with their abundant mines of the precious metals, Hispaniola and Cuba, and many other of the American islands, were provinces of the sovereign of Spain.

Philip had, indeed, experienced the mortification of seeing the inhabitants of the Netherlands revolt against his authority, nor could he succeed in bringing back beneath the Spanish scepter all the possessions which his father had bequeathed to him; but he had reconquered a large number of the towns and districts that originally took up arms against him. Belgium was brought more thoroughly into implicit obedience to Spain than she had been before her insurrection, and it was only Holland and the six other northern states that still held out against his arms. The contest had also formed a compact and veteran army on Philip's side, which, under his great general, the prince of Parma, had been trained to act together under all difficulties and all vicissitudes of warfare, and on whose steadiness and loyalty perfect reliance might be placed throughout any enterprise, however difficult and tedious. Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma, captain-general of the Spanish armies, and governor of the Spanish possessions in the Netherlands, was beyond all comparison the greatest military genius of his age. He was also highly distinguished for political wisdom and sagacity, and for his great administrative talents. He was idolized by his troops, whose affections he knew how to win without relaxing their discipline or diminishing his own authority. Pre-eminently cool and circumspect in his plans, but swift and energetic when the moment arrived for striking a decisive blow, neglecting no risk that caution could provide against, conciliating even the populations of the districts which he attacked by his scrupulous good faith, his moderation, and his address, Farnese was one of the most formidable generals that ever could be placed at the head of an army designed not only to win battles, but to effect conquests. Happy it is for England and the world that this island was saved from becoming an arena for the exhibition of his powers.

Whatever diminution the Spanish empire might have sustained in the Netherlands seemed to be more than compensated by the acquisition of Portugal, which Philip had completely conquered in 1580. Not only that ancient kingdom itself, but all the fruits of the maritime enterprises of the Portuguese, had fallen into Philip's hands. All the Portuguese colonies in America,

Africa, and the East Indies acknowledged the sovereignty of the king of Spain, who thus not only united the whole Iberian peninsula under his single scepter, but had acquired a transmarine empire little inferior in wealth and extent to that which he had inherited at his accession. The splendid victory which his fleet, in conjunction with the papal and Venetian galleys, had gained at Lepanto over the Turks, had deservedly exalted the fame of the Spanish marine throughout Christendom; and when Philip had reigned thirty-five years the vigor of his empire seemed unbroken, and the glory of the Spanish arms had increased and was increasing throughout the world.

One nation only had been his active, his persevering, and his successful foe. England had encouraged his revolted subjects in Flanders against him, and given them the aid in men and money without which they must soon have been humbled in the dust. English ships had plundered his colonies; had defied his supremacy in the New World as well as the Old; they had inflicted ignominious defeats on his squadrons; they had captured his cities, and burned his arsenals on the very coasts of Spain. The English had made Philip himself the object of personal insult. He was held up to ridicule in their stage-plays and masks, and these scoffs at the man had (as is not unusual in such cases) excited the anger of the absolute king even more vehemently than the injuries inflicted on his power. Personal as well as political revenge urged him to attack England. Were she once subdued, the Dutch must submit; France could not cope with him, the empire would not oppose him; and universal dominion seemed sure to be the result of the conquest of that malignant island.

There was yet another and a stronger feeling which armed King Philip against England. He was one of the sincerest and one of the sternest bigots of his age. He looked on himself, and was looked on by others, as the appointed champion to extirpate heresy and re-establish the papal power throughout Europe. A powerful reaction against Protestantism had taken place since the commencement of the second half of the sixteenth century, and he looked on himself as destined to complete it. The Reformed doctrines had been thoroughly rooted out from Italy and Spain. Bel-

gium, which had previously been half Protestant, had been reconquered both in allegiance and creed by Philip, and had become one of the most Catholic countries in the world. Half Germany had been won back to the old faith. In Savoy, in Switzerland, and many other countries, the progress of the counter-Reformation had been rapid and decisive. The Catholic league seemed victorious in France. The papal court itself had shaken off the supineness of recent centuries, and, at the head of the Jesuits and the other new ecclesiastical orders, was displaying a vigor and a boldness worthy of the days of Hildebrand, or Innocent III.

Throughout Continental Europe, the Protestants, discomfited and dismayed, looked to England as their protector and refuge. England was the acknowledged central point of Protestant power and policy; and to conquer England was to stab Protestantism to the very heart. Sixtus V., the then reigning pope, earnestly exhorted Philip to this enterprise. And when the tidings reached Italy and Spain that the Protestant queen of England had put to death her Catholic prisoner, Mary Queen of Scots, the fury of the Vatican and Escorial knew no bounds. Elizabeth was denounced as the murderous heretic whose destruction was an instant duty. A formal treaty was concluded (in June, 1587), by which the pope bound himself to contribute a million of scudi to the expenses of the war; the money to be paid as soon as the king had actual possession of an English port. Philip, on his part, strained the resources of his vast empire to the utmost. The French Catholic chiefs eagerly co-operated with him. In the seaports of the Mediterranean, and along almost the whole coast from Gibraltar to Jutland, the preparations for the great armament were urged forward with all the earnestness of religious zeal as well as of angry ambition. "Thus," says the German historian of the popes, "thus did the united powers of Italy and Spain, from which such mighty influences had gone forth over the whole world, now rouse themselves for an attack upon England! The king had already compiled, from the archives of Simancas, a statement of the claims which he had to the throne of that country on the extinction of the Stuart line; the most brilliant prospects, especially that of a universal dominion of the seas, were associated in his mind with this enter-

prise. Everything seemed to conspire to such an end; the predominancy of Catholicism in Germany, the renewed attack upon the Huguenots in France, the attempt upon Geneva, and the enterprise against England. At the same moment, a thoroughly Catholic prince, Sigismund III., ascended the throne of Poland, with the prospect also of future succession to the throne of Sweden. But whenever any principle or power, be it what it may, aims at unlimited supremacy in Europe, some vigorous resistance to it, having its origin in the deepest springs of human nature, invariably arises. Philip II. had to encounter newly-awakened powers, braced by the vigor of youth and elevated by a sense of their future destiny. The intrepid corsairs, who had rendered every sea insecure, now clustered round the coasts of their native island. The Protestants in a body—even the Puritans, although they had been subjected to as severe oppressions as the Catholics—rallied round their queen, who now gave admirable proof of her masculine courage, and her princely talent of winning the affections, and leading the minds, and preserving the allegiance of men.”

Ranke should have added that the English Catholics at this crisis proved themselves as loyal to their queen and true to their country as were the most vehement anti-Catholic zealots in the island. Some few traitors there were; but as a body the Englishmen who held the ancient faith stood the trial of their patriotism nobly. The lord admiral himself was a Catholic, and (to adopt the words of Hallam) “then it was that the Catholics in every county repaired to the standard of the lord-lieutenant, imploring that they might not be suspected of bartering the national independence for their religion itself.” The Spaniard found no partisans in the country which he assailed, nor did England, self-wounded,

“Lie at the proud foot of her enemy.”

For upward of a year the Spanish preparations had been actively and unremittingly urged forward. Negotiations were, during this time, carried on at Ostend, in which various pretexts were assigned by the Spanish commissioners for the gathering together of such huge masses of shipping, and such equipments of troops in

all the seaports which their master ruled; but Philip himself took little care to disguise his intentions; nor could Elizabeth and her able ministers doubt but that this island was the real object of the Spanish armament. The peril that was wisely foreseen was resolutely provided for. Circular letters from the queen were sent round to the lord lieutenants of the several counties, requiring them "to call together the best sort of gentlemen under their lieutenancy, and to declare unto them these great preparations and arrogant threatenings, now burst forth in action upon the seas, wherein every man's particular state, in the highest degree, could be touched in respect of country, liberty, wives, children, lands, lives, and (which was specially to be regarded) the profession of the true and sincere religion of Christ. And to lay before them the infinite and unspeakable miseries that would fall out upon any such change, which miseries were evidently seen by the fruits of that hard and cruel government holden in countries not far distant. We do look," said the queen, "that the most part of them should have, upon this instant extraordinary occasion, a larger proportion of furniture, both for horsemen and footmen, but especially horsemen, than hath been certified thereby to be in their best strength against any attempt, or to be employed about our own person, or otherwise. Hereunto as we doubt not but by your good endeavors they will be the rather conformable, so also we assure ourselves that Almighty God will so bless these their loyal hearts borne toward us, their loving sovereign, and their natural country, that all the attempts of any enemy whatsoever shall be made void and frustrate, to their confusion, your comfort, and to God's high glory."

Letters of a similar kind were also sent by the council to each of the nobility, and to the great cities. The primate called on the clergy for their contributions; and by every class of the community the appeal was responded to with liberal zeal, that offered more even than the queen required. The boasting threats of the Spaniards had roused the spirit of the nation, and the whole people "were thoroughly irritated to stir up their whole forces for their defense against such prognosticated conquests; so that, in a very short time, all her whole realm, and every corner, were furnished

with armed men, on horseback and on foot; and those continually trained, exercised, and put into bands in warlike manner, as in no age ever was before in this realm. There was no sparing of money to provide horse, armor, weapons, powder, and all necessities; no, nor want of provision of pioneers, carriages, and victuals, in every county of the realm, without exception, to attend upon the armies. And to this general furniture every man voluntarily offered, very many their services personally without wages, others money for armor and weapons, and to wage soldiers; a matter strange, and never the like heard of in this realm or elsewhere. And this general reason moved all men to large contributions, that when a conquest was to be withstood wherein all should be lost, it was no time to spare a portion."

The lion-hearted queen showed herself worthy of such a people. A camp was formed at Tilbury; and there Elizabeth rode through the ranks, encouraging her captains and her soldiers by her presence and her words. One of the speeches which she addressed to them during this crisis has been preserved; and, though often quoted, it must not be omitted here.

"My loving people," she said, "we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come among you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die among you all, to lay down for my God, for my kingdom, and for my people, my honor and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a King of England, too, and think it foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm, to which rather than any dishonor shall grow by me I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I

know already, for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject, not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."

Some of Elizabeth's advisers recommended that the whole care and resources of the government should be devoted to the equipment of the armies, and that the enemy, when he attempted to land, should be welcomed with a battle on the shore. But the wiser counsels of Raleigh and others prevailed, who urged the importance of fitting out a fleet that should encounter the Spaniards at sea, and, if possible, prevent them from approaching the land at all. In Raleigh's great work on the "History of the World," he takes occasion, when discussing some of the events of the first Punic war, to give his reasonings on the proper policy of England when menaced with invasion. Without doubt, we have there the substance of the advice which he gave to Elizabeth's council; and the remarks of such a man on such a subject have a general and enduring interest, beyond the immediate crisis which called them forth. Raleigh says: "Surely I hold that the best way is to keep our enemies from treading upon our ground; wherein if we fail, then must we seek to make him wish that he had stayed at his own home. In such a case, if it should happen, our judgments are to weigh many particular circumstances, that belongs not unto this discourse. But making the question general, the positive, *Whether England, without the help of her fleet, be able to debar an enemy from landing*, I hold that it is unable so to do, and therefore I think it most dangerous to make the adventure; for the encouragement of a first victory to an enemy, and the discouragement of being beaten to the invaded, may draw after it a most perilous consequence.

"Great difference I know there is, and a diverse consideration to be had, between such a country as France is, strengthened with many fortified places, and this of ours, where our ramparts are but

the bodies of men. But I say that an army to be transported over sea, and to be landed again in an enemy's country, and the place left to the choice of the invader, cannot be resisted on the coast of England without a fleet to impeach it; no, nor on the coast of France, or any other country, except every creek, port, or sandy bay had a powerful army in each of them to make opposition. For let the supposition be granted that Kent is able to furnish twelve thousand foot, and that those twelve thousand be layed in the three best landing-places within that country; to wit, three thousand at Margat, three thousand at the Nesse, and six thousand at Foulkstone, that is, somewhat equally distant from them both, as also that two of these troops (unless some other order be thought more fit) be directed to strengthen the third, when they shall see the enemy's fleet to head toward it: I say, that notwithstanding this provision, if the enemy, setting sail from the Isle of Wight, in the first watch of the night, and towing their long boats at their sterns, shall arrive by dawn of day at the Nesse, and thrust their army on shore there, it will be hard for those three thousand that are at Margat (twenty-and-four long miles from thence) to come time enough to re-enforce their fellows at the Nesse. Nay, how shall they at Foulkstone be able to do it, who are nearer by more than half the way? seeing that the enemy, at his first arrival, will either make his entrance by force, with three or four shot of great artillery, and quickly put the first three thousand that are intrenched at the Nesse to run, or else give them so much to do that they shall be glad to send for help to Foulkstone, and perhaps to Margat, whereby those places will be left bare. Now, let us suppose that all the twelve thousand Kentish soldiers arrive at the Nesse ere the enemy can be ready to disembarque his army, so that he will find it unsafe to land in the face of so many prepared to withstand him, yet must we believe that he will play the best of his own game (having liberty to go which way he list), and under covert of the night, set sail toward the east, where what shall hinder him to take ground either at Margat, the Downes, or elsewhere, before they at the Nesse can be well aware of his departure? Certainly there is nothing more easy than to do it. Yea, the like may be said of Weymouth, Purbeck, Poole, and of all landing-places on

the southwest; for there is no man ignorant that ships, without putting themselves out of breath, will easily outrun the soldiers that coast them. '*Les armées ne volent point en poste*'; 'Armies neither flye nor run post,' saith a marshal of France. And I know it to be true, that a fleet of ships may be seen at sunset, and after it at the Lizard, yet by the next morning they may recover Portland, whereas an army of foot shall not be able to march it in six dayes. Again, when those troops lodged on the sea-shores shall be forced to run from place to place in vain, after a fleet of ships, they will at length sit down in the midway and leave all at adventure. But say it were otherwise, that the invading enemy will offer to land in some such place where there shall be an army of ours ready to receive him; yet it cannot be doubted but that when the choice of all our trained bands, and the choice of our commanders and captains, shall be drawn together (as they were at Tilbury in the year 1588) to attend the person of the prince, and for the defense of the city of London, they that remain to guard the coast can be of no such force as to encounter an army like unto that wherewith it was intended that the Prince of Parma should have landed in England.

"For end of this digression, I hope that this question shall never come to trial: his majesty's many movable forts will forbid the experience. And although the English will no less disdain, than any nation under heaven can do, to be beaten upon their own ground, or elsewhere, by a foreign enemy, yet to entertain those that shall assail us, with their own beef in their bellies, and before they eat of our Kentish capons, I take it to be the wisest way; to do which his majesty, after God, will employ his good ships on the sea, and not trust in any intrenchment upon the shore."

The introduction of steam as a propelling power at sea has added tenfold weight to these arguments of Raleigh. On the other hand, a well-constructed system of railways, especially of coast-lines, aided by the operation of the electric telegraph, would give facilities for concentrating a defensive army to oppose an enemy on landing, and for moving troops from place to place in observation of the movements of the hostile fleet, such as would have astonished Sir Walter, even more than the sight of vessels

passing rapidly to and fro without the aid of wind or tide. The observation of the French marshal, whom he quotes, is now no longer correct. Armies can be made to pass from place to place almost with the speed of wings, and far more rapidly than any post-traveling that was known in the Elizabethan or any other age. Still, the presence of a sufficient armed force at the right spot, at the right time, can never be made a matter of certainty, and even after the changes that have taken place, no one can doubt but that the policy of Raleigh is that which England should ever seek to follow in defensive war. At the time of the Armada, that policy certainly saved the country, if not from conquest, at least from deplorable calamities. If indeed the enemy had landed, we may be sure that he would have been heroically opposed. But history shows us so many examples of the superiority of veteran troops over new levies, however numerous and brave, that, without disparaging our countrymen's soldierly merits, we may well be thankful that no trial of them was then made on English land. Especially must we feel this when we contrast the high military genius of the Prince of Parma, who would have headed the Spaniards, with the imbecility of the Earl of Leicester, to whom the deplorable spirit of favoritism, which formed the great blemish on Elizabeth's character, had then committed the chief command of the English armies.

The ships of the royal navy at this time amounted to no more than thirty-six; but the most serviceable merchant vessels were collected from all the ports of the country; and the citizens of London, Bristol, and the other great seats of commerce, showed as liberal a zeal in equipping and manning vessels as the nobility and gentry displayed in mustering forces by land. The seafaring population of the coast, of every rank and station, was animated by the same ready spirit; and the whole number of seamen who came forward to man the English fleet was 17,472. The number of the ships that were collected was 191, and the total amount of their tonnage, 31,985. There was one ship in the fleet (the "Triumph") of 1,100 tons, one of 1,000, one of 900, two of 800 each, three of 600, one of 500, five of 400, six of 300, six of 250, twenty of 200, and the residue of inferior burden. Application was made to the Dutch

for assistance; and, as Stowe expresses it, "The Hollanders came roundly in, with threescore sail, brave ships of war, fierce and full of spleen, not so much for England's aid, as in just occasion for their own defense: these men foreseeing the greatness of the danger that might ensue if the Spaniards should chance to win the day and get the mastery over them; in due regard whereof, their manly courage was inferior to none."

We have more minute information of the number and equipment of the hostile forces than we have of our own. In the first volume of Hakluyt's "Voyages," dedicated to Lord Effingham, who commanded against the Armada, there is given (from the contemporary foreign writer, Meteran) a more complete and detailed catalogue than has perhaps ever appeared of a similar armament.

"A very large and particular description of this navie was put in print and published by the Spaniards, wherein were set downe the number, names, and burthens of the shippes, the number of mariners and soldiers throughout the whole fleete; likewise the quantitie of their ordinance, of their armor, of bullets, of match, of gun-poulder, of victuals, and of all their navall furniture was in the saide description particularized. Unto all these were added the names of the governours, captaines, noblemen, and gentlemen voluntaries, of whom there was so great a multitude, that scarce was there any family of accompt, or any one principall man throughout all Spaine, that had not a brother, sonne, or kinsman in that fleete; who all of them were in good hope to purchase unto themselves in that navie (as they termed it) invincible, endless glory and renown, and to possess themselves of great seigniories and riches in England and in the Low Countreys. But because the said description was translated and published out of Spanish into divers other languages, we will here only make an abridgement or brief rehearsal thereof.

"Portugall furnished and set foorth under the conduct of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, generall of the fleete, 10 galeons, 2 zabraes, 1,300 mariners, 3,300 souldiers, 300 great pieces, with all requisite furniture.

"Biscay, under the conduct of John Martines de Ricalde, ad-

miral of the whole fleete, set forth 10 galeons, 4 pataches, 700 mariners, 2,000 souldiers, 250 great pieces, etc.

“Guipusco, under the conduct of Michael de Oquendo, 10 galeons, 4 pataches, 700 mariners, 2,000 souldiers, 310 great pieces.

“Italy, with the Levant islands, under Martine de Vertendona, 10 galeons, 800 mariners, 2,000 souldiers, 310 great pieces, etc.

“Castile, under Diego Flores de Valdez, 14 galeons, 2 pataches, 1,700 mariners, 2,400 souldiers, and 380 great pieces, etc.

“Andaluzia, under the conduct of Petro de Valdez, 10 galeons, 1 patache, 800 mariners, 2,400 souldiers, 280 great pieces, etc.

“Item, under the conduct of John Lopez de Medina, 23 great Flemish hulkes, with 700 mariners, 3,200 souldiers, and 400 great pieces.

“Item, under Hugo de Moncada, 4 galliasses, containing 1,200 gally-slaves, 460 mariners, 870 souldiers, 200 great pieces, etc.

“Item, under Diego de Mandrana, 4 gallies of Portugall, with 888 gally-slaves, 360 mariners, 20 great pieces, and other requisite furniture.

“Item, under Anthonie de Mendoza, 22 pataches and zabraes, with 574 mariners, 488 souldiers, and 193 great pieces.

“Besides the ships aforementioned, there were 20 caravels rowed with oares, being appointed to performe necessary services under the greater ships, insomuch that all the ships appertayning to this navie amounted unto the summe of 150, eche one being sufficiently provided of furniture and victuals.

“The number of mariners in the saide fleete were above 8,000, of slaves 2,088, of souldiers 20,000 (besides noblemen and gentlemen voluntaries), of great cast pieces 2,600. The foresaid ships were of an huge and incredible capacitie and receipt, for the whole fleete was large enough to containe the burthen of 60,000 tunnes.

“The galeons were 64 in number, being of an huge bignesse, and very flatly built, being of marveilous force also, and so high that they resembled great castles, most fit to defend themselves and to withstand any assault, but in giving any other ships the encounter farr inferiour unto the English and Dutch ships, which

can with great dexteritie weild and turne themselves at all assayes. The upper worke of the said galeons was of thicknesse and strength sufficient to beare off musket-shot. The lower worke and the timbers thereof were out of measure strong, being framed of planks and ribs foure or five foote in thicknesse, insomuch that no bullets could pierce them but such as were discharged hard at hand, which afterward proved true, for a great number of bullets were founde to sticke fast within the massie substance of those thicke planks. Great and well-pitched cables were twined about the masts of their shippes, to strengthen them against the battery of shot.

“The galliasses were of such bignesse that they contained within them chambers, chapels, turrets, pulpits, and other commodities of great houses. The galliasses were rowed with great oares, there being in eche one of them 300 slaves for the same purpose, and were able to do great service with the force of their ordinance. All these, together with the residue aforenamed, were furnished and beautified with trumpets, streamers, banners, warlike ensignes, and other such like ornaments.

“Their pieces of brazen ordinance were 1,600, and of yron a 1,000.

“The bullets thereto belonging were 120,000.

“Item of gun-poulder, 5,600 quintals. Of matche, 1,200 quintals. Of muskets and kaleivers, 7,000. Of haleberts and partisans, 10,000.

“Moreover, they had great stores of canons, double-canons, culverings and field-pieces for land services.

“Likewise they were provided of all instruments necessary on land to conveigh and transport their furniture from place to place, as namely of carts, wheelles, wagons, etc. Also they had spades, mattocks, and baskets to set pioners on worke. They had in like sort great store of mules and horses, and whatsoever else was requisite for a land armie. They were so well stored of biscuit, that for the space of halfe a yeere they might allow eche person in the whole fleete halfe a quintall every moneth, whereof the whole summe amounteth unto an hundreth thousand quintals.

“Likewise of wine they had 147,000 pipes, sufficient also for

halfe a yeere's expedition. Of bacon, 6,500 quintals. Of cheese, 3,000 quintals. Besides fish, rise, beanes, pease, oile, vinegar, etc.

"Moreover, they had 12,000 pipes of fresh water, and all other necessary provision, as namely candles, lanternes, lampes, sailes, hempe, oxe-hides, and lead, to stop holes that should be made with the battery of gunshot. To be short, they brought all things expedient, either for a fleete by sea, or for an armie by land.

"This navie (as Diego Pimentelli afterward confessed) was esteemed by the king himselfe to containe 32,000 persons, and to cost him every day 30,000 ducates.

"There were in the said navie five terzaes of Spaniards (which terzaes the Frenchmen call regiments), under the command of five governours, termed by the Spaniards masters of the field, and among the rest there were many olde and expert souldiers chosen out of the garisons of Sicilie, Naples, and Tercera. Their capitaines or colonels were Diego Pimentelli, Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Alonco de Lucon, Don Nicolas de Isla, Don Augustin de Mexia, who had eche of them thirty-two companies under their conduct. Besides the which companies, there were many bands also of Castilians and Portugals, every one of which had their peculiar governours, captains, officers, colors, and weapons."

While this huge armament was making ready in the southern ports of the Spanish dominions, the Duke of Parma, with almost incredible toil and skill, collected a squadron of warships at Dunkirk, and a large flotilla of other ships and of flat-bottomed boats for the transport to England of the picked troops, which were designed to be the main instruments in subduing England. The design of the Spaniards was that the Armada should give them, at least for a time, the command of the sea, and that it should join the squadron that Parma had collected off Calais. Then, escorted by an overpowering naval force, Parma and his army were to embark in their flotilla, and cross the sea to England, where they were to be landed, together with the troops which the Armada brought from the ports of Spain. The scheme was not dissimilar to one formed against England a little more than two centuries afterward.

As Napoleon, in 1805, waited with his army and flotilla at Boulogne, looking for Villeneuve to drive away the English cruisers and secure him a passage across the Channel, so Parma, in 1588, waited for Medina Sidonia to drive away the Dutch and English squadrons that watched his flotilla, and to enable his veterans to cross the sea to the land that they were to conquer. Thanks to Providence, in each case England's enemy waited in vain!

Although the numbers of sail which the queen's government and the patriotic zeal of volunteers had collected for the defense of England exceeded the number of sail in the Spanish fleet, the English ships were, collectively, far inferior in size to their adversaries, their aggregate tonnage being less by half than that of the enemy. In the number of guns and weight of metal, the disproportion was still greater. The English admiral was also obliged to subdivide his force; and Lord Henry Seymour, with forty of the best Dutch and English ships, was employed in blockading the hostile ports in Flanders, and in preventing the Duke of Parma from coming out of Dunkirk.

The "Invincible Armada," as the Spaniards in the pride of their hearts named it, set sail from the Tagus on the 29th of May, but near Corunna met with a tempest that drove it into port with severe loss. It was the report of the damage done to the enemy by this storm which had caused the English court to suppose that there would be no invasion that year. But, as already mentioned, the English admiral had sailed to Corunna, and learned the real state of the case, whence he had returned with his ships to Plymouth. The Armada sailed again from Corunna on the 12th of July. The orders of King Philip to the Duke de Medina Sidonia were, that he should, on entering the Channel, keep near the French coast, and, if attacked by the English ships, avoid an action and steer on to Calais Roads, where the Prince of Parma's squadron was to join him. The hope of surprising and destroying the English fleet in Plymouth led the Spanish admiral to deviate from these orders and to stand across to the English shore; but, on finding that Lord Howard was coming out to meet him, he resumed the original plan, and determined to bend his way steadily

toward Calais and Dunkirk, and to keep merely on the defensive against such squadrons of the English as might come up with him.

It was on Saturday, the 20th of July, that Lord Effingham came in sight of his formidable adversaries. The Armada was drawn up in form of a crescent, which, from horn to horn, measured some seven miles. There was a southwest wind, and before it the vast vessels sailed slowly on. The English let them pass by, and then, following in the rear, commenced an attack on them. A running fight now took place, in which some of the best ships of the Spaniards were captured, many more received heavy damage, while the English vessels, which took care not to close with their huge antagonists, but availed themselves of their superior celerity in tacking and maneuvering, suffered little comparative loss. Each day added not only to the spirit but to the number of Effingham's force. Raleigh, Oxford, Cumberland, and Sheffield joined him; and "the gentlemen of England hired ships from all parts at their own charge, and with one accord came flocking thither as to a set field, where glory was to be attained and faithful service performed unto their prince and their country."

Raleigh justly praises the English admiral for his skillful tactics. Raleigh says, "Certainly, he that will happily perform a fight at sea must be skillful in making choice of vessels to fight in: he must believe that there is more belonging to a good man of war, upon the waters, than great daring; and must know that there is a great deal of difference between fighting loose or at large and grappling. The guns of a slow ship pierce as well and make as great holes as those in a swift. To clap ships together, without consideration, belongs rather to a madman than to a man of war; for by such an ignorant bravery was Peter Strossie lost at the Azores, when he fought against the Marques of Santa Cruza. In like sort had the Lord Charles Howard, admiral of England, been lost in the year 1588, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were that found fault with his demeanor. The Spaniards had an army aboard them, and he had none: they had more ships than he had, and of higher building and charging; so that, had he entangled himself with those great and powerful vessels, he had greatly endangered this kingdom of England; for

twenty men upon the defenses are equal to a hundred that board and enter; whereas then, contrariwise, the Spaniards had a hundred, for twenty of ours, to defend themselves withal. But our admiral knew his advantage, and held it; which had he not done he had not been worthy to have held his head up."

The Spanish admiral also showed great judgment and firmness in following the line of conduct that had been traced out for him; and, on the 27th of July, he brought his fleet unbroken, though sorely distressed, to anchor in Calais Roads. But the king of Spain had calculated ill the number and the activity of the English and Dutch fleets; as the old historian expresses it, "It seemeth that the Duke of Parma and the Spaniards grounded upon a vain and presumptuous expectation, that all the ships of England and of the Low Countreys would at the first sight of the Spanish and Dunkerke navye have betaken themselves to flight, yeelding them sea-room, and endeavoring only to defend themselves, their havens, and sea-coasts from invasion. Wherefore their intent and purpose was, that the Duke of Parma, in his small and flat-bottomed ships, should, as it were under the shadow and wings of the Spanish fleet, convey over all his troupes, armor, and war-like provisions, and with their forces so united, should invade England; or while the English fleet were busied in fight against the Spanish, should enter upon any part of the coast, which he thought to be most convenient. Which invasion (as the captives afterward confessed) the Duke of Parma thought first to have attempted by the River of Thames; upon the bankes whereof having at the first arrivall landed twenty or thirty thousand of his principall souldiers, he supposed that he might easily have wonne the citie of London; both because his small shippes should have followed and assisted his land forces, and also for that the citie it-selfe was but meanely fortified and easie to overcome, by reason of the citizens' delicacie and discontinuance from the warres, who, with continuall and constant labor, might be vanquished, if they yielded not at the first assault."

But the English and Dutch found ships and mariners enough to keep the Armada itself in check, and at the same time to block up Parma's flotilla. The greater part of Seymour's squadron left

its cruising-ground off Dunkirk to join the English admiral off Calais; but the Dutch manned about five-and-thirty sail of good ships, with a strong force of soldiers on board, all well seasoned to the sea-service, and with these they blockaded the Flemish ports that were in Parma's power. Still it was resolved by the Spanish admiral and the prince to endeavor to effect a junction, which the English seamen were equally resolute to prevent; and bolder measures on our side now became necessary.

The Armada lay off Calais, with its largest ships ranged outside, "like strong castles fearing no assault, the lesser placed in the middle ward." The English admiral could not attack them in their position without great disadvantage, but on the night of the 29th he sent eight fire-ships among them, with almost equal effect to that of the fire-ships which the Greeks so often employed against the Turkish fleets in their war of independence. The Spaniards cut their cables and put to sea in confusion. One of the largest galleasses ran foul of another vessel and was stranded. The rest of the fleet was scattered about on the Flemish coast, and when the morning broke it was with difficulty and delay that they obeyed their admiral's signal to range themselves round him near Gravelines. Now was the golden opportunity for the English to assail them, and prevent them from ever letting loose Parma's flotilla against England, and nobly was that opportunity used. Drake and Fenner were the first English captains who attacked the unwieldy leviathans; then came Fenton, Southwell, Burton, Cross, Raynor, and then the lord admiral, with Lord Thomas Howard and Lord Sheffield. The Spaniards only thought of forming and keeping close together, and were driven by the English past Dunkirk, and far away from the Prince of Parma, who, in watching their defeat from the coast, must, as Drake expressed it, have chafed like a bear robbed of her whelps. This was indeed the last and the decisive battle between the two fleets. It is, perhaps, best described in the very words of the contemporary writer, as we may read them in Hakluyt.

"Upon the 29 of July in the morning, the Spanish fleet after the forsayd tumult, having arranged themselues againe into order, were, within sight of Greveling, most bravely and furiously en-

countered by the English, where they once again got the wind of the Spaniards, who suffered themselves to be deprived of the commodity of the place in Caleis Road, and of the advantage of the wind neer unto Dunkerk, rather than they would change their array or separate their forces now conjoyned and united together, standing only upon their defense.

“And albeit there were many excellent and warlike ships in the English fleet, yet scarce were there 22 or 23 among them all, which matched 90 of the Spanish ships in the bigness, or could conveniently assault them. Wherefore the English shippes using their prerogative of nimble steerage, whereby they could turn and wield themselves with the wind which way they listed, came often times very near upon the Spaniards, and charged them so sore, that now and then they were but a pike’s length asunder; and so continually giving them one broad side after another, they discharged all their shot, both great and small, upon them, spending one whole day, from morning till night, in that violent kind of conflict, untill such time as powder and bullets failed them. In regard of which want they thought it convenient not to pursue the Spaniards any longer, because they had many great vantages of the English, namely, for the extraordinary bigness of their shippes, and also for that they were so neerely conjoyned, and kept together in so good array, that they could by no meanes be fought withall one to one. The English thought, therefore, that they had right well acquitted themselves in chasing the Spaniards first from Caleis, and then from Dunkerk, and by that means to have hindered them from joyning with the Duke of Parma his forces, and getting the wind of them, to have driven them from their own coasts.

“The Spaniards that day sustained great loss and damage, having many of their shippes shot thorow and thorow, and they discharged likewise great store of ordinance against the English, who, indeed, sustained some hinderance, but not comparable to the Spaniard’s loss; for they lost not any one ship or person of account; for very diligent inquisition being made, the Englishmen all that time wherein the Spanish navy sayled upon their seas, are not found to haue wanted aboue one hundred of their people; albeit

Sir Francis Drake's ship was pierced with shot about forty times, and his very cabben was twice shot thorow, and about the conclusion of the fight, the bed of a certaine gentleman lying weary thereupon, was taken quite from under him with the force of a bullet. Likewise, as the Earle of Northumberland and Sir Charles Blunt were at dinner upon a time, the bullet of a demy-culvering brake thorow the middest of their cabben, touched their feet, and strooke downe two of the standers-by, with many such accidents befalling the English shippes, which it were tedious to rehearse."

It reflects little credit on the English government that the English fleet was so deficiently supplied with ammunition as to be unable to complete the destruction of the invaders. But enough was done to insure it. Many of the largest Spanish ships were sunk or captured in the action of this day. And at length the Spanish admiral, despairing of success, fled northward with a southerly wind, in the hope of rounding Scotland, and so returning to Spain without a further encounter with the English fleet. Lord Effingham left a squadron to continue the blockade of the Prince of Parma's armament; but that wise general soon withdrew his troops to more promising fields of action. Meanwhile the lord admiral himself, and Drake, chased the vincible Armada, as it was now termed, for some distance northward; and then, when they seemed to bend away from the Scotch coast toward Norway, it was thought best, in the words of Drake, "to leave them to those boisterous and uncouth Northern seas."

The sufferings and losses which the Spaniards sustained in their flight round Scotland and Ireland are well known. Of their whole Armada only fifty-three shattered vessels brought back their beaten and wasted crews to the Spanish coast, which they had quitted in such pageantry and pride.

Some passages from the writings of those who took part in the struggle have been already quoted, and the most spirited description of the defeat of the Armada which ever was penned may perhaps be taken from the letter which Vice-admiral Drake wrote in answer to some mendacious stories by which the Spaniards strove to hide their shame. Thus does he describe the scenes in which he played so important a part.

“They were not ashamed to publish, in sundry languages in print, great victories in words, which they pretended to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere; when, shortly afterward, it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations, how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred and forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal carracks, Florentines, and large hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her majesty’s own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, when they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdez with his mighty ship; from Portland to Calais, where they lost Hugh de Moncado, with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland; where, for the sympathy of their religion, hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those others that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters to be shipped into England, where her majesty, of her princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or to entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievement of their invincible and dreadful navy. Of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burden of their ships, the commanders’ names of every squadron, with all others, their magazines of provision, were put in print, as an army and navy irresistible and disdaining prevention; with all which their great and terrible ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land.”

[CREASY.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

AMBITIONS OF LOUIS XIV.—GREAT LEAGUE THAT WAS FORMED
TO DEFEAT THEM—MARLBOROUGH TO THE FRONT

A. D. 1704

AT the beginning of the eighteenth century the great menace to the general liberties of Europe lay in the power and ambitions of Louis XIV. It was his object to consolidate France and the Spanish dominions into one preponderating empire. These dominions comprised, beside Spain itself, the strongest part of the Netherlands, Sardinia, Sicily, Naples, the principality of Milan, the greater part of Central and of South America, many of the West Indies, California and Florida, and the Philippines. At the time of the marriage of Louis to the Spanish Infanta a formal renunciation of all right to the succession had indeed been made. But such renunciations amount to little. Years passed, and it so fell about that the king of Spain, dying without a direct heir, appointed Philip, Duke of Anjou, Louis' grandson, to succeed him. Louis well knew that a general European war would follow if he accepted for his branch of the House of Bourbon the crown thus bequeathed. But for that war throughout his reign he had prepared. "Go," he said to his grandson, "there are no longer any Pyrenees."

The grandson obeyed: at Madrid in 1701 he was crowned King Philip V. At once alarm spread through Europe. Through the exertions of William III. a league in opposition was formed between England, Holland, and Austria, which was subsequently joined by the kings of Portugal and Prussia, by the Duke of Savoy, and by Denmark.

By the death of William, which occurred shortly after, the paralysis of this league seemed probable; "for," as Bolingbroke noted, "notwithstanding the ill success with which he made war generally, he was looked upon as the sole center of union that could keep together the great confederacy then forming; and how much the French feared from his life had appeared a few years before, in the extravagant and indecent joy they expressed on a false report of his death. A short time showed how vain the fears of some and the hopes of others were." Queen Anne, within three days after her accession, went down to the House of Lords, and there declared her resolution to support the measures planned by her predecessor, who had been "the great support, not only of these kingdoms, but of all Europe." Anne was married to Prince George of Denmark, and by her accession to the English throne the confederacy against Louis obtained the aid of the troops of Denmark; but Anne's strong attachment to one of her female friends led to far more important advantages to the anti-Gallican confederacy than the acquisition of many armies, for it gave them MARLBOROUGH as their captain-general.

There are few successful commanders on whom Fame has shone so unwillingly as upon John Churchill, duke of Marlborough, prince of the Holy Roman Empire, victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, captor of Liege, Bonn, Limburg, Landau, Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, Oudenarde, Ostend, Menin, Dendermonde, Ath, Lille, Tournay, Mons, Douay, Aire, Bethune, and Bouchain; who never fought a battle that he did not win, and never besieged a place that he did not take. Marlborough's own character is the cause of this. Military glory may, and too often does, dazzle both contemporaries and posterity, until the crimes as well as the vices of heroes are forgotten. But even a few stains of personal meanness will dim a soldier's reputation irreparably; and Marlborough's faults were of a peculiarly base and mean order. Our feelings toward historical personages are in this respect like our feelings toward private acquaintances. There are actions of that shabby nature, that however much they may be outweighed by a man's good deeds on a general estimate of his character, we never can feel any cordial liking for the person who

has once been guilty of them. Thus, with respect to the Duke of Marlborough, it goes against our feelings to admire the man who owed his first advancement in life to the court favor which he and his family acquired through his sister becoming one of the mistresses of the Duke of York. It is repulsive to know that Marlborough laid the foundation of his wealth by being the paid lover of one of the fair and frail favorites of Charles II. His treachery, and his ingratitude to his patron and benefactor, James II., stand out in dark relief even in that age of thankless perfidy. He was almost equally disloyal to his new master, King William; and a more un-English act cannot be recorded than Godolphin's and Marlborough's betrayal to the French court in 1694 of the expedition then designed against Brest, a piece of treachery which caused some hundreds of English soldiers and sailors to be helplessly slaughtered on the beach in Cameret Bay.

It is, however, only in his military career that we have now to consider him; and there are very few generals, of either ancient or modern times, whose campaigns will bear a comparison with those of Marlborough, either for the masterly skill with which they were planned, or for the bold yet prudent energy with which each plan was carried into execution. Marlborough had served while young under Turenne, and had obtained the marked praise of that great tactician. It would be difficult, indeed, to name a single quality which a general ought to have, and with which Marlborough was not eminently gifted. What principally attracted the notice of contemporaries was the imperturbable evenness of his spirit. Voltaire says of him:

"He had to a degree above all other generals of his time that calm courage in the midst of tumult, that serenity of soul in danger, which the English call *a cool head* [que les Anglais appellent *cold head, tête froide*], and it was, perhaps, this quality, the greatest gift of nature for command, which formerly gave the English so many advantages over the French in the plains of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt."

King William's knowledge of Marlborough's high abilities, though he knew his faithlessness equally well, is said to have caused that sovereign in his last illness to recommend Marlborough

to his successor as the fittest person to command her armies; but Marlborough's favor with the new queen, by means of his wife, was so high, that he was certain of obtaining the highest employment; and the war against Louis opened to him a glorious theater for the display of those military talents which he had previously only had an opportunity of exercising in a subordinate character, and on far less conspicuous scenes.

He was not only made captain-general of the English forces at home and abroad, but such was the authority of England in the council of the Grand Alliance, and Marlborough was so skilled in winning golden opinions from all whom he met with, that, on his reaching the Hague, he was received with transports of joy by the Dutch, and it was agreed by the heads of that republic and the minister of the emperor that Marlborough should have the chief command of all the allied armies.

It must, indeed, in justice to Marlborough, be borne in mind that mere military skill was by no means all that was required of him in this arduous and invidious station. Had it not been for his unrivaled patience and sweetness of temper, and his marvelous ability in discerning the character of those whom he had to act with, his intuitive perception of those who were to be thoroughly trusted, and of those who were to be amused with the mere semblance of respect and confidence; had not Marlborough possessed and employed, while at the head of the allied armies, all the qualifications of a polished courtier and a great statesman, he never would have led the allied armies to the Danube. The confederacy would not have held together for a single year. His great political adversary, Bolingbroke, does him ample justice here. Bolingbroke, after referring to the loss which King William's death seemed to inflict on the cause of the allies, observes that, "By his death the Duke of Marlborough was raised to the head of the army, and, indeed, of the confederacy; where he, a new, a private man, a subject, acquired by merit and by management a more deciding influence than high birth, confirmed authority, and even the crown of Great Britain had given to King William. Not only all the parts of that vast machine, the Grand Alliance, were kept more compact and entire, but a more rapid and vigorous motion was

given to the whole; and, instead of languishing and disastrous campaigns, we saw every scene of the war full of action. All those wherein he appeared, and many of those wherein he was not then an actor, but abettor, however, of their action, were crowned with the most triumphant success.

"I take with pleasure this opportunity of doing justice to that great man, whose faults I knew, whose virtues I admired; and whose memory, as the greatest general and the greatest minister that our country, or perhaps any other, has produced, I honor."

War was formally declared by the allies against France on the 4th of May, 1702. The principal scenes of its operation were, at first, Flanders, the Upper Rhine, and North Italy. Marlborough headed the allied troops in Flanders during the first two years of the war, and took some towns from the enemy, but nothing decisive occurred. Nor did any actions of importance take place during this period between the rival armies in Italy. But in the center of that line from north to south, from the mouth of the Scheldt to the mouth of the Po, along which the war was carried on, the generals of Louis XIV. acquired advantages in 1703 which threatened one chief member of the Grand Alliance with utter destruction. France had obtained the important assistance of Bavaria as her confederate in the war. The elector of this powerful German state made himself master of the strong fortress of Ulm, and opened a communication with the French armies on the Upper Rhine. By this junction, the troops of Louis were enabled to assail the emperor in the very heart of Germany. In the autumn of the year 1703, the combined armies of the elector and French king completely defeated the Imperialists in Bavaria; and in the following winter they made themselves masters of the important cities of Augsburg and Passau. Meanwhile the French army of the Upper Rhine and Moselle had beaten the allied armies opposed to them, and taken Treves and Landau. At the same time, the discontents in Hungary with Austria again broke out into open insurrection, so as to distract the attention and complete the terror of the emperor and his council at Vienna.

Louis XIV. ordered the next campaign to be commenced by his troops on a scale of grandeur and with a boldness of enterprise

such as even Napoleon's military schemes have seldom equaled. On the extreme left of the line of the war, in the Netherlands, the French armies were to act only on the defensive. The fortresses in the hands of the French there were so many and so strong that no serious impression seemed likely to be made by the allies on the French frontier in that quarter during one campaign, and that one campaign was to give France such triumphs elsewhere as would (it was hoped) determine the war. Large detachments were therefore to be made from the French force in Flanders, and they were to be led by Marshal Villeroy to the Moselle and Upper Rhine. The French army already in the neighborhood of those rivers was to march under Marshal Tallard through the Black Forest, and join the Elector of Bavaria, and the French troops that were already with the elector under Marshal Marsin. Meanwhile the French army of Italy was to advance through the Tyrol into Austria, and the whole forces were to combine between the Danube and the Inn. A strong body of troops was to be dispatched into Hungary, to assist and organize the insurgents in that kingdom; and the French grand army of the Danube was then in collected and irresistible might to march upon Vienna, and dictate terms of peace to the emperor. High military genius was shown in the formation of this plan, but it was met and baffled by a genius higher still.

Marlborough had watched, with the deepest anxiety, the progress of the French arms on the Rhine and in Bavaria, and he saw the futility of carrying on a war of posts and sieges in Flanders, while death-blows to the empire were being dealt on the Danube. He resolved, therefore, to let the war in Flanders languish for a year, while he moved with all the disposable forces that he could collect to the central scenes of decisive operations. Such a march was in itself difficult; but Marlborough had, in the first instance, to overcome the still greater difficulty of obtaining the consent and cheerful co-operation of the allies, especially of the Dutch, whose frontier it was proposed thus to deprive of the larger part of the force which had hitherto been its protection. Fortunately, among the many slothful, the many foolish, the many timid, and the not few treacherous rulers, statesmen, and generals of different nations

with whom he had to deal, there were two men, eminent both in ability and integrity, who entered fully into Marlborough's projects, and who, from the stations which they occupied, were enabled materially to forward them. One of these was the Dutch statesman Heinsius, who had been the cordial supporter of King William, and who now, with equal zeal and good faith, supported Marlborough in the councils of the allies; the other was the celebrated general, Prince Eugene, whom the Austrian cabinet had recalled from the Italian frontier to take the command of one of the emperor's armies in Germany. To these two great men, and a few more, Marlborough communicated his plan freely and unreservedly; but to the general councils of his allies he only disclosed part of his daring scheme. He proposed to the Dutch that he should march from Flanders to the Upper Rhine and Moselle with the British troops and part of the foreign auxiliaries, and commence vigorous operations against the French armies in that quarter, while General Auverquerque, with the Dutch and the remainder of the auxiliaries, maintained a defensive war in the Netherlands. Having with difficulty obtained the consent of the Dutch to this portion of his project, he exercised the same diplomatic zeal, with the same success in urging the king of Prussia, and other princes of the empire, to increase the number of the troops which they supplied, and to post them in places convenient for his own intended movements.

Marlborough commenced his celebrated march on the 19th of May. The army which he was to lead had been assembled by his brother, General Churchill, at Bedburg, not far from Maestricht, on the Meuse: it included sixteen thousand English troops, and consisted of fifty-one battalions of foot, and ninety-two squadrons of horse. Marlborough was to collect and join with him on his march the troops of Prussia, Luneburg, and Hesse, quartered on the Rhine, and eleven Dutch battalions that were stationed at Rothweil. He had only marched a single day, when the series of interruptions, complaints, and requisitions from the other leaders of the allies began, to which he seemed subjected throughout his enterprise, and which would have caused its failure in the hands of any one not gifted with the firmness and the ex-

quisite temper of Marlborough. One specimen of these annoyances, and of Marlborough's mode of dealing with them, may suffice. On his encamping at Kuppen on the 20th, he received an express from Auverquerque pressing him to halt, because Villeroy, who commanded the French army in Flanders, had quitted the lines which he had been occupying, and crossed the Meuse at Namur with thirty-six battalions and forty-five squadrons, and was threatening the town of Huys. At the same time Marlborough received letters from the Margrave of Baden and Count Wratislaw, who commanded the Imperialist forces at Stollhoffen, near the left bank of the Rhine, stating that Tallard had made a movement, as if intending to cross the Rhine, and urging him to hasten his march toward the lines of Stollhoffen. Marlborough was not diverted by these applications from the prosecution of his grand design. Conscious that the army of Villeroy would be too much reduced to undertake offensive operations, by the detachments which had already been made toward the Rhine and those which must follow his own march, he halted only a day to quiet the alarms of Auverquerque. To satisfy also the margrave, he ordered the troops of Hompesch and Bulow to draw toward Philipsburg, though with private injunctions not to proceed beyond a certain distance. He even exacted a promise to the same effect from Count Wratislaw, who at the juncture arrived at the camp to attend him during the whole campaign.

Marlborough reached the Rhine at Coblenz, where he crossed that river, and then marched along its left bank to Broubach and Mentz. His march, though rapid, was admirably conducted, so as to save the troops from all necessary fatigue; ample supplies of provisions were ready, and the most perfect discipline was maintained. By degrees Marlborough obtained more re-enforcements from the Dutch and the other confederates, and he also was left more at liberty by them to follow his own course. Indeed, before even a blow was struck, his enterprise had paralyzed the enemy, and had materially relieved Austria from the pressure of the war. Villeroy, with his detachments from the French Flemish army, was completely bewildered by Marlborough's movements; and, unable to divine where it was that the English general meant to

strike his blow, wasted away the early part of the summer between Flanders and the Moselle without effecting anything.

Marshal Tallard, who commanded forty-five thousand French at Strasburg, and who had been destined by Louis to march early in the year into Bavaria, thought that Marlborough's march along the Rhine was preliminary to an attack upon Alsace; and the marshal therefore kept his forty-five thousand men back in order to protect France in that quarter. Marlborough skillfully encouraged his apprehensions, by causing a bridge to be constructed across the Rhine at Philipsburg, and by making the Landgrave of Hesse advance his artillery at Manheim, as if for a siege of Landau. Meanwhile the Elector of Bavaria and Marshal Marsin, suspecting that Marlborough's design might be what it really proved to be, forbore to press upon the Austrians opposed to them, or to send troops into Hungary; and they kept back so as to secure their communications with France. Thus, when Marlborough, at the beginning of June, left the Rhine and marched for the Danube, the numerous hostile armies were uncombined and unable to check him.

"With such skill and science had this enterprise been concerted that, at the very moment when it assumed a specific direction, the enemy was no longer enabled to render it abortive. As the march was now to be bent toward the Danube, notice was given for the Prussians, Palatines, and Hessians, who were stationed on the Rhine, to order their march so as to join the main body in its progress. At the same time, directions were sent to accelerate the advance of the Danish auxiliaries, who were marching from the Netherlands."

Crossing the River Neckar, Marlborough marched in a south-eastern direction to Mundelshene, where he had his first personal interview with Prince Eugene, who was destined to be his colleague on so many glorious fields. Thence, through a difficult and dangerous country, Marlborough continued his march against the Bavarians, whom he encountered on the 2d of July on the heights of the Schullenberg; near Donauwert. Marlborough stormed their intrenched camp, crossed the Danube, took several strong places in Bavaria, and made himself completely master of the elector's dominions, except the fortified cities of Munich and Augsburg. But

the elector's army, though defeated at Donauwert, was still numerous and strong; and at last Marshal Tallard, when thoroughly apprised of the real nature of Marlborough's movements, crossed the Rhine; and being suffered, through the supineness of the German general at Stollhoffen, to march without loss through the Black Forest, he united his powerful army at Biberbach, near Augsburg, with that of the elector and the French troops under Marshal Marsin, who had previously been co-operating with the Bavarians.

On the other hand, Marlborough recrossed the Danube, and on the 11th of August united his army with the Imperialist forces under Prince Eugene. The combined armies occupied a position near Hochstadt, a little higher up the left bank of the Danube than Donauwert, the scene of Marlborough's recent victory, and almost exactly on the ground where Marshal Villars and the elector had defeated an Austrian army in the preceding year. The French marshals and the elector were now in position a little further to the east, between Blenheim and Lutzingen, and with the little stream of the Nebel between them and the troops of Marlborough and Eugene. The Gallo-Bavarian army consisted of about sixty thousand men, and they had sixty-one pieces of artillery. The army of the allies was about fifty-six thousand strong, with fifty-two guns.

Although the French army of Italy had been unable to penetrate into Austria, and although the masterly strategy of Marlborough had hitherto warded off the destruction with which the cause of the allies seemed menaced at the beginning of the campaign, the peril was still most serious. It was absolutely necessary for Marlborough to attack the enemy before Villeroy should be roused into action. There was nothing to stop that general and his army from marching into Franconia, whence the allies drew their principal supplies; and besides thus distressing them, he might, by marching on and joining his army to those of Tallard and the elector, form a mass which would overwhelm the force under Marlborough and Eugene. On the other hand, the chances of a battle seemed perilous, and the fatal consequences of a defeat were certain. The disadvantage of the allies in point of number was not very great, but still it was not to be disregarded; and the

advantage which the enemy seemed to have in the composition of their troops was striking. Tallard and Marsin had forty-five thousand Frenchmen under them, all veterans and all trained to act together; the elector's own troops also were good soldiers. Marlborough, like Wellington at Waterloo, headed an army, of which the larger proportion consisted not of English, but of men of many different nations and many different languages. He was also obliged to be the assailant in the action, and thus to expose his troops to comparatively heavy loss at the commencement of the battle, while the enemy would fight under the protection of the villages and lines which they were actively engaged in strengthening. The consequences of a defeat of the confederated army must have broken up the Grand Alliance, and realized the proudest hopes of the French king. Mr. Alison, in his admirable military history of the Duke of Marlborough, has truly stated the effects which would have taken place if France had been successful in the war; and when the position of the confederates at the time when Blenheim was fought is remembered—when we recollect the exhaustion of Austria, the menacing insurrection of Hungary, the feuds and jealousies of the German princes, the strength and activity of the Jacobite party in England, and the imbecility of nearly all the Dutch statesmen of the time, and the weakness of Holland if deprived of her allies, we may adopt his words in speculating on what would have ensued if France had been victorious in the battle, and “if a power, animated by the ambition, guided by the fanaticism, and directed by the ability of that of Louis XIV., had gained the ascendancy in Europe. Beyond all question, a universal despotic dominion would have been established over the bodies, a cruel spiritual thralldom over the minds of men. France and Spain united under Bourbon princes and in a close family alliance—the empire of Charlemagne with that of Charles V.—the power which revoked the Edict of Nantes and perpetrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew, with that which banished the Moriscoes and established the Inquisition, would have proved irresistible, and beyond example destructive to the best interests of mankind.

“The Protestants might have been driven, like the pagan heathens of old by the son of Pepin, beyond the Elbe; the Stuart race,

and with them Romish ascendancy, might have been re-established in England; the fire lighted by Latimer and Ridley might have been extinguished in blood; and the energy breathed by religious freedom into the Anglo-Saxon race might have expired. The destinies of the world would have been changed. Europe, instead of a variety of independent states, whose mutual hostility kept alive courage, while their national rivalry stimulated talent, would have sunk into the slumber attendant on universal dominion. The colonial empire of England would have withered away and perished, as that of Spain has done in the grasp of the Inquisition. The Anglo-Saxon race would have been arrested in its mission to overspread the earth and subdue it. The centralized despotism of the Roman empire would have been renewed on Continental Europe; the chains of Romish tyranny, and with them the general infidelity of France before the Revolution, would have extinguished or perverted thought in the British Islands."

Marlborough's words at the council of war, when a battle was resolved on, are remarkable, and they deserve recording. We know them on the authority of his chaplain, Mr. (afterward Bishop) Hare, who accompanied him throughout the campaign, and in whose journal the biographers of Marlborough have found many of their best materials. Marlborough's words to the officers who remonstrated with him on the seeming temerity of attacking the enemy in their position were, "I know the danger, yet a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages." In the evening orders were issued for a general engagement, and received by the army with an alacrity which justified his confidence.

The French and Bavarians were posted behind a little stream called the Nebel, which runs almost from north to south into the Danube immediately in front of the village of Blenheim. The Nebel flows along a little valley, and the French occupied the rising ground to the west of it. The village of Blenheim was the extreme right of their position, and the village of Lutzingen, about three miles north of Blenheim, formed their left. Beyond Lutzingen are the rugged high grounds of the Godd Berg and

Eich Berg, on the skirts of which some detachments were posted, so as to secure the Gallo-Bavarian position from being turned on the left flank. The Danube secured their right flank; and it was only in front that they could be attacked. The villages of Blenheim and Lutzingen had been strongly palisadoed and intrenched; Marshal Tallard, who held the chief command, took his station at Blenheim; the elector and Marshal Marsin commanded on the left. Tallard garrisoned Blenheim with twenty-six battalions of French infantry and twelve squadrons of French cavalry. Marsin and the elector had twenty-two battalions of infantry and thirty-six squadrons of cavalry in front of the village of Lutzingen. The center was occupied by fourteen battalions of infantry, including the celebrated Irish brigade. These were posted in the little hamlet of Oberglau, which lies somewhat nearer to Lutzingen than to Blenheim. Eighty squadrons of cavalry and seven battalions of foot were ranged between Oberglau and Blenheim. Thus the French position was very strong at each extremity, but was comparatively weak in the center. Tallard seems to have relied on the swampy state of the part of the valley that reaches from below Oberglau to Blenheim for preventing any serious attack on this part of his line.

The army of the allies was formed into two great divisions, the largest being commanded by the duke in person, and being destined to act against Tallard, while Prince Eugene led the other division, which consisted chiefly of cavalry, and was intended to oppose the enemy under Marsin and the elector. As they approached the enemy, Marlborough's troops formed the left and the center, while Eugene's formed the right of the entire army. Early in the morning of the 13th of August the allies left their own camp and marched toward the enemy. A thick haze covered the ground, and it was not until the allied right and center had advanced nearly within cannon shot of the enemy that Tallard was aware of their approach. He made his preparations with what haste he could, and about eight o'clock a heavy fire of artillery was opened from the French right on the advancing left wing of the British. Marlborough ordered up some of his batteries to reply to it, and while the columns that were to form the allied left and center deployed,

and took up their proper stations in the line, a warm cannonade was kept up by the guns on both sides.

The ground which Eugene's columns had to traverse was peculiarly difficult, especially for the passage of the artillery, and it was nearly midday before he could get his troops into line opposite to Lutzingen. During this interval, Marlborough ordered divine service to be performed by the chaplains at the head of each regiment, and then rode along the lines, and found both officers and men in the highest spirits, and waiting impatiently for the signal for the attack. At length an aid-de-camp galloped up from the right with the welcome news that Eugene was ready. Marlborough instantly sent Lord Cutts, with a strong brigade of infantry, to assault the village of Blenheim, while he himself led the main body down the eastward slope of the valley of the Nebel, and prepared to effect the passage of the stream.

The assault on Blenheim, though bravely made, was repulsed with severe loss, and Marlborough, finding how strongly that village was garrisoned, desisted from any further attempts to carry it, and bent all his energies to breaking the enemy's line between Blenheim and Oberglau. Some temporary bridges had been prepared, and planks and fascines had been collected; and by the aid of these, and a little stone bridge which crossed the Nebel, near a hamlet called Unterglau, that lay in the center of the valley, Marlborough succeeded in getting several squadrons across the Nebel, though it was divided into several branches, and the ground between them was soft, and, in places, little better than a mere marsh. But the French artillery was not idle. The cannon balls plunged incessantly among the advancing squadrons of the allies, and bodies of French cavalry rode frequently down from the western ridge, to charge them before they had time to form on the firm ground. It was only by supporting his men by fresh troops, and by bringing up infantry, who checked the advance of the enemy's horse by their steady fire, that Marlborough was able to save his army in this quarter from a repulse, which, succeeding the failure of the attack upon Blenheim, would probably have been fatal to the allies. By degrees, his cavalry struggled over the blood-stained streams; the infantry were also now brought across, so

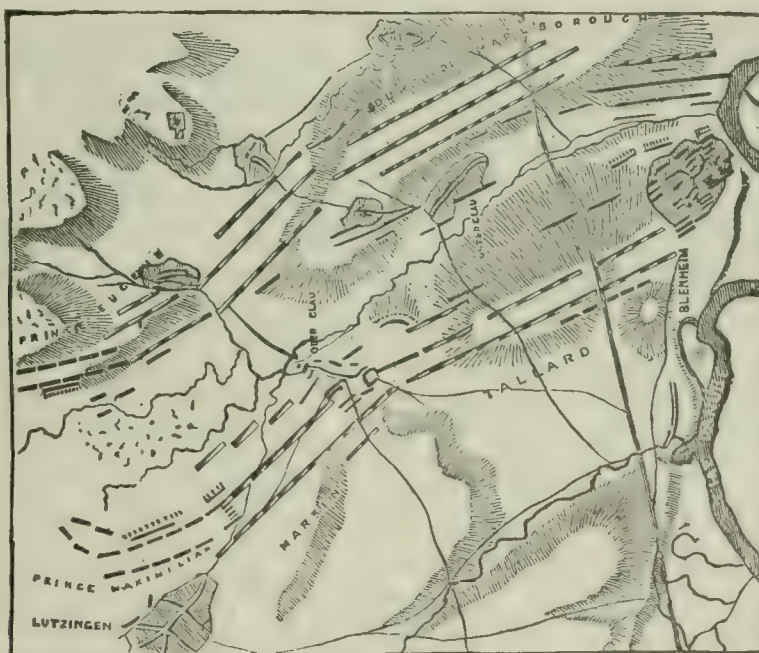
as to keep in check the French troops who held Blenheim, and who, when no longer assailed in front, had begun to attack the allies on their left with considerable effect.

Marlborough had thus at last succeeded in drawing up the whole left wing of his army beyond the Nebel, and was about to press forward with it, when he was called away to another part of the field by a disaster that had befallen his center. The Prince of Holstein Beck had, with eleven Hanoverian battalions, passed the Nebel opposite to Oberglau, when he was charged and utterly routed by the Irish brigade which held that village. The Irish drove the Hanoverians back with heavy slaughter, broke completely through the line of the allies, and nearly achieved a success as brilliant as that which the same brigade afterward gained at Fontenoy. But at Blenheim their ardor in pursuit led them too far. Marlborough came up in person, and dashed in upon the exposed flank of the brigade with some squadrons of British cavalry. The Irish reeled back, and as they strove to regain the height of Oberglau, their column was raked through and through by the fire of three battalions of the allies, which Marlborough had summoned up from the reserve. Marlborough having re-established the order and communications of the allies in this quarter, now, as he returned to his own left wing, sent to learn how his colleague fared against Marsin and the elector, and to inform Eugene of his own success.

Eugene had hitherto not been equally fortunate. He had made three attacks on the enemy opposed to him, and had been thrice driven back. It was only by his own desperate personal exertions, and the remarkable steadiness of the regiments of Prussian infantry, which were under him, that he was able to save his wing from being totally defeated. But it was on the southern part of the battlefield, on the ground which Marlborough had won beyond the Nebel with such difficulty, that the crisis of the battle was to be decided.

Like Hannibal, Marlborough relied principally on his cavalry for achieving his decisive successes, and it was by his cavalry that Blenheim, the greatest of his victories, was won. The battle had lasted till five in the afternoon. Marlborough had now eight thou-

sand horsemen drawn up in two lines, and in the most perfect order for a general attack on the enemy's line along the space between Blenheim and Oberglau. The infantry was drawn up in battalions in their rear, so as to support them if repulsed, and to keep in check the large masses of the French that still occupied the village of Blenheim. Tallard now interlaced his squadrons of cavalry with battalions of infantry, and Marlborough, by a corresponding movement, brought several regiments of infantry, and some pieces of artillery, to his front line at intervals between the bodies of horse. A little after five, Marlborough commenced the decisive movement, and the allied cavalry, strengthened and supported by foot and



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

guns, advanced slowly from the lower ground near the Nebel up the slope to where the French cavalry, ten thousand strong, awaited them. On riding over the summit of the acclivity, the allies were received with so hot a fire from the French artillery and small arms that at first the cavalry recoiled, but without abandoning the high ground. The guns and the infantry which they had brought with them maintained the contest with spirit and effect. The French fire seemed to slacken. Marlborough instantly ordered a charge along the line. The allied cavalry galloped forward at the enemy's squadrons, and the hearts of the French horsemen failed them. Discharging their carbines at an idle distance, they wheeled round

and spurred from the field, leaving the nine infantry battalions of their comrades to be ridden down by the torrent of the allied cavalry. The battle was now won. Tallard and Marsin, severed from each other, thought only of retreat. Tallard drew up the squadrons of horse that he had left, in a line extended toward Blenheim, and sent orders to the infantry in that village to leave it and join him without delay. But, long ere his orders could be obeyed, the conquering squadrons of Marlborough had wheeled to the left and thundered down on the feeble array of the French marshal. Part of the force which Tallard had drawn up for this last effort was driven into the Danube; part fled with their general to the village of Sonderheim, where they were soon surrounded by the victorious allies, and compelled to surrender. Meanwhile, Eugene had renewed his attack upon the Gallo-Bavarian left, and Marsin, finding his colleague utterly routed, and his own right flank uncovered, prepared to retreat. He and the elector succeeded in withdrawing a considerable part of their troops in tolerable order to Dillingen; but the large body of French who garrisoned Blenheim were left exposed to certain destruction. Marlborough speedily occupied all the outlets from the village with his victorious troops, and then, collecting his artillery round it, he commenced a cannonade that speedily would have destroyed Blenheim itself and all who were in it. After several gallant but unsuccessful attempts to cut their way through the allies, the French in Blenheim were at length compelled to surrender at discretion; and twenty-four battalions and twelve squadrons, with all their officers, laid down their arms, and became the captives of Marlborough.

"The conquerors," says Voltaire, "had about five thousand killed and eight thousand wounded, the greater part being on the side of Prince Eugene. The French army was almost entirely destroyed, of sixty thousand men, so long victorious, there never reassembled more than twenty thousand effective. About twelve thousand killed, fourteen thousand prisoners, all the cannon, a prodigious number of colors and standards, all the tents and equipages, the general of the army, and one thousand two hundred officers of mark in the power of the conqueror, signalized that day!"

CHAPTER XVII

RAMILLIES, OUDENARDE, AND MALPLAQUET

MARLBOROUGH'S HISTORIC STRUGGLES WHICH RESULTED IN THE
DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH

A. D. 1708

THE victory at Blenheim was succeeded by the historic battles of Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. That of Ramillies was productive of great results. The king of Prussia, who had hitherto kept aloof and suspended the march of his troops, effected a reconciliation with the Dutch and the court of Vienna, and the elector of Hanover threw himself heartily into the alliance against Louis XIV.

Crossing the Dyle with his whole army, Marlborough received the submission of Brussels, the capital of Brabant, whose inhabitants expressed their satisfaction at their deliverance from the French, and their submission to Charles III. of Spain as their legitimate sovereign. Mechlin, Alost, and other cities of Brabant submitted to the conqueror, who, crossing the Scheldt into Flanders, received the surrender of Ghent, Bruges and Oudenarde, a very strong place which had successfully stood a siege in the last campaign against sixty thousand men. These successes were followed, on the 6th of June, 1706, by the submission of Antwerp, whence Marlborough marched, with fifty battalions of infantry and ninety-nine squadrons of horse, to lay siege to Ostend, a place of such strength that, in the previous century, it had sustained a siege of three years against Spinola, the first warrior of his age, who lost heavily in reducing the place. Assisted by the fleet, the batteries opened fire on July 3. and within three days the garrison of five thousand men capitulated, the loss of the besiegers being only five hundred men.

The campaign of 1704 was closed by the surrender, on the 25th of August, of Menin, considered one of the masterpieces of the celebrated engineer, Vauban, after a desperate conflict, in which three hundred men were slain, the loss of the garrison being one thousand five hundred. With the surrender of the minor towns of Dendermond and Ath, operations ceased for the winter, and the duke, distributing his troops in quarters, proceeded to London, where he received an enthusiastic reception from the populace, and the thanks of Parliament were voted to him.

Nothing of importance was effected by Marlborough during the campaign of 1705, but the following year was memorable for the great victory of Oudenarde. On the 2d of April, 1708, Marlborough landed at the Hague, where he met his old colleague, Prince Eugene of Savoy, with whom he concerted plans for the ensuing campaign. The ostensible object was to form two armies, one in the Netherlands, under Marlborough, the other on the Moselle, led by Eugene, as though with the purpose of penetrating Lorraine, but the real project was to unite their forces by a rapid march, and give battle to the French in the Netherlands. At this point Louis had concentrated a great force, under the Duke of Burgundy, who was placed under the tutelage of the skillful and famous Marshal Vendome: while the command in Dauphine was intrusted to Marshal Villars, and that on the Upper Rhine to the elector of Bavaria and Marshal Berwick. Having paid a visit to Hanover, in company with Prince Eugene, to conciliate the elector, who was jealous of the latter commander, Marlborough joined the army at Ghent on the 8th of May, and having completed his arrangements, proceeded to Brussels to concert measures with the veteran General Overkirk. Eugene, acting on the plan previously arranged, made forced marches for the Moselle, in order to effect a junction with Marlborough at Terbank.

Vendome, meantime, put into execution a plan displaying equal audacity and skill. Having diverted the attention of Marlborough by feints on the side of Louvain, on the 5th of July he surprised Ghent, which commanded the course of the Lys and the Scheldt, and Bruges, and crossing the Dender, invested Oudenarde on the 9th of July. At this crisis of events Eugene joined his illustrious

colleague, and was welcomed by Marlborough with the words. "I am not without hopes of congratulating your highness on a great victory, for my troops will be animated by the presence of so distinguished a commander." With characteristic promptitude, Marlborough marched from Asch at two in the morning on the 9th of July, and after covering five leagues before noon, halted until the evening, when the march was continued all night, and the duke anticipated Vendome's intention to cover the siege of Oudenarde by occupying the strong camp of Lessines on the Dender, by crossing that stream just as the heads of the hostile columns prepared to descend the heights with that object. Foiled by the more rapid strategy of his antagonist, Vendome turned to the right and hastened toward Gavre, with a view to shelter behind the line of the Scheldt.

During the night of the 10th of July, Marlborough and Eugene prepared for the engagement, although they had a space of no less than fifteen miles to march, and a broad and rapid stream to cross, and were in doubt what course the enemy would pursue. These illustrious men evinced the same promptitude, decision and public spirit which had marked their operations on the Danube, and they were ably seconded by their veteran colleague, Overkirk. Acting on the military axiom that an army attacked in retreat, or in crossing a river, loses all the advantages of order and discipline, they pushed forward to the Scheldt, to come in contact with the enemy at the moment of their passage.

Preparatory to this movement, Cadogan, one of the most trusted of the duke's generals, and Rantzau were detached with a strong advanced guard of sixteen battalions, consisting of the brigades of Sabine, Plettenberg, and Evans, eight squadrons of German dragoons, and thirty-two pieces of artillery, with orders to clear the roads and throw bridges over the Scheldt in the vicinity of Oudenarde. Departing at the dawn of the 11th, they were followed at eight in the morning by the whole army, which marched in four columns by the left, each line forming two columns, the cavalry leading the way, and the artillery in the rear.

At half-past ten General Cadogan reached the right bank of the Scheldt, and commenced the construction of bridges. About

the same time, the hostile columns drew toward Gavre, two leagues below. Their bridges being already prepared, the French advanced guard, led on by the Marquis de Biron, passed leisurely over, without suspecting the approach of the allies; and some of the soldiers were even detached to collect forage.

The bridges were completed about midday. As the heads of the columns of cavalry were drawing near, Rantzau passed the Scheldt with the horse, and was followed by Cadogan with twelve battalions, the other four being left to guard the pontoons. They advanced to the top of the high ground, between Eyne and Bevere, and formed at the extremity of the amphitheater, the infantry opposite Eyne and the cavalry extending on the left toward the inclosures near Schaerken.

Cadogan, proceeding to reconnoiter, saw several squadrons of the enemy on the further side of the plain, and observed their foraging parties scattered about Heurne and Ruybroek. Thereupon he sent the cavalry to attack them, and drove them toward Syng-hem, taking several prisoners. But the alarm being given, Biron advanced with twelve squadrons, repulsed the assailants, and reached the windmill behind the village of Eyne. Here he saw the allied advanced force in position, and observing at the same time the battalions posted near the bridges, and the columns of cavalry in the act of crossing, he withdrew, to avoid the shock of the whole confederate army, the greater part of which, he supposed, had already crossed the river.

The celerity of Marlborough, indeed, gave color to this conjecture, for, hearing on his way that the enemy were crossing at Gavre, he became alarmed for the safety of his advance. Directing the flank column of cavalry to guard against the movements which he supposed the enemy might make on his line of march, he and Eugene pressed forward at the head of the second column, which consisted entirely of Prussians. They proceeded part of the way at full gallop, and reached the bridges at the moment when the Marquis de Biron had advanced to reconnoiter the assailants by whom his foragers had been so unexpectedly attacked.

The apparition of the allies created a great sensation throughout the French ranks. Vendome, however, did not partake of the

alarm which seems to have seized the rest of the commanders. From the distant clouds of dust which marked the course of the moving columns, he judged that the main body was yet half a league from the Scheldt, and that there was still sufficient time to attack the confederates before they could form in order of battle. To secure the plain of Heurne, and cover the deployment of his lines, he directed Pfeffer with seven battalions to occupy the village; and the cavalry of the right, composed of part of the household troops, to draw up near the windmill. This was done with the object of making further dispositions, which, however, the Duke of Burgundy countermanded.

Meanwhile Pfeffer, instead of occupying Heurne, advanced and took post at Eyne, thus placing himself beyond the reach of protection; and the household horse, who had orders to cover him, were afterward recalled, and only a few squadrons left in their stead.

Marlbrough and Eugene lost no time in taking advantage of the enemy's indecision, and jointly superintended the passage of the Scheldt, posting the troops as fast as they arrived. About 3 P.M. the head of the first column of cavalry, and the whole infantry of the right wing, reached the bridges. The four battalions, who had hitherto guarded the bridges, marched to join the advanced guard, and General Cadogan seized the favorable moment to strike the first blow. Observing the insulated position of Pfeffer's brigade, he advanced with twelve battalions and the cavalry of Rantzau. Brigadier Sabine, at the head of four English battalions, led the attack. They descended the hill, and forded the rivulet near Eyne, while the cavalry passed above and turned the rear of the village. A sharp conflict ensued, but the enemy were soon beaten, and three battalions, with the brigadier, were made prisoners. The rest were either killed or intercepted in their flight near the windmill. Rantzau, with his eight squadrons of Hanoverians, then advanced upon the plain of Heurne, to charge the cavalry, who were driven cross the Norcken, on to their own army, which was forming on the further side. Twelve standards fell into the hands of the victors. The electoral prince of Hanover, afterward George II., animated the troops by charging at the head of a

squadron, and had a horse shot under him, while Count Lusky was killed in the charge.

As a general action could not now be evaded, the enemy drew up on some high ground, in two lines, with a reserve. The greater part of the cavalry was posted on the right, opposite Oycke, the left extended to behind Mullem, the front being covered by the Norken and the defiles along its bank. Had they remained in this position, it is doubtful whether the allies, fatigued by a long march of five leagues, would have ventured to risk an attack that evening, and they might have retired in the night. But the Duke of Burgundy and other officers, who had intrigued against Marshal Vendome, were now as impatient to attack as they were before desirous to remain on the defensive.

Accordingly, at four in the afternoon, the allies not yet being in position, the Duke of Burgundy directed General Grimaldi to lead sixteen squadrons across the Norken, apparently for the purpose of reconnoitering. Grimaldi came to the brink of a rivulet, but observing the Prussian cavalry already formed, and the British advancing, fell back, though Vendome, disapproving of this movement, directed his left to advance simultaneously, with the view of bringing both wings into action together. But the Duke of Burgundy again countermanded his order, and the left wing of the French remained in position.

Marlborough, observing the right wing and center of the enemy passing the defiles in their front, and forming irregularly, judged that they intended to attack him by the right, and, under cover of this maneuver, bring their left into the plain of Heurne, where Rantzau's cavalry, and some infantry of General Cadogan, were yet unsupported. Two battalions of the four who had covered the bridges had been already posted in the hedges near Groenevelde, where the first attack was expected. To keep the hostile right in check, they were re-enforced by the twelve battalions of Cadogan, who had partly occupied Eyne and Heurne. Marlborough himself advanced by Heurne, with the Prussian horse, and drew them up in front of the enemy. While this movement was in progress, the whole first column of the first line of the right wing, consisting entirely of British, formed rapidly on the height of Bevere, where

the duke anticipated an attack in force by the enemy's right and center.

At this moment thirty battalions of the enemy's right, among whom were the French and Swiss foot-guards, and other choice troops, debouched, as had been expected; and, after some hesitation, attacked the four battalions posted at Groenevelde, before Cadogan's corps could arrive to sustain them. This small force, however, disputed the edge of the streamlet, and maintained their ground until the other battalions arrived on their right and boldly attacked the enemy's center. The Duke of Argyle, who led the British infantry, now hastened into action with twenty battalions and a few guns. His left took post near Schaerken, and his right joined the infantry already engaged near Ruybroek and Groenevelde. A heavy musketry combat ensued, each battalion being engaged separately in the fields and inclosures which border the rivulet. The remaining part of the enemy's right, following the direction of the corps engaged, gradually prolonged their line, till they outflanked some Prussian infantry on the left of the British, and after pushing them back, occupied Barwaen and the farm of Banlancy. But Count Lottum, with the second column of infantry, consisting of Prussians and Hanoverians, had now formed, and at six o'clock advanced in his turn, recovered the lost ground and drove the enemy across the rivulet. As the lines extended, and the number of troops augmented, the action became general.

Marlborough and Eugene, who had hitherto remained together, now separated, the duke placing under his orders the right, comprising the British troops, whose valor the prince had often witnessed and applauded. His grace foresaw that the stress of the action would lie in this quarter, and therefore ordered Count Lottum, with twenty battalions, to prolong his right and strengthen the wing under Eugene. The opening which this movement occasioned between the castle of Bevere and Schaerken was filled up by eighteen battalions, drawn from the right of the left wing, who had just reached the scene of action. Thus, nearly sixty battalions fought under Eugene, while only twenty remained under the personal direction of the duke in the center.

The prince was hard pressed when the re-enforcement arrived:

for Cadogan's corps, occupying a kind of focus in the center of the hostile position, had been driven out of the courts and avenues near Harleham into the plain. With this accession of strength Eugene, however, again advanced and broke the first line of the enemy. General Natzmer took immediate advantage of the disorder, and charged, at the head of the Prussian cavalry, through the second line into the small plain. Here his career was checked by the household squadrons, and his ranks swept by a terrible fire of musketry. After losing half his men, and receiving himself several wounds, he escaped with the utmost difficulty by leaping over a broad ditch.

While the action thus raged with various success on the right, Marlborough, with the Hanoverian and Dutch battalions, pressed forward from the farm of Banlancy and the hamlet of Barwaen. The enemy disputed every inch of ground, and set fire to some houses which they could no longer defend; but the duke passed the rivulet, and, firing one inclosure after another, reached the hamlet of Diepenbeck. Here he encountered such an obstinate resistance that his troops were compelled to pause. But now his military instinct came to his aid. His quick eye discovered that the right of the enemy extended only to the steep acclivity of the hill of Oycke, and that they had quite neglected to occupy the commanding ground above. Concluding that their right might be turned and cut off from the main body, he requested Marshal Overkirk, who had brought up the rear with nearly all the cavalry of the left, and twenty battalions of Dutch and Danes, to execute the bold maneuver.

This veteran, unmindful of his age and bodily infirmities, obeyed with equal alacrity and spirit. On the last column of infantry reaching its ground, and deploying for battle, he directed General Week, with the brigade of Dutch guards, to force the ravines near the castle of Bevere. The troops moved rapidly to the attack, and, after a vigorous conflict, drove the enemy into the coppices which fringe the banks of the rivulet. The Prince of Orange and General Oxenstiern instantly followed with the remainder of the twenty battalions, ascended the hill, sustained by the cavalry under Overkirk and Count Tilly, and formed with

the left behind the hill of Oycke. Finding no enemy on the summit, the whole mass charged front to the right, and extended their left toward De Keele. The allied army thus formed a vast semicircle round the right wing of the enemy, who could only partially communicate with their center and left through the ravines and passes of Marolen.

This maneuver being announced to the duke, he urged Marshal Overkirk to make a further effort with his left, and cut off the remaining communications of the enemy. The execution of this movement was intrusted to the young Prince of Orange, whose impetuous spirit panted for distinction. Accompanied by General Oxenstiern, he rushed with the infantry down the height overlooking Marolen, penetrated the defiles, and, forming in two lines, was sustained by twelve squadrons of Danes, under Count Tilly. Here they encountered a corps of French grenadiers, supported by the household cavalry, and covered by the hedges which skirted the extremity of the plain. A series of volleys and charges ensued, and the enemy were struck with dismay by the unexpected attack in their rear.

Cut off from their own army, the hostile troops slackened in their resistance, and were at length broken and driven back on each other. At this moment the French dragoons made a noble effort to cover the retreat of the infantry and of the household squadrons, but their valor was in vain, and the greater part of seven regiments were either killed or taken, while the gendarmerie suffered no less severely from the charge of the Danes.

Meanwhile Marlborough had continued to gain ground, and at length established his line between Chobon and Diepenbeck. Vendome, indeed, made a personal effort to avert the fate of his army by dismounting from his horse, and leading the infantry near Mullem; but his exertions were unavailing. Inferior in numbers, and entangled by the intricacy of the ground, they could make no impression; while the left wing was thrown out of action by the defiles and river in their front, and held in check by the British cavalry, which was drawn up in perfect order on the plain of Heurne.

In this crisis, darkness enveloped the contending hosts, and the

positions were discernible only by the flashes of musketry which rolled round the narrowing circle of the devoted army, till the right of Eugene and the left of the Prince of Orange approached the same point. They mistook each other for enemies, and the result might have been deplorable had not the generals put a timely stop to the fire. About nine, orders were given for the troops to halt as they stood, and suffer the enemy to escape rather than expose themselves to mutual destruction. To this order numbers of the enemy owed their safety. Favored by the increasing darkness, some thousands slipped unperceived through an opening in the allied lines, near the castle of Bevere, and directed their flight toward the French frontier; others endeavored to rejoin their left wing in the direction of Mullem, and a considerable number lost their way and were captured.

When Vendome perceived the destruction of his right wing inevitable, he retired with the infantry which was still posted on the banks of the Norcken, near Mullem, and joined the left wing, which was in great disorder. A retreat now commenced, marked by panic, for, notwithstanding all Vendome's efforts, the Duke of Burgundy and many generals quite lost their heads. While the mass of fugitives hurried in the utmost disorder toward Ghent, the marshal covered the retreat with twenty-five squadrons and some battalions.

At dawn Marlborough detached forty squadrons from the right wing, under Generals Bulow and Lumley, and a corps of infantry, commanded by Major-general Meredith, to pursue the enemy; while, with characteristic humanity, he directed his attention to collect the mass of wounded strewed over the battlefield, in order to bestow on all, without distinction of nationality, the care and relief which circumstances would permit.

Various and contradictory accounts have been given of the loss of the combatants in this memorable battle. But we may estimate that of the allies at about three thousand killed and wounded, and that of the enemy at no less than four thousand killed, two thousand wounded, and nine thousand prisoners, including seven hundred officers. In a letter to his duchess, written the day of the battle, Marlborough says: "The English have suffered less than

any of the other troops, none of our English horse having been engaged. The artillery on either side also were scarcely engaged."

Marlborough pushed the advantages of his great victory at Oudenarde. At midnight on the 13th a force was detached to capture the enemy's lines at Ypres and Warneton, which was effected, and Marlborough, crossing the Lys, established his headquarters at Wernick. He now proposed to mask Lille and invade France, but Prince Eugene opposed the measure as too bold, and ultimately it was resolved to lay siege to Lille, the capital of French Flanders, and the key of the country between the Lys and the Scheldt. Marshal Boufflers held the place with nearly fifteen thousand men, and while Eugene conducted the siege with fifty battalions, and a siege train of ninety-four guns and sixty mortars, Marlborough covered the operation. Trenches were opened on the 13th of August, and on the 30th Vendome and the Duke of Burgundy, leaving a force of twenty thousand men to protect Ghent and Bruges, passed the Scheldt and effected a junction with Berwick between Gramont and Lessines, the combined army of one hundred and forty battalions and two hundred and fifty squadrons exceeding one hundred and ten thousand men. Meantime the siege of Lille was continued by Eugene, who, re-enforced by five thousand English troops from the covering army, assaulted the place and succeeded in establishing a lodgment. In this desperate affair two thousand of the besiegers fell, and Eugene was wounded. Marlborough now superintended in person the siege operations, which flagged somewhat. At his request troops, under General Erle, with an abundant supply of ammunition and stores, were dispatched from England for the prosecution of the siege. Vendome and Berwick dispatched twenty-two thousand men, under General de la Motte, to cut off these supplies in their passage from the coast, and Marlborough detached, first twelve battalions and fifteen hundred horse, and then a re-enforcement of twelve battalions, under General Webb, in order to protect the march of the convoy through the wood of Wynendale, and soon afterward, a further force of twenty-six squadrons and twelve battalions, under Cadogan, marched to Hoglede, to cover the passage of the convoy between Tourout and the camp.

On the 27th of September the convoy departed from Ostend, and General Webb, at Tourout, detached sixteen hundred infantry, under the command of Brigadier Landsberg, which arrived in time to prevent the occupation of Oudenberg by the enemy. Meanwhile, the cavalry under Cadogan had reached Hoghlede, and the enemy being discovered by a reconnoitering party, General Webb moved forward with the infantry in the direction of Wynendale.

The troops formed two lines, the left wing extending beyond a coppice, to prevent the enemy from turning that flank, and the right resting on the wood and castle of Wynendale. In the wood, on the right, was a regiment in ambuscade, and another regiment was thrown into the coppice, on the left. Parties of grenadiers were posted among the brushwood on each side, for the same purpose, with orders to take the assailants in flank. The regiments which escorted the convoy were formed in a third line as they arrived.

On the first news that the convoy had departed, Count de la Motte advanced to Oudenberg, but the post being already occupied he hastened to intercept it at the defile of Wynendale. Finding himself anticipated by the allies, at five o'clock in the afternoon he opened a cannonade which lasted two hours. In the interval he formed his troops in several lines, the infantry in front, the cavalry in the rear; and then he advanced, in full confidence, to overwhelm a force which did not amount to one-half of his own. But when they approached the allied lines, they were received by such a fire from the ambuscade in the wood that their left wing gave way in the center. The fire of the opposite ambuscade was then opened, but, though thrown into confusion, they continued to advance, and broke two battalions, when they were repulsed by re-enforcements drawn from the rear. The enemy made a third attempt, but the fire in front and flanks again throwing back their wings on the center, they retired, and, after some distant and scattered volleys, relinquished the contest.

Toward the close of the action, General Cadogan came up with some squadrons of horse, and proposed to charge the retreating enemy; but General Webb deemed it inadvisable to encounter so superior a force of cavalry, and contented himself with securing

the convoy, which, during the action, had passed in rear of the wood. The next day it reached Menin, where it was welcomed with exultation; and on the last day of September, Marlborough was gratified by its passage through the lines of his camp, now established between Pont a Marque and Menin.

The duke writes to Lord Godolphin: "Our loss in killed and wounded is very near one thousand; by what the enemy left dead on the place, they must have lost at least three times as many as we. They had above double our number. Webb and Cadogan have behaved themselves extremely well." Marlborough and the allied army sustained a great loss by the death, on the 18th of October, of General Overkirk, at the age of sixty-seven. He was succeeded in the command of the Dutch forces by Count Tilly.

Vendome, thwarted in his endeavors to raise the siege of Lille, opened the sluices, thus flooding the country from Ostend to the border of the Dike. But the allied generals conveyed their ammunition and supplies in flat-bottomed boats, and a species of amphibious warfare now ensued. But all the efforts of the French marshal were fruitless, and on the 23d of October, after sustaining sixty days' siege, Boufflers surrendered the city and retired to the citadel, where he maintained himself until the 9th of December. The loss of the garrison during this memorable siege amounted to eight thousand, and that of the besiegers, under Prince Eugene, in killed, wounded and sick, to no less than fourteen thousand.

The allied commanders now undertook the investment of Ghent, Marlborough directing the siege operations and Eugene commanding the covering army. On the 2d of January, 1709, General de la Motte surrendered the place, and the same day Bruges was delivered up to the allies, an example followed by other towns in occupation of the French, and thus ended the successful and glorious campaign of 1708. During the year Marlborough displayed his talent as a diplomatist, which was almost as great as his military qualities, in striving to negotiate a treaty of peace, but Louis XIV. refused to ratify the preliminaries, and Marlborough entered upon his last campaign, which, like many of its predecessors, was conducted in what came to be called the "cockpit of Europe."

The campaign was inaugurated by an advance upon Tournay

by the allied commanders, whose forces amounted to one hundred and ten thousand men, the French army in the field being commanded by Marlborough's old antagonist, Marshal Villars, whom he again outgeneraled. The siege of Tournay was pressed with such energy by Marlborough that General de Surville surrendered the town on the 28th of July, after only four weeks' investment, and the citadel on the 3d of September. The losses on both sides had been very heavy, owing to the mining and countermining, in which hundreds were blown into the air in what a French historian calls "this infernal labyrinth." At this time Marshal Villars was intrenched on the Scheldt, but this skillful commander soon had the same experience as his brother French marshals—that of being outmaneuvered by his English antagonist. The Prince of Hesse, detached by Marlborough, by forced marches succeeded in investing Mons on the side of France.

At a council of war held on the 8th of September, the allied commanders determined to secure the plain of Mons, and put in motion the whole army of one hundred and twenty-nine battalions of infantry, two hundred and fifty-two squadrons of horse, numbering ninety-three thousand men, with one hundred and one guns and four mortars. The French army, under Marshals Villars and Boufflers, with the best officers France could boast, had about the same number of combatants. The French generals failing to attack, Marlborough and Eugene resolved to take the initiative as soon as the eighteen battalions of the latter and nineteen from Tournay had joined.

As the morning of the eventful 11th of September began to dawn, a mist overspread the woods and concealed the armies from each other.

Divine service was performed in the allied camp at 3 A.M., and silence and order reigned throughout all ranks as they steadily marched from the bivouac to their posts. The enemy, finding that the allies were making their dispositions for the attack, discontinued working at the intrenchments, and stood to their arms. Both sides gave unbounded proofs of confidence in their leaders, and in the result of this eagerly-expected engagement. The French soldiers cheered Marshal Villars as he rode along their ranks, and

many of them, though ill-supplied with provisions for several days, even threw away their rations of bread in the eagerness to begin the engagement. At seven Villars mounted his horse, and requested Marshal Boufflers to assume the command of the right wing, while he himself superintended the movements of the left.

The allied army was in readiness to advance before dawn, and were waiting not less eager for the fray than their antagonists, as they had for their leaders the same two invincible generals who had triumphed in eight campaigns. The commanders-in-chief, with the prince royal of Prussia, and the Dutch deputy, Goslinga, surveyed the execution of the preparatory dispositions in every part of the field.

At half-past seven the rays of the sun dissipated the fog, and as soon as the artillery could aim with precision, the fire opened on both sides with great animation and effect, although the two armies were almost concealed from each other by the intrenchments and inequalities of the ground. Soon after the opening of the cannonade, Villars and Boufflers repaired to their respective posts, and the two confederate generals also separated—Eugene to direct the movements of the right, and Marlborough those of the center and left.

The attack commenced, on the side of the allies, against the right and center of the French, in two columns; the first under the Prince of Orange, and the other under the Prussian Count Lottum. Suddenly the Dutch column halted, according to orders, and drew up in several lines beyond the reach of grape, while that of Lottum moved forward, regardless of the fire, to the rear of the principal allied battery, and, wheeling to the right, formed in three lines. As these columns took their stations, General Schulemberg advanced at the head of forty battalions, ranged in three lines.

After a short pause in the cannonade, the signal of onset was given at nine, by a general volley from a battery in the allied center. Schulemberg instantly advanced along the edge of the wood of Sart, direct upon the head of the enemy's left wing, while Lottum marched round the battery, to attack the other side; and, as he cleared the ground, Lord Orkney deployed his fifteen battalions to cover his left, and face the hostile center. Three battalions,

drawn from the blockading corps before Mons, likewise pressed forward, under the orders of Gauvain, and entered the wood of Sart unperceived. Schulemborg's column approached within pistol-shot of the enemy, and then received a volley which forced several battalions to recoil more than two hundred yards.

Marlborough, meantime, advancing toward the center, led on in person the troops of Count Lottum. At some distance they were greeted by volleys of musketry from the brigade du Roi; without wavering they passed some inclosures, descended the hollow bank of the rivulet, and waded through the swamp, under a galling fire. Reaching the foot of the intrenchment, though disordered by the difficulty of the approach and the loss they had sustained, they made the most furious effort to ascend the breastwork, but were repulsed by the French troops, now encouraged by the presence of Villars himself.

Meanwhile General Withers, with the battalions drawn from Tournay, advanced in silence through the woods, in the direction of La Folie, but without a single shot being fired on that side. Both the first lines of attack on the right having suffered severely, Eugene and Schulemborg filled up the intervals, and extended the flanks with part of the second; they then advanced again, and dislodged the brigades of La Reine and Charost, but could not force those of Picardie and La Marine, notwithstanding the great exertions of the Danes, Saxons, and Hessians.

Count Lottum now returned to the attack, while Marlborough placed himself at the head of d'Auvergne's cavalry to sustain him. At this moment the Duke of Argyle ordered a British brigade of the second line to extend the left, and the whole renewed the charge. As the attacks embraced a wider front, this fresh brigade came opposite an opening in the intrenchment; but the access was through a marshy spot, almost impassable. While they were entangled in the swamp, General Chemerault, with twelve battalions drawn from the second line of the French left center, passed the intrenchments, and prepared to charge their left flank. But Villars, who was on the border of the wood, remarking Marlborough, with his staff, at the head of d'Auvergne's cavalry, galloped forward, and stopped them at the moment when their further advance

would have been fatal. Free on the flank, the left of Count Lottum then penetrated the intrenchment, turned the right of the brigade du Roi, and forced the French to gradually fall back in the wood.

The brigades of Champagne and Picardie, pressed by the double assault of Schulemberg on one side and of Lottum on the other, found a momentary asylum behind an abatis; and the Marine brigade, after a vigorous stand, was compelled to follow their example. The rest retired in disorder through the wood, which was so close that the lines were broken into parties, and every tree was disputed.

Meantime, the appointed half-hour of the first onset had elapsed, when the Prince of Orange, impatient of delay, resolved to attack, although not supported by Withers' corps, and without waiting the consent of his nominal superior, Marshal Tilly.

In obedience to the particular disposition issued the preceding evening, the left of the whole front was led by Major-general Hamilton and Brigadier Douglas, with four battalions, among whom was the Scottish brigade, in four lines, with orders to enter the wood and attack the grenadiers who covered the right flank of the enemy. Nine battalions, commanded by Lieutenant-generals Saar and Oxenstiern were to advance against the salient angle of the intrenchment next the wood; and to the right of these, six battalions, in three lines, led by Lieutenant-generals Dohna and Heyden, were to carry the battery on the road to Malplaquet. Generals Welderen and Rank, with four battalions, in two lines, received directions to skirt the hedges of Bleron and force the intrenchment to the right of the battery. Beyond these, in the inclosures of Bleron, seven battalions, under Major-generals Pallant and Ammama, were ordered to advance in three lines, and attack the apex of the projecting intrenchments, defended by two brigades. The whole was supported by the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Cassel, with twenty-one squadrons, in two lines, and preceded by some guns.

On the word to march all were instantly in motion, led on by the eager young Prince of Orange at the head of the first nine battalions, under a tremendous shower of grape and musketry. He

had moved only a few paces when the brave Oxenstiern was killed by his side; and several aides-de-camp and attendants successively dropped as he advanced. His own horse being killed, he advanced on foot, and as he passed the opening of the great flanking battery, whole ranks were swept away; yet he reached the intrenchment, and, waving his hat, in an instant the breastwork was forced at the point of the bayonet by the Dutch guards and Highlanders. But before they could deploy, they were driven back from the post by an impetuous charge from the troops of the French left, who had been rallied by Marshal Boufflers. At this moment the corps under Dohna moved gallantly against the battery on the road, penetrated into the embrasures, and took some colors; but ere they reached the front of the breastwork were mowed down by the battery on their flank. A dreadful carnage took place among the troops in this concerted attack. Spaar lay dead upon the field; Hamilton was carried off wounded; and the lines, beginning to waver, recoiled a few paces. Deriving fresh spirit from this repulse, the heroic Prince of Orange rallied the nearest troops and planted the colors on the bank. Foremost among the assailants at his side was the heir of Athol, the gallant Marquis of Tullibardine, who, with his faithful Highlanders, had sought honor under a foreign flag. The marquis was slain, and Lieutenant-general Week shared his glorious fate, and the Swiss brigadier Mey was severely wounded. Again the onset was renewed, but it was no longer possible to force the enemy, for their second line had closed up, and the whole breastwork bristled with bayonets and blazed with fire. The brigade of Navarre, which had been sent to re-enforce the center, was recalled, and the French soldiers, disregarding the control of their officers, quitted the intrenchment and made a furious charge. The disordered ranks of the Dutch battalions were driven back over heaps of slain companions; they lost several columns, and their advanced battery fell into the hands of the French.

They soon rallied, and were supported by the Prince of Hesse, at the head of his squadrons. In these attacks nearly two thousand men were killed, and the number of wounded was still greater. The seven battalions, under Lieutenant-general Pallant, also sought

to storm the projecting intrenchment near the farm of Bleron, but, after temporary success, were compelled to relinquish a breastwork they had carried.

During this unequal conflict, the Deputy Goslinga, witnessing the danger of his gallant countrymen, galloped toward the right to demand assistance. Meeting Lieutenant-general Rantzau, who, with four battalions of Hanoverians, was posted on the edge of the rivulet near the wood of Tiry, he obtained from him a re-enforcement of two battalions. While the deputy, not satisfied with this relief, hastened across the field in search of Marlborough, the attack on the left was renewed, and the intrenchment carried; but again the assailants were repulsed with prodigious loss. All the Hanoverian officers, except three, were killed or wounded, and the French lost, among other officers, their veteran brigadier, Steckenberg.

In this anxious crisis, Goslinga met Marlborough, who, leaving Lottum to continue his successful attack, was himself hastening to remedy the disorder on the left. They rode together to join the Prince of Orange, and were joined by Eugene. While giving the necessary orders to the left wing, a British officer arrived from the right to inform them that the enemy were attacking in turn with great fury and evident advantage.

During this time Villars had ineffectually summoned re-enforcements from his right, for Boufflers was too much weakened, even by his successful resistance, to detach a part of his infantry. Thus reduced to the necessity of drawing troops from his own center, he reluctantly called the Irish brigade and that of Bretagne to his assistance, and was soon afterward joined by the brigade of La Sarre. With the aid of these and other re-enforcements, a furious charge was made into the wood of Taisniere upon the British and Prussians, who recoiled a considerable way before the impetuous onset of the Irish; but the nature of the spot upon which they fought soon divided their ranks and retarded their progress.

At this moment the allied troops were cheered by the return of Marlborough, who, on the intelligence of their critical situation, again hastened to the right of his center, to co-operate with the attack from the army of Eugene. Meanwhile, Schulemberg, hav-

ing forced his way round the marsh, pushed the enemy gradually before him into the wood, where the fighting was obscured by a thick foliage and dense smoke.

The troops of the right were also animated by the return of Eugene, who, as he was rallying his men, was struck by a musket ball behind the ear; but the wound was not serious, and he refused to quit the field. His example roused the German battalions, and they recovered the lost ground, pressing forward in great numbers; and his efforts were seconded by General Withers, from his station at La Folie. Posting four battalions on their left flank, with the remaining fifteen, Withers passed the little rivulet, crossed a small coppice, and took post in the hedges of La Folie.

Notwithstanding the repulse of six Danish and Saxon squadrons of horse, belonging to this corps, it was the progress of General Withers which hastened the retreat of the enemy's left out of the wood at Taisniere, and alarmed Villars. In the carnage, Cheme-rault and Pallavicini fell; and Villars made a fresh disposition, and also formed a corps of twelve battalions, in two lines, at fifty paces from the wood. At this moment Eugene advanced at the head of five German regiments, and opened a destructive fire. They were charged by the French with bayonets, under the immediate direction of Villars; but, in the heat of the combat, his horse was shot, and a second musket ball struck him above the knee, compelling him to quit the field in a senseless condition. Notwithstanding his loss, the allied battalions were driven back to the edge of the wood of Taisniere, from whence they did not again attempt to advance.

Thus, after an obstinate conflict of four hours, the confederate commanders only obtained possession of the intrenchments and wood on the enemy's left, but they were now at liberty to execute the ulterior object of their plans by attacking the hostile center.

As soon as the enemy began to remove their cannon from the intrenchments, Marlborough, whose right formed the allied center, ordered Lord Orkney to make a decisive effort upon the works in the center. This gallant officer, assisted by Rantzau, Vink, and other generals, had gradually advanced in proportion as Lottum gained ground: and behind him was the Prince d'Auvergne, with

thirty squadrons of Dutch cavalry in two lines. In their rear was the British cavalry, under Lieutenant-general Wood, and the Prussian and Hanoverian horse, commanded by General Bulau; and the whole imperial cavalry, under the Duke of Wurtemberg and Count de Vehlen, formed in columns, stood ready to move at the first order. Lord Orkney, advancing in one line, at a single onset took possession of all the enemy's works, overpowering the Bavarian and Cologne guards, who were left almost unsupported, in consequence of the draughts from the center to re-enforce the left. The heavy battery of the British center had meanwhile been brought forward and turned against these troops, and now the guns of the central battery, which had been directed upon the works, moved rapidly to the right and left, and opened a tremendous cannonade across the rear, upon the lines of hostile cavalry drawn up along the plain. The French horse falling back, Rantzau, with his two battalions, turned the left flank of the French and Swiss guards and dislodged them. At the same moment, the Prince of Orange, undaunted by his former repulse, renewed the attack, and the French brigades were driven out of the intrenchments.

The crisis of this sanguinary battle had now arrived. The Prince d'Auvergne, while forming his horsemen on the further side of the French works, was charged by the hostile cavalry, but succeeded in repulsing them. The wave of attack was quickly followed by another. Marshal Boufflers, on hearing that the allies had broken through the center, ordered the household horse to follow, and flew to the spot, where he found the *gens-d'armes* ready to charge. After a short and cheering address, he placed himself at their head, and charged his antagonists, who were extending their lines through the openings of the captured works. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the gallant d'Auvergne, the allied squadrons were driven back to the intrenchments; but Lord Orkney, who had taken the precaution to post his infantry upon the parapets, poured in a most destructive fire, which repulsed the *gens-d'armes* in their turn. Thrice these charges were repeated, and thrice the impetuous assailants were repulsed by the combined fire of the musketry and cross-batteries on the flanks.

In the midst of this arduous struggle, Marlborough came up and led forward a second line of British and Prussian cavalry, under the command of Bulau and Wood. They fell on the discomfited squadrons, who were attempting to withdraw, and would have swept them from the field but for the advance of a formidable body of two thousand men, consisting of the choicest troops of the royal household.

These brave horsemen had hastened from the right to share the dangers of the center, and were also led to the charge by Marshal Boufflers. Their onset was irresistible; they broke through the first and second lines, and threw the third into confusion. But the force of the allies on this point was now opportunely augmented, the whole of Eugene's cavalry having followed, at a full gallop, in rear of Marlborough's right wing. The presence of this illustrious hero animated the troops; and, by the judicious dispositions of the two commanders, the assailants were outflanked, and, being galled by a cross fire from the infantry, retreated to the plain. Their spirit, however, was unbroken; again they rallied, and renewed the charge several times, though without making any considerable impression. The allied cavalry, on their part, moved forward with redoubled ardor, and, being superior in numbers, finally drove back this intrepid body of horsemen. Observing Lord Orkney's advance, and Rantzau's maneuver upon the flanks of the French guards, the Prince of Hesse pushed forward in column, passed the works, and, wheeling to the left, took the right of the hostile infantry in flank. This daring maneuver had the desired effect; the enemy crowded to their right, and were again attacked by the Prince of Orange, who had reoccupied the intrenchments with little resistance.

Boufflers now beheld his center pierced, his right dislodged, the communication with his left cut off, and the ablest officers under his command killed or wounded. Finally, he learned that Legal, who commanded the left, was in full retreat with his cavalry and about fifty battalions, and therefore reluctantly ordered a general retreat in the direction of Bavai. D'Artagnan marched off in close column through the woods; Boufflers crossed the Hon at Taisniere and the neighboring hamlet; and Luxembourg covered

the rear with the reserve. Beyond the woods, on the plain in front of Bavai, the infantry and cavalry rejoined, and after halting to collect the stragglers, and break down the bridges, passed the Honeau in the vicinity of that town. Their left withdrew toward Quevrain, and effected their retreat with little loss, as the allies were too much exhausted and reduced to pursue them in force, and gradually reassembled at a camp between Quesnoy and Valenciennes. This has been justly considered a masterly retreat, and was applauded by Eugene and Marlborough. The allied forces halted near the field of battle, on the plain stretching from Malplaquet beyond Taisniere. Not more than five hundred prisoners were taken by the allies, exclusive of those who were left wounded on the field, amounting to about three thousand. Few cannon or colors were captured, and the victory was only manifested by the retreat of the French, and the subsequent investment of Mons.

The respective losses in this desperate engagement have been, as usual, variously stated, but, without doubt, Malplaquet was a Pyrrhic victory, and a few more such and the English army would have disappeared. The official accounts of the allies return their loss in infantry alone as five thousand five hundred and forty-four killed, and twelve thousand seven hundred and six wounded and missing, making a total of eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty; and among these, two hundred and eighty-six officers killed, and seven hundred and sixty-two wounded. Including the loss of the cavalry, the total casualties probably did not fall short of twenty thousand men. Villars, while placing the English losses at thirty-five thousand, sought to minimize that of the French army. He puts it, in a letter to Louis XIV., at six thousand men, and the highest estimate by other French writers gives only eight thousand one hundred and thirty-seven killed, wounded, and prisoners; though the biographers of the Duke of Marlborough calculate their loss at not less than fourteen thousand men, exclusive of deserters. Marlborough allows that the French fought with great spirit, and made a most obstinate resistance, though Villars rather exaggerates when he said that "the enemy would have been annihilated by such another victory."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA

SWEDES AND TARTARS—PETER THE GREAT AND CHARLES XII.—
GREAT STRUGGLE FOR THE SUPREMACY OF THE NORTH

A. D. 1709

THE battle of Pultowa, in which Peter the Great vanquished the king of Sweden, is doubly important. It is important by reason of what it established. It is important by reason of what it overthrew. Through it Russia became a first-class power, and through it Sweden was reduced to an inferior rank.

With a population exceeding sixty millions, all implicitly obeying the impulse of a single ruling mind; with a territorial area of six millions and a half of square miles; with a standing army eight hundred thousand strong; with powerful fleets on the Baltic and Black Seas; with a skillful host of diplomatic agents planted in every court and among every tribe; with the confidence which unexpected success creates and the sagacity which long experience fosters, Russia now grasps, with an armed right hand, the tangled thread of European politics, and issues her mandates as the arbiter of the movements of the age. Yet a century and a half have hardly elapsed since she was first recognized as a member of the drama of modern European history—previous to the battle of Pultowa, Russia played no part.

But, though Russia remained thus long unheeded among her snows, there *was* a Northern power, the influence of which was acknowledged in the principal European quarrels, and whose goodwill was sedulously courted by many of the boldest chiefs and ablest counselors of the leading states. This was Sweden; Sweden, on whose ruins Russia has risen, but whose ascendancy over

her semi-barbarous neighbor was complete until this battle was fought.

But the Sweden of the past is not the Sweden of to-day. Finland, Ingria, Livonia, Esthonia, Carelia, together with other districts east of the Baltic, were then Swedish provinces. In addition, the possession of Pomerania, Rugen, and Bremen made her doubly important. From the proud position which she then held the defeat of Charles XII. hurled her forever.

The triumph of Russia in this battle is therefore important, and it is the more deeply interesting because it was not merely a struggle between two states but between two races.

It is a singular fact that Russia owes her very name to a band of Swedish invaders who conquered her a thousand years ago. They were soon absorbed in the Slavonic population, and every trace of the Swedish character had disappeared in Russia for many centuries before her invasion by Charles XII. She was long the victim and the slave of the Tartars; and for many considerable periods of years the Poles held her in subjugation. Indeed, if we except the expeditions of some of the early Russian chiefs against Byzantium, and the reign of Ivan Vasilovitch, the history of Russia before the time of Peter the Great is one long tale of suffering and degradation.

But, whatever may have been the amount of national injuries that she sustained from Swede, from Tartar, or from Pole in the ages of her weakness, she has certainly retaliated tenfold during the century and a half of her strength. Her rapid transition at the commencement of that period from being the prey of every conqueror to being the conqueror of all with whom she comes into contact, to being the oppressor instead of the oppressed, is almost without a parallel in the history of nations. It was the work of a single ruler; who, himself without education, promoted science and literature among barbaric millions; who gave them fleets, commerce, arts, and arms; who, at Pultowa, taught them to face and beat the previously invincible Swedes; and who made stubborn valor and implicit subordination from that time forth the distinguishing characteristics of the Russian soldiery, which had before his time been a mere disorderly and irresolute rabble.

The career of Philip of Macedon resembles most nearly that of the great Muscovite Czar: but there is this important difference, that Philip had, while young, received in Southern Greece the best education in all matters of peace and war that the ablest philosophers and generals of the age could bestow. Peter was brought up among barbarians and in barbaric ignorance. He strove to remedy this, when a grown man, by leaving all the temptations to idleness and sensuality which his court offered, and by seeking instruction abroad. He labored with his own hands as a common artisan in Holland and England, that he might return and teach his subjects how ships, commerce, and civilization could be acquired. There is a degree of heroism here superior to anything that we know of in the Macedonian king. But Philip's consolidation of the long-disunited Macedonian empire; his raising a people, which he found the scorn of their civilized southern neighbors, to be their dread; his organization of a brave and well-disciplined army instead of a disorderly militia; his creation of a maritime force, and his systematic skill in acquiring and improving seaports and arsenals; his patient tenacity of purpose under reverses; his personal bravery, and even his proneness to coarse amusements and pleasures, all mark him out as the prototype of the imperial founder of the Russian power. In justice, however, to the ancient hero, it ought to be added that we find in the history of Philip no examples of that savage cruelty which deforms so grievously the character of Peter the Great.

In considering the effects of the overthrow which the Swedish arms sustained at Pultowa, and in speculating on the probable consequences that would have followed if the invaders had been successful, we must not only bear in mind the wretched state in which Peter found Russia at his accession, compared with her present grandeur, but we must also keep in view the fact that, at the time when Pultowa was fought, his reforms were yet incomplete and his new institutions immature. He had broken up the Old Russia; and the New Russia, which he ultimately created, was still in embryo. Had he been crushed at Pultowa, his immense labors would have been buried with him, and (to use the words of Voltaire) "the most extensive empire in the world would have re-

lapsed into the chaos from which it had been so lately taken." It is this fact that makes the repulse of Charles XII. the critical point in the fortunes of Russia. The danger which she incurred a century afterward from her invasion by Napoleon was in reality far less than her peril when Charles attacked her, though the French emperor, as a military genius, was infinitely superior to the Swedish king, and led a host against her compared with which the armies of Charles seem almost insignificant. But, as Fouché well warned his imperial master, when he vainly endeavored to dissuade him from his disastrous expedition against the empire of the czars, the difference between the Russia of 1812 and the Russia of 1709 was greater than the disparity between the power of Charles and the might of Napoleon. "If that heroic king," said Fouché, "had not, like your imperial majesty, half Europe in arms to back him, neither had his opponent, the Czar Peter, four hundred thousand soldiers and fifty thousand Cossacks." The historians who describe the state of the Muscovite empire when revolutionary and imperial France encountered it, narrate with truth and justice how, "at the epoch of the French Revolution, this immense empire, comprehending nearly half of Europe and Asia within its dominions, inhabited by a patient and indomitable race, ever ready to exchange the luxury and adventure of the South for the hardships and monotony of the North, was daily becoming more formidable to the liberties of Europe. . . The Russian infantry had then long been celebrated for its immovable firmness. Her immense population, amounting then in Europe alone to nearly thirty-five millions, afforded an inexhaustible supply of men. Her soldiers, inured to heat and cold from their infancy, and actuated by a blind devotion to their czar, united the steady valor of the English to the impetuous energy of the French troops." So, also, we read how the haughty aggressions of Bonaparte "went to excite a national feeling from the banks of the Borysthenes to the wall of China, and to unite against him the wild and uncivilized inhabitants of an extended empire, possessed by a love of their religion, their government and their country, and having a character of stern devotion, which he was incapable of estimating." But the Russia of 1709 had no such forces to oppose to an assailant. Her whole popula-

tion then was below sixteen millions; and, what is far more important, this population had neither acquired military spirit nor strong nationality, nor was it united in loyal attachment to its ruler.

Peter had wisely abolished the old regular troops of the empire, the Strelitzes; but the forces which he had raised in their stead on a new and foreign plan, and principally officered with foreigners, had, before the Swedish invasion, given no proof that they could be relied on. In numerous encounters with the Swedes, Peter's soldiery had run like sheep before inferior numbers. Great discontent, also, had been excited among all classes of the community by the arbitrary changes which their great emperor introduced, many of which clashed with the most cherished national prejudices of his subjects. A career of victory and prosperity had not yet raised Peter above the reach of that disaffection, nor had superstitious obedience to the czar yet become the characteristic of the Muscovite mind. The victorious occupation of Moscow by Charles XII. would have quelled the Russian nation as effectually as had been the case when Batou Khan, and other ancient invaders, captured the capital of primitive Muscovy. How little such a triumph could effect toward subduing modern Russia, the fate of Napoleon demonstrated at once and forever.

The character of Charles XII. has been a favorite theme with historians, moralists, philosophers, and poets. But it is his military conduct during the campaign in Russia that alone requires comment here. Napoleon, in the *Memoirs* dictated by him at St. Helena, has given us a systematic criticism on that, among other celebrated campaigns, his own Russian campaign included. He labors hard to prove that he himself observed all the true principles of offensive war; and probably his censures on Charles's generalship were rather highly colored, for the sake of making his own military skill stand out in more favorable relief. Yet, after making all allowances, we must admit the force of Napoleon's strictures on Charles's tactics, and own that his judgment, though severe, is correct, when he pronounces that the Swedish king, unlike his great predecessor Gustavus, knew nothing of the art of war, and was nothing more than a brave and intrepid soldier. Such, how-

ever, was not the light in which Charles was regarded by his contemporaries at the commencement of his Russian expedition. His numerous victories, his daring and resolute spirit, combined with the ancient renown of the Swedish arms, then filled all Europe with admiration and anxiety. As Johnson expresses it, his name was then one at which the world grew pale. Even Louis le Grand earnestly solicited his assistance; and our own Marlborough, then in the full career of his victories, was specially sent by the English court to the camp of Charles, to propitiate the hero of the North in favor of the cause of the allies, and to prevent the Swedish sword from being flung into the scale in the French king's favor. But Charles at that time was solely bent on dethroning the sovereign of Russia, as he had already dethroned the sovereign of Poland, and all Europe fully believed that he would entirely crush the czar, and dictate conditions of peace in the Kremlin. Charles himself looked on success as a matter of certainty, and the romantic extravagance of his views was continually increasing. "One year, he thought, would suffice for the conquest of Russia. The court of Rome was next to feel his vengeance, as the Pope had dared to oppose the concession of religious liberty to the Silesian Protestants. No enterprise at that time appeared impossible to him. He had even dispatched several officers privately into Asia and Egypt, to take plans of the towns and examine into the strength and resources of those countries."

Napoleon thus epitomizes the earlier operations of Charles's invasion of Russia:

"That prince set out from his camp at Aldstadt, near Leipsic, in September, 1707, at the head of forty-five thousand men, and traversed Poland; twenty thousand men, under Count Lewenhaupt, disembarked at Riga; and fifteen thousand were in Finland. He was therefore in a condition to have brought together eighty thousand of the best troops in the world. He left ten thousand men at Warsaw to guard King Stanislaus, and in January, 1708, arrived at Grodno, where he wintered. In June he crossed the forest of Minsk, and presented himself before Borisov; forced the Russian army, which occupied the left bank of the Beresina; defeated twenty thousand Russians who were strongly

intrenched behind marshes; passed the Borysthenes at Mohilov, and vanquished a corps of sixteen thousand Muscovites near Smolensko on the 22d of September. He was now advanced to the confines of Lithuania, and was about to enter Russia proper; the czar, alarmed at his approach, made him proposals of peace. Up to this time all his movements were conformable to rule, and his communications were well secured. He was master of Poland and Riga, and only ten days' march distant from Moscow; and it is probable that he would have reached that capital, had he not quitted the high road thither, and directed his steps toward the Ukraine, in order to form a junction with Mazeppa, who brought him only six thousand men. By this movement, his line of operations, beginning at Sweden, exposed his flank to Russia for a distance of four hundred leagues, and he was unable to protect it, or to receive either re-enforcements or assistance."

Napoleon severely censures this neglect of one of the great rules of war. He points out that Charles had not organized his war, like Hannibal, on the principle of relinquishing all communications with home, keeping all his forces concentrated, and creating a base of operations in the conquered country. Such had been the bold system of the Carthaginian general; but Charles acted on no such principle, inasmuch as he caused Lewenhaupt, one of his generals who commanded a considerable detachment, and escorted a most important convoy, to follow him at a distance of twelve days' march. By this dislocation of his forces he exposed Lewenhaupt to be overwhelmed separately by the full force of the enemy, and deprived the troops under his own command of the aid which that general's men and stores might have afforded at the very crisis of the campaign.

The czar had collected an army of about one hundred thousand effective men; and though the Swedes, in the beginning of the invasion, were successful in every encounter, the Russian troops were gradually acquiring discipline; and Peter and his officers were learning generalship from their victors, as the Thebans of old learned it from the Spartans. When Lewenhaupt, in the October of 1705, was striving to join Charles in the Ukraine, the czar suddenly attacked him near the Borysthenes with an over-

whelming force of fifty thousand Russians. Lewenhaupt fought bravely for three days, and succeeded in cutting his way through the enemy with about four thousand of his men to where Charles awaited him near the River Desna; but upward of eight thousand Swedes fell in these battles; Lewenhaupt's cannon and ammunition were abandoned; and the whole of his important convoy of provisions, on which Charles and his half-starved troops were relying, fell into the enemy's hands. Charles was compelled to remain in the Ukraine during the winter; but in the spring of 1709 he moved forward toward Moscow, and invested the fortified town of Pultowa, on the River Vorskla; a place where the czar had stored up large supplies of provisions and military stores, and which commanded the passes leading toward Moscow. The possession of this place would have given Charles the means of supplying all the wants of his suffering army, and would also have furnished him with a secure base of operations for his advance against the Muscovite capital. The siege was therefore hotly pressed by the Swedes; the garrison resisted obstinately; and the czar, feeling the importance of saving the town, advanced in June to its relief, at the head of an army from fifty to sixty thousand strong.

Both sovereigns now prepared for the general action, which each saw to be inevitable, and which each felt would be decisive of his own and of his country's destiny. The czar, by some masterly maneuvers, crossed the Vorskla, and posted his army on the same side of that river with the besiegers, but a little higher up. The Vorskla falls into the Borysthenes about fifteen leagues below Pultowa, and the czar arranged his forces in two lines, stretching from one river toward the other, so that if the Swedes attacked him and were repulsed, they would be driven backward into the acute angle formed by the two streams at their junction. He fortified these lines with several redoubts, lined with heavy artillery; and his troops, both horse and foot, were in the best possible condition, and amply provided with stores and ammunition. Charles's forces were about twenty-four thousand strong. But not more than half of these were Swedes: so much had battle, famine, fatigue, and the deadly frosts of Russia thinned the gallant bands

which the Swedish king and Lewenhaupt had led to the Ukraine. The other twelve thousand men, under Charles, were Cossacks and Wallachians, who had joined him in the country. On hearing that the czar was about to attack him, he deemed that his dignity required that he himself should be the assailant; and, leading his army out of their intrenched lines before the town, he advanced with them against the Russian redoubts.

He had been severely wounded in the foot in a skirmish a few days before, and was borne in a litter along the ranks into the thick of the fight. Notwithstanding the fearful disparity of numbers and disadvantage of position, the Swedes never showed their ancient valor more nobly than on that dreadful day. Nor do their Cossack and Wallachian allies seem to have been unworthy of fighting side by side with Charles's veterans. Two of the Russian redoubts were actually entered, and the Swedish infantry began to raise the cry of victory. But, on the other side, neither general nor soldiers flinched in their duty. The Russian cannonade and musketry were kept up; fresh masses of defenders were poured into the fortifications, and at length the exhausted remnants of the Swedish columns recoiled from the blood-stained redoubts. Then the czar led the infantry and cavalry of his first line outside the works, drew them up steadily and skillfully, and the action was renewed along the whole fronts of the two armies on the open ground. Each sovereign exposed his life freely in the world-winning battle, and on each side the troops fought obstinately and eagerly under their ruler's eyes. It was not till two hours from the commencement of the action that, overpowered by numbers, the hitherto invincible Swedes gave way. All was then hopeless disorder and irreparable rout. Driven downward to where the rivers join, the fugitive Swedes surrendered to their victorious pursuers, or perished in the waters of the Borysthenes. Only a few hundreds swam that river with their king and the Cossack Mazeppa, and escaped into the Turkish territory. Nearly ten thousand lay killed and wounded in the redoubts and on the field of battle.

In the joy of his heart the czar exclaimed, when the strife was over, "That the son of the morning had fallen from heaven, and

that the foundation of St. Petersburg at length stood firm." Even on that battlefield, near the Ukraine, the Russian emperor's first thoughts were of conquests and aggrandizement on the Baltic. The peace of Nystadt, which transferred the fairest provinces of Sweden to Russia, ratified the judgment of battle which was pronounced at Pultowa. Attacks on Turkey and Persia by Russia commenced almost directly after that victory. And though the czar failed in his first attempts against the sultan, the successors of Peter have, one and all, carried on a uniformly aggressive and uniformly successive system of policy against Turkey, and against every other state, Asiatic as well as European, which has had the misfortune of having Russia for a neighbor.

Orators and authors, who have discussed the progress of Russia, have often alluded to the similitude between the modern extension of the Muscovite empire and the extension of the Roman dominions in ancient times. But attention has scarcely been drawn to the closeness of the parallel between conquering Russia and conquering Rome, not only in the extent of conquests, but in the means of effecting conquest. The history of Rome during the century and a half which followed the close of the second Punic war, and during which her largest acquisitions of territory were made, should be minutely compared with the history of Russia for the last one hundred and fifty years. The main points of similitude can only be indicated in these pages; but they deserve the fullest consideration. Above all, the sixth chapter of Montesquieu's great treatise on Rome, "De la conduite que les Romains tinrent pour soumettre les peuples," should be carefully studied by every one who watches the career and policy of Russia. The classic scholar will remember the state-craft of the Roman senate, which took care in every foreign war to appear in the character of a *Protector*. Thus Rome *protected* the Ætolians and the Greek cities against Macedon; she *protected* Bithynia and other small Asiatic states against the Syrian kings; she protected Numidia against Carthage; and in numerous other instances assumed the same specious character. But "woe to the people whose liberty depends on the continued forbearance of an overmighty protector." Every state which Rome protected was ultimately subjugated and absorbed by her.

And Russia has been the protector of Poland—the protector of the Crimea—the protector of Courland—the protector of Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, the Tcherkessian and Caucasian tribes, etc. She has first protected and then appropriated them all. She protects Moldavia and Wallachia. A few years ago she became the protector of Turkey from Mehemet Ali; and since the summer of 1849, she has made herself the protector of Austria.

When the partisans of Russia speak of the disinterestedness with which she withdrew her protecting troops from Constantinople and from Hungary, let us here also mark the ominous exactness of the parallel between her and Rome. While the ancient world yet contained a number of independent states, which might have made a formidable league against Rome if she had alarmed them by openly avowing her ambitious schemes, Rome's favorite policy was seeming disinterestedness and moderation. After her first war against Philip, after that against Antiochus, and many others, victorious Rome promptly withdrew her troops from the territories which they occupied. She affected to employ her arms only for the good of others. But, when the favorable moment came, she always found a pretext for marching her legions back into each coveted district, and making it a Roman province. Fear, not moderation, is the only effective check on the ambition of such powers as ancient Rome and modern Russia. The amount of that fear depends on the amount of timely vigilance and energy which other states choose to employ against the common enemy of their freedom and national independence.

[CREASY.]

CHAPTER XIX

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC

VICTORY WITH WHICH THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
BEGAN—WOLFE AND MONTCALM ON THE HEIGHTS
OF ABRAHAM

A. D. 1759

THE victory which gave Quebec to England was one of the most far-reaching in its results. "With the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham," says Green, "began the history of the United States."

The hero of that historic fight wore a singularly unheroic aspect. Wolfe's face, in the famous picture by West, resembles that of a nervous and sentimental boy—he was an adjutant at sixteen, and only thirty-three when he fell, mortally wounded, under the walls of Quebec. His forehead and chin receded; his nose, tip-tilted heavenward, formed with his other features the point of an obtuse triangle. His hair was fiery red, his shoulders narrow, his legs a pair of attenuated spindle-shanks; he was a chronic invalid. But between his fiery poll and his plebeian and upturned nose flashed a pair of eyes—keen, piercing, and steady—worthy of Cæsar or of Napoleon. In warlike genius he was on land as Nelson was on sea, chivalrous, fiery, intense. A "magnetic" man, with a strange gift of impressing himself on the imagination of his soldiers, and of so penetrating the whole force he commanded with his own spirit that in his hands it became a terrible and almost resistless instrument of war. The gift for choosing fit agents is one of the highest qualities of genius; and it is a sign of Pitt's piercing insight into character that, for the great task of overthrowing the French power in Canada, he chose what seemed to commonplace vision a rickety, hypochondriacal, and very youthful colonel like Wolfe.

Pitt's strategy for the American campaign was spacious, not to say grandiose. A line of strong French posts, ranging from Duquesne, on the Ohio, to Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, held the English settlements on the coast girdled, as in an iron band, from all extension westward; while Quebec, perched in almost impregnable strength on the frowning cliffs which look down on the St. Lawrence, was the center of the French power in Canada. Pitt's plan was that Amherst, with twelve thousand men, should capture Ticonderoga; Prideaux, with another powerful force, should carry Montreal; and Wolfe, with seven thousand men, should invest Quebec, where Amherst and Prideaux were to join him. Two-thirds of this great plan broke down. Amherst and Prideaux, indeed, succeeded in their local operations, but neither was able to join Wolfe, who had to carry out with one army the task for which three were designed.

On June 21, 1759, the advanced squadron of the fleet conveying Wolfe came working up the St. Lawrence. To deceive the enemy they flew the white flag, and, as the eight great ships came abreast of the Isle of Orleans, the good people of Quebec persuaded themselves it was a French fleet bringing supplies and re-enforcements. The bells rang a welcome; flags waved. Boats put eagerly off to greet the approaching ships. But as these swung round at their anchorage the white flag of France disappeared, and the red ensign of Great Britain flew in its place. The crowds, struck suddenly dumb, watched the gleam of the hostile flag with chap-fallen faces. A priest, who was staring at the ships through a telescope, actually dropped dead with the excitement and passion created by the sight of the British fleet. On June 26 the main body of the fleet, bringing Wolfe himself with seven thousand troops, was in sight of the lofty cliffs on which Quebec stands; Cook, afterward the famous navigator, master of the "Mercury," sounding ahead of the fleet. Wolfe at once seized the Isle of Orleans, which shelters the basin of Quebec to the east, and divides the St. Lawrence into two branches, and, with a few officers, quickly stood on the western point of the isle. At a glance the desperate nature of the task committed to him was apparent.

Quebec stands on the rocky nose of a promontory, shaped

roughly like a bull's head, looking eastward. The St. Lawrence flows eastward under the chin of the head; the St. Charles runs, so to speak, down its nose from the north to meet the St. Lawrence. The city itself stands on lofty cliffs, and as Wolfe looked upon it



GENERAL WOLFE

After a painting by SCHACK in the National Portrait Gallery

on that June evening far away, it was girt and crowned with batteries. The banks of the St. Lawrence, that define what we have called the throat of the bull, are precipitous and lofty, and seem by mere natural strength to defy attack; though it was just here, by an ant-like track up two hundred and fifty feet of almost perpendicular cliff, Wolfe actually climbed to the Plains of Abraham.

To the east of Quebec is a curve of lofty shore, seven miles long, between the St. Charles and the Montmorenci. When Wolfe's eye followed those seven miles of curving shore, he saw the tents of a French army double his own in strength, and commanded by the most brilliant French soldier of his generation, Montcalm. Quebec, in a word, was a great natural fortress, attacked by nine thousand troops and defended by sixteen thousand; and if a daring military genius urged the English attack, a soldier as daring and wellnigh as able as Wolfe directed the French defense.

Montcalm gave a proof of his fine quality as a soldier within twenty-four hours of the appearance of the British fleet. The very afternoon the British ships dropped anchor a terrific tempest swept over the harbor, drove the transports from their moorings, dashed the great ships of war against each other, and wrought immense mischief. The tempest dropped as quickly as it had arisen. The night fell black and moonless. Toward midnight the British sentinels on the point of the Isle of Orleans saw drifting silently through the gloom the outlines of a cluster of ships. They were eight huge fire-ships, floating mines packed with explosives. The nerve of the French sailors, fortunately for the British, failed them, and they fired the ships too soon. But the spectacle of these flaming monsters as they drifted toward the British fleet was appalling. The river showed ebony-black under the white flames. The glare lighted up the river cliffs, the roofs of the city, the tents of Montcalm, the slopes of the distant hills, the black hulls of the British ships. It was one of the most stupendous exhibitions of fireworks ever witnessed! But it was almost as harmless as a display of fireworks. The boats from the British fleet were by this time in the water, and pulling with steady daring to meet these drifting volcanoes. They were grappled, towed to the banks, and stranded, and there they spluttered and smoked and flamed till the white light of the dawn broke over them. The only mischief achieved by these fire-ships was to burn alive one of their own captains and five or six of his men, who failed to escape in their boats.

Wolfe, in addition to the Isle of Orleans, seized Point Levi, opposite the city, and this gave him complete command of the basin of Quebec; from his batteries on Point Levi, too, he could

fire directly on the city, and destroy it if he could not capture it. He himself landed the main body of his troops on the east bank of the Montmorenci, Montcalm's position, strongly intrenched, being between him and the city. Between the two armies, however, ran the deep gorge through which the swift current of the Montmorenci rushes down to join the St. Lawrence. The gorge is barely a gunshot in width, but of stupendous depth. The Montmorenci tumbles over its rocky bed with a speed that turns the flashing waters almost to the whiteness of snow. Was there ever a more curious military position adopted by a great general in the face of superior forces! Wolfe's tiny army was distributed into three camps: his right wing on the Montmorenci was six miles distant from his left wing at Point Levi, and between the center, on the Isle of Orleans, and the two wings, ran the two branches of the St. Lawrence. That Wolfe deliberately made such a distribution of his forces under the very eyes of Montcalm showed his amazing daring. And yet beyond firing across the Montmorenci on Montcalm's left wing, and bombarding the city from Point Levi, the British general could accomplish nothing. Montcalm knew that winter must compel Wolfe to retreat, and he remained stubbornly but warily on the defensive.

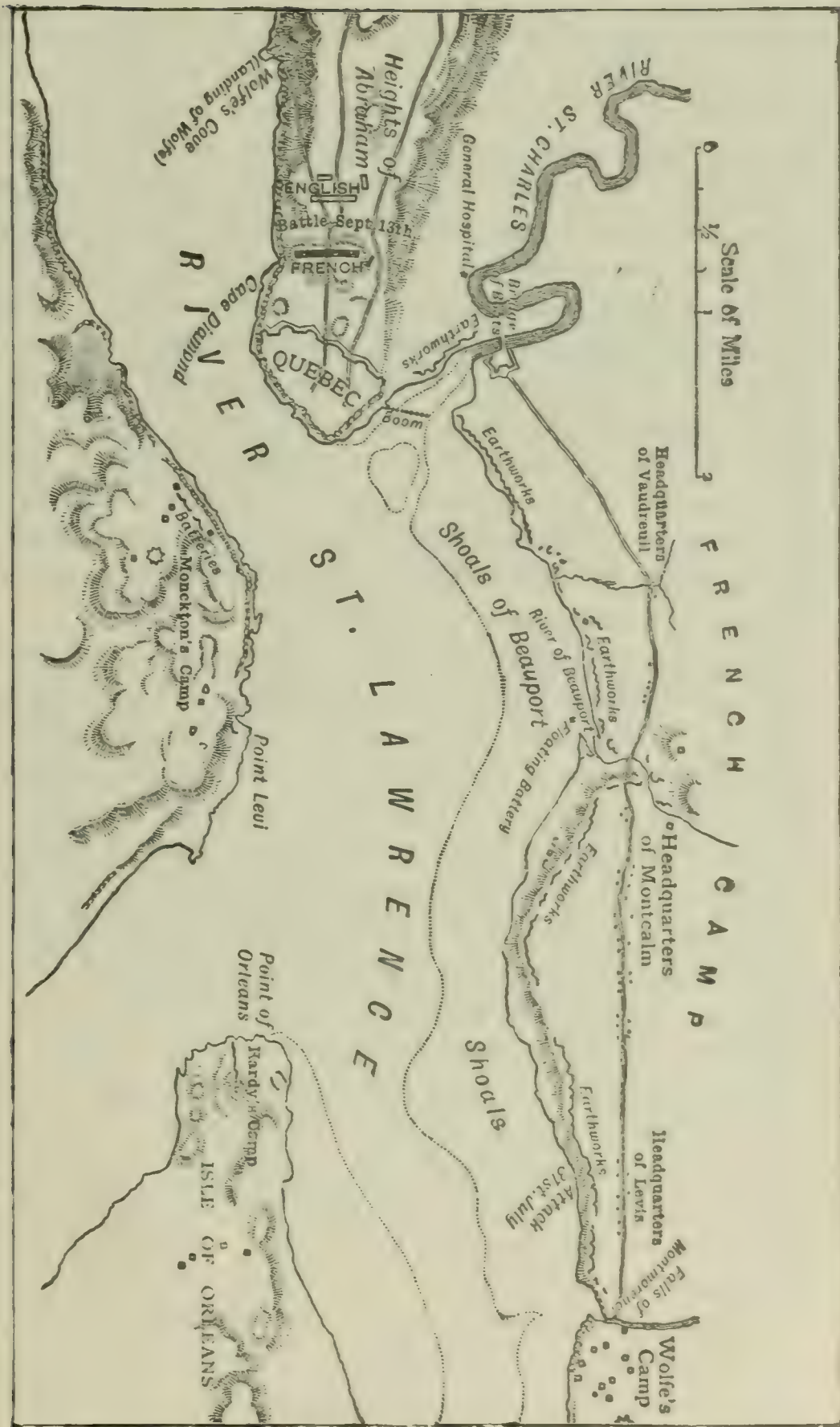
On July 18 the British performed a daring feat. In the darkness of the night two of the men-of-war and several sloops ran past the Quebec batteries and reached the river above the town; they destroyed some fire-ships they found there, and cut off Montcalm's communication by water with Montreal. This rendered it necessary for the French to establish guards on the line of precipices between Quebec and Cap-Rouge. On July 28 the French repeated the experiment of fire-ships on a still more gigantic scale. A vast fire-raft was constructed, composed of some seventy schooners, boats, and rafts, chained together, and loaded with combustibles and explosives. The fire-raft is described as being one hundred fathoms in length, and its appearance, as it came drifting on the current, a mass of roaring fire, discharging every instant a shower of missiles, was terrifying. But the British sailors dashed down upon it, broke the huge raft into fragments, and towed them easily ashore. "Hang it, Jack," one sailor was heard to say

to his mate as he tugged at the oar, "didst thee ever take hell in tow before?"

Time was on Montcalm's side, and unless Wolfe could draw him from his impregnable intrenchments and compel him to fight, the game was lost. When the tide fell, a stretch of shoal a few score yards wide was left bare on the French side of the Montmorenci. The slope that covered this was steep, slippery with grass, crowned by a great battery, and swept by the cross-fire of intrenchments on either flank. Montcalm, too, holding the interior lines, could bring to the defense of this point twice the force with which Wolfe could attack it. Yet to Wolfe's keen eyes this seemed the one vulnerable point in Montcalm's front, and on July 31 he made a desperate leap upon it.

The attack was planned with great art. The British batteries thundered across the Montmorenci, and a feint was made of fording that river higher up, so as to distract the attention of the French, while the boats of the fleet threatened a landing near Quebec itself. At half-past five the tide was at its lowest, and the boat-flotilla, swinging round at a signal, pulled at speed for the patch of muddy foreshore already selected. The Grenadiers and Royal Americans leaped ashore in the mud, and—waiting neither for orders, nor leaders, nor supports—dashed up the hill to storm the redoubt. They reached the first redoubt, tumbled over it and through it, only to find themselves breathless in a semi-circle of fire. The men fell fast, but yet struggled fiercely upward. A furious storm of rain broke over the combatants at that moment, and made the steep grass-covered slope as slippery as mere glass. "We could not see half-way down the hill," writes the French officer in command of the battery on the summit. But through the smoke and the driving rain they could still see the Grenadiers and Royal Americans in ragged clusters, scarce able to stand, yet striving desperately to climb upward. The reckless ardor of the Grenadiers had spoiled Wolfe's attack, the sudden storm helped to save the French, and Wolfe withdrew his broken but furious battalions, having lost some five hundred of his best men and officers.

The exultant French regarded the siege as practically over; but



Wolfe was a man of heroic and quenchless tenacity, and never so dangerous as when he seemed to be in the last straits. He held doggedly on, in spite of cold and tempest and disease. His own frail body broke down, and for the first time the shadow of depression fell on the British camps when they no longer saw the red head and lean and scraggy body of their general moving among them. For a week, between August 22 and August 29, he lay apparently a dying man, his face, with its curious angles, white with pain and haggard with disease. But he struggled out again, and framed yet new plans of attack. On September 10 the captains of the men-of-war held a council on board the flagship, and resolved that the approach of winter required the fleet to leave Quebec without delay. By this time, too, Wolfe's scanty force was diminished one-seventh by disease or losses in battle. Wolfe, however, had now formed the plan which ultimately gave him success, though at the cost of his own life.

From a tiny little cove, now known as Wolfe's Cove, five miles to the west of Quebec, a path, scarcely accessible to a goat, climbs up the face of the great cliff, nearly two hundred and fifty feet high. The place was so inaccessible that only a post of one hundred men kept guard over it. Up that track, in the blackness of the night, Wolfe resolved to lead his army to the attack on Quebec! It needed the most exquisite combinations to bring the attacking force to that point from three separate quarters, in the gloom of night, at a given moment, and without a sound that could alarm the enemy. Wolfe withdrew his force from the Montmorenci, embarked them on board his ships, and made every sign of departure. Montcalm mistrusted these signs, and suspected Wolfe would make at least one more leap on Quebec before withdrawing. Yet he did not in the least suspect Wolfe's real designs. He discussed, in fact, the very plan Wolfe adopted, but dismissed it by saying, "We need not suppose that the enemy have wings." The British ships were kept moving up and down the river front for several days, so as to distract and perplex the enemy. On September 12 Wolfe's plans were complete, and he issued his final orders. One sentence in them curiously anticipates Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar. "Officers and men," wrote Wolfe, "will remember what their

country expects of them." A feint on Beauport, five miles to the east of Quebec, as evening fell, made Montcalm mass his troops there; but it was at a point five miles west of Quebec the real attack was directed.

At two o'clock at night two lanterns appeared for a minute in the maintop shrouds of the "Sunderland." It was the signal, and from the fleet, from the Isle of Orleans, and from Point Levi, the English boats stole silently out, freighted with some one thousand seven hundred troops, and converged toward the point in the black wall of cliffs agreed upon. Wolfe himself was in the leading boat of the flotilla. As the boats drifted silently through the darkness on that desperate adventure, Wolfe, to the officers about him, commenced to recite Gray's "Elegy"—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Now, gentlemen," he added, "I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec." Wolfe, in fact, was half poet, half soldier. Suddenly from the great wall of rock and forest to their left broke the challenge of a French sentinel—"Qui vive?" A Highland officer of Fraser's regiment, who spoke French fluently, answered the challenge. "France." "A quel regiment?" "De la Reine," answered the Highlander. As it happened, the French expected a flotilla of provision boats, and after a little further dialogue, in which the cool Highlander completely deceived the French sentries, the British were allowed to slip past in the darkness. The tiny cove was safely reached, the boats stole silently up without a blunder, twenty-four volunteers from the Light Infantry leaped from their boat and led the way in single file up the path that ran like a thread along the face of the cliff. Wolfe sat eagerly listening in his boat below. Suddenly from the summit he saw the flash of the muskets and heard the stern shout which told him his men were up. A clear, firm order, and the troops sitting silent in the boats leaped ashore, and the long file of soldiers, like a chain of ants, went up the face of the cliff, Wolfe among the foremost, and formed in order on the plateau, the boats meanwhile rowing back

at speed to bring up the remainder of the troops. Wolfe was at last within Montcalm's guard!

When the morning of the 13th dawned, the British army, in line of battle, stood looking down on Quebec. Montcalm quickly heard the news, and came riding furiously across the St. Charles and past the city to the scene of danger. He rode, as those who saw him tell, with a fixed look and uttering not a word. The vigilance of months was rendered worthless by that amazing night assault. When he reached the slopes Montcalm saw before him the silent red wall of British infantry, the Highlanders with waving tartans and wind-blown plumes—all in battle array. It was not a detachment, but an army!

The fight lasted fifteen minutes, and might be told in almost as many words. Montcalm brought on his men in three powerful columns, in number double that of Wolfe's force. The British troops stood grimly silent, though they were tormented by the fire of Indians and Canadians lying in the grass. The French advanced eagerly, with a tumult of shouts and a confused fire; the British moved forward a few rods, halted, dressed their lines, and when the French were within forty paces threw in one fierce volley, so sharply timed that the explosion of four thousand muskets sounded like the sudden blast of a cannon. Again, again, and yet again, the flame ran from end to end of the steadfast line. When the smoke lifted, the French column were wrecked. The British instantly charged. The spirit of the clan awoke in Fraser's Highlanders: they flung aside their muskets, drew their broadswords, and with a fierce Celtic slogan rushed on the enemy. Never was a charge pressed more ruthlessly home. After the fight one of the British officers wrote: "There was not a bayonet in the three leading British regiments, nor a broadsword among the Highlanders, that was not crimson with the blood of a foe-man." Wolfe himself charged at the head of the Grenadiers, his bright uniform making him conspicuous. He was shot in the wrist, wrapped a handkerchief round the wound, and still ran forward. Two other bullets struck him—one, it is said, fired by a British deserter, a sergeant broken by Wolfe for brutality to a private. "Don't let the soldiers see me drop," said Wolfe, as he

fell, to an officer running beside him. An officer of the Grenadiers, a gentleman volunteer, and a private carried Wolfe to a redoubt near. He refused to allow a surgeon to be called. "There is no need," he said, "it is all over with me." Then one of the little group, casting a look at the smoke-covered battlefield, cried, "They run! See how they run!" "Who run?" said the dying Wolfe, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the answer. A flash of life came back to Wolfe; the eager spirit thrust from it the swoon of death; he gave a clear, emphatic order for cutting off the enemy's retreat; then, turning on his side, he added, "Now God be praised; I die in peace."

That fight determined that the North American continent should be the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. And, somehow, the popular instinct, when the news reached England, realized the historic significance of the event. "When we first heard of Wolfe's glorious deed," writes Thackeray in "The Virginians"—"of that army marshaled in darkness and carried silently up the midnight river—of those rocks scaled by the intrepid leader and his troops—of the defeat of Montcalm on the open plain by the sheer valor of his conqueror—we were all intoxicated in England by the news." Not merely all London, but half England flamed into illuminations. One spot alone was dark—Blackheath, where, solitary amid a rejoicing nation, Wolfe's mother mourned for her heroic son—like Milton's Lycidas—"dead ere his prime."

CHAPTER XX

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

THE GREAT SEA FIGHT AT ABOUKIR BAY—NELSON'S DRAMATIC
ATTACK—THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH

A.D. 1798

ABOUKIR BAY resembles nothing so much as a piece bitten out of the Egyptian pancake. A crescent-shaped bay, patchy with shoals, stretching from the Rosetta mouth of the Nile to Aboukir, or, as it is now called, Nelson Island, that island being simply the outer point of a sandbank that projects from the western horn of the bay. Flat shores, gray-blue Mediterranean waters, two horns of land six miles apart, that to the north projecting furthest and forming a low island—this, one hundred years ago, was the scene of what might almost be described as the greatest sea-fight in history.

On the evening of August 1, 1798, thirteen great battleships lay drawn up in a single line parallel with the shore, and as close to it as the sandbanks permitted. The head ship was almost stem on to the shoal which, running out at right angles to the shore, forms Aboukir Island. The nose of each succeeding ship was exactly one hundred and sixty yards from the stern of the ship before it, and, allowing for one or two gaps, each ship was bound by a great cable to its neighbor. It was a thread of beads, only each "bead" was a battleship, whose decks swarmed with brave men, and from whose sides gaped the iron lips of more than a thousand heavy guns. The line was not exactly straight; it formed a very obtuse angle, the projecting point at the center being formed by the "Orient," the biggest warship at that moment afloat, a giant of one hundred and twenty guns.

Next to her came the "Franklin," of eighty guns, a vessel which, if not the biggest, was perhaps the finest sample of naval architecture in existence. The line of ships was more than one mile and a half long, and consisted of the gigantic flagship, three ships of the line of eighty guns, and nine of seventy-four guns. In addition, it had a fringe of gunboats and frigates, while a battery of mortars on the island guarded, as with a sword of fire, the gap betwixt the headmost ship and the island. This great fleet had convoyed Napoleon, with thirty-six thousand troops crowded into four hundred transports, from France, had captured Malta on the voyage, and three weeks before had safely landed Napoleon and his soldiers in Egypt. The French admiral, Brueys, knew that Nelson was coming furiously in his track, and after a consultation with all his captains he had drawn up his ships in the order which we have described, a position he believed to be unassailable. And at three o'clock on the afternoon of August 1, 1798, his lookouts were eagerly watching the white topsails showing above the lee line, the van of Nelson's fleet.

Napoleon had kept the secret of his Egyptian expedition well, and the great Toulon fleet, with its swarm of transports, had vanished round the coast of Corsica and gone off into mere space, as far as a bewildered British Admiralty knew. A fleet of thirteen seventy-four-gun ships and one of fifty guns was placed under Nelson's flag. He was ordered to pursue and destroy the vanished French fleet, and with characteristic energy he set out on one of the most dramatic sea-chases known to history. With the instinct of genius he guessed that Napoleon's destination was Egypt; but while the French fleet coasted Sardinia and went to the west of Sicily, Nelson ran down the Italian coast to Naples, called there for information, found none, and, carrying all sail, swept through the Straits of Messina.

On the night of June 22 the two fleets actually crossed each other's tracks. The French fleet, including the transports, numbered five hundred and seventy-two vessels, and their lights, it might be imagined, would have lighted up many leagues of sea. Yet, through this forest of hostile masts the English fleet, with keen eyes watching at every masthead, swept and saw nothing.

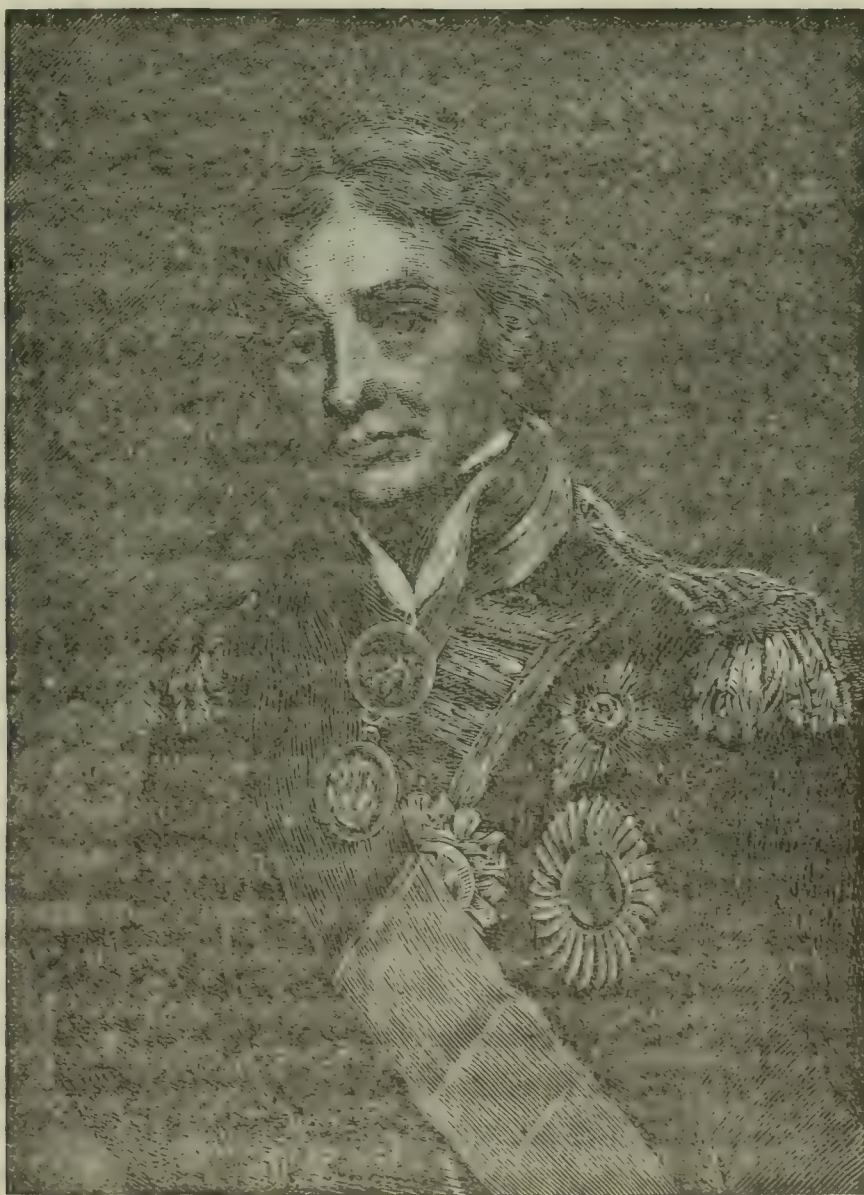
Nelson, for one thing, had no frigates to serve as eyes and ears for him; his fleet in sailor-like fashion formed a compact body, three parallel lines of phantom-like pyramids of canvas sweeping in the darkness across the floor of the sea. Above all a haze filled the night; and it is not too much to say that the drifting gray vapor which hid the French ships from Nelson's lookout men changed the face of history.

Nelson used to explain that his ideal of perfect enjoyment would be to have the chance of "trying Bonaparte on a wind"; and if he had caught sound of bell or gleam of lantern from the great French fleet, and brought it to action in the darkness of that foggy night, can any one doubt what the result would have been? Nelson would have done off the coast of Sicily on June 22, 1798, what Wellington did on June 18, 1815; and in that case there would have been no Marengo or Austerlitz, no retreat from Moscow, no Peninsular war, and no Waterloo. For so much, in distracted human affairs, may a patch of drifting vapor count!

Nelson, in a word, overran his prey. He reached Alexandria to find the coast empty; doubled back to Sicily, zigzagging on his way by Cyprus and Candia; and twelve hours after he had left Alexandria the topsails of the French fleet hove in sight from that port. Napoleon's troops were safely landed, and the French admiral had some four weeks in which to prepare for Nelson's return, and at 3 P.M. on August 1 the gliding topsails of the "Swiftsure" above Aboukir Island showed that the tireless Englishman had, after nearly three months of pursuit, overtaken his enemy.

The French, if frigates be included, counted seventeen ships to fourteen, and ship for ship they had the advantage over the British alike in crew, tonnage, and weight of fire. In size the English ships scarcely averaged 1,500 tons: the French ships exceeded 2,000 tons. Nelson had only seventy-fours, his heaviest gun being a 32-pounder. The average French eighty-gun ship in every detail of fighting strength exceeded an English ninety-eight, and Brueys had three such ships in his fleet; while his own flagship, the "Orient," was fully equal to two English seventy-fours. Its weight of ball on the lower deck alone exceeded that from the whole broadside of the "Bellerophon," the ship that engaged it.

The French, in brief, had an advantage in guns of about twenty per cent, and in men of over thirty per cent. Brueys, moreover, was lying in a carefully chosen position in a dangerous bay, of which his enemies possessed no chart, and the head of his line was protected by a powerful shore battery.



NELSON

After the portrait by HOPPNER in the possession of the Queen

Nothing in this great fight is more dramatic than the swiftness and vehemence of Nelson's attack. He simply leaped upon his enemy at sight. Four of his ships were miles off in the offing, but Nelson did not wait for them. In the long pursuit he had assembled his captains repeatedly in his cabin, and discussed every pos-

sible manner of attacking the French fleet. If he found the fleet as he guessed, drawn up in battle-line close inshore and anchored, his plan was to place one of his ships on the bows, another on the quarter, of each French ship in succession.

It has been debated who actually evolved the idea of rounding the head of the French line and attacking on both faces. One version is that Foley, in the "Goliath," who led the British line, owed the suggestion to a keen-eyed midshipman who pointed out that the anchor buoy of the headmost French ship was at such a distance from the ship itself as to prove there was room to pass. But the weight of evidence seems to prove that Nelson himself, as he rounded Aboukir Island, and scanned with fierce and questioning vision Brueys' formation, with that swiftness of glance in which he almost rivaled Napoleon, saw his chance in the gap between the leading French ship and the shore. "Where a French ship can swing," he held, "an English ship can either sail or anchor." And he determined to double on the French line and attack on both faces at once. He explained his plan to Berry, his captain, who in his delight exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no 'if' in the case," said Nelson; "that we shall succeed is certain; who will live to tell the story is a very different question."

Brueys had calculated that the English fleet must come down perpendicularly to his center, and each ship in the process be raked by a line of fire a mile and a half long; but the moment the English ships rounded the island they tacked, hugged the shore, and swept through the gap between the leading vessel and the land. The British ships were so close to each other that Nelson, speaking from his own quarter-deck, was able to ask Hood in the "Zealous" if he thought they had water enough to round the French line. Hood replied that he had no chart, but would lead and take soundings as he went.

So the British line came on, the men on the yards taking in canvas, the leadsmen in the chains coolly calling the soundings. The battery roared from the island, the leading French ships broke into smoke and flame, but the steady British line glided on. The "Goliath" by this time led; and at half-past five the shadow of its tall

masts cast by the westering sun fell over the decks of the "Guerrier," and as Foley, its captain, swept past the Frenchman's bows, he poured in a furious broadside, bore swiftly up, and dropped—as Nelson, with that minute attention to detail which marks a great commander, had ordered all his captains—an anchor from the stern, so that, without having to "swing," he was instantly in a fighting position on his enemy's quarter. Foley, however, dropped his anchor a moment too late, and drifted on to the second ship in the line; but Hood, in the "Zealous," coming swiftly after, also raked the "Guerrier," and, anchoring from the stern at the exact moment, took the place on its quarter Foley should have taken.

The "Orion" came into battle next, blasted the unfortunate "Guerrier," whose foremast had already gone, with a third broadside, and swept outside the "Zealous" and "Goliath" down to the third ship on the French line. A French frigate, the "Serieuse," of thirty-six guns, anchored inside the French line, ventured to fire on the "Orion" as it swept past, whereupon Saumarez, its commander, discharged his starboard broadside into that frigate. The "Serieuse" reeled under the shock of the British guns, its masts disappeared like chips, and the unfortunate Frenchman went down like a stone; while Saumarez, laying himself on the larboard bow of the "Franklin" and the quarter of the "Peuple Sovrain," broke upon them in thunder. The "Theseus" followed hard in the track of the "Orion," raked the unhappy "Guerrier" in the familiar fashion while crossing its bows, then swept through the narrow water-lane betwixt the "Goliath" and "Zealous" and their French antagonists, poured a smashing broadside into each French ship as it passed, then shot outside the "Orion," and anchored with mathematical nicety off the quarter of the "Spartiate." The water-lane was not a pistol-shot wide, and this feat of seamanship was marvelous.

Miller, who commanded the "Theseus," in a letter to his wife described the fight. "In running along the enemy's line in the wake of the 'Zealous' and 'Goliath,' I observed," he says, "their shot sweep just over us, and knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and, running under the arch of their

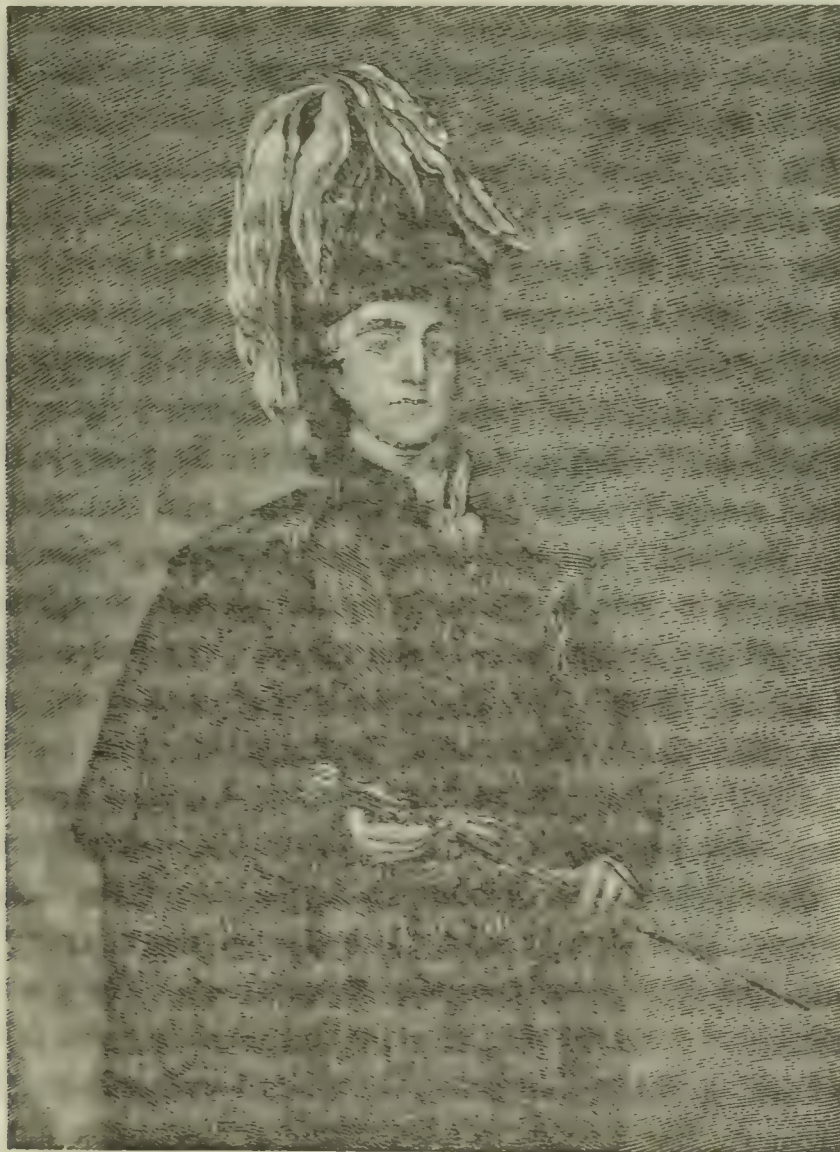
shot, reserved my fire, every gun being loaded with two, and some with three round shot, until I had the 'Guerrier's' masts in a line, and her jibboom about six feet clear of our rigging. We then opened with such effect that a second breath could not be drawn before her main and mizzenmast were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or forty-four minutes past six."

The "Audacious," meanwhile, was too impatient to tack round the head of the French line; it broke through the gap betwixt the first and second ships of the enemy, delivered itself, in a comfortable manner, of a raking broadside into both as it passed, took its position on the larboard bow of the "Conquerant," and gave itself up to the joy of battle. Within thirty minutes from the beginning of the fight, that is, five British line-of-battle ships were inside the French line, comfortably established on the bows or quarters of the leading ships. Nelson himself, in the "Vanguard," anchored on the outside of the French line, within eighty yards of the "Spartiate's" starboard beam; the "Minotaur," the "Bellerophon," and the "Majestic," coming up in swift succession, and at less than five minutes' interval from each other, flung themselves on the next ships.

How the thunder of the battle deepened, and how the quick flashes of the guns grew brighter as the night gathered rapidly over sea, must be imagined. But Nelson's swift and brilliant strategy was triumphant. Each ship in the French van resembled nothing so much as a walnut in the jaws of a nut-cracker. They were being "cracked" in succession, and the rear of the line could only look on with agitated feelings and watch the operation.

The fire of the British ships for fury and precision was overwhelming. The head of the "Guerrier" was simply shot away; the anchors hanging from her bows were cut in two; her main-deck ports, from the bowsprit to the gangway, were driven into one; her masts, fallen inboard, lay with their tangle of rigging on the unhappy crew; while some of her main-deck beams—all supports being town away—fell on the guns. Hood, in the "Zealous," who was pounding the unfortunate "Guerrier," says, "At last, being tired of killing men in that way, I sent a lieutenant on board, who was allowed, as I had instructed him, to hoist a light,

and haul it down as a sign of submission." But all the damage was not on the side of the French. The great French flagship, the "Orient," by this time had added her mighty voice to the tumult, and the "Bellerophon," who was engaged with her, had



WELLINGTON

After a painting by JOHN SIMPSON

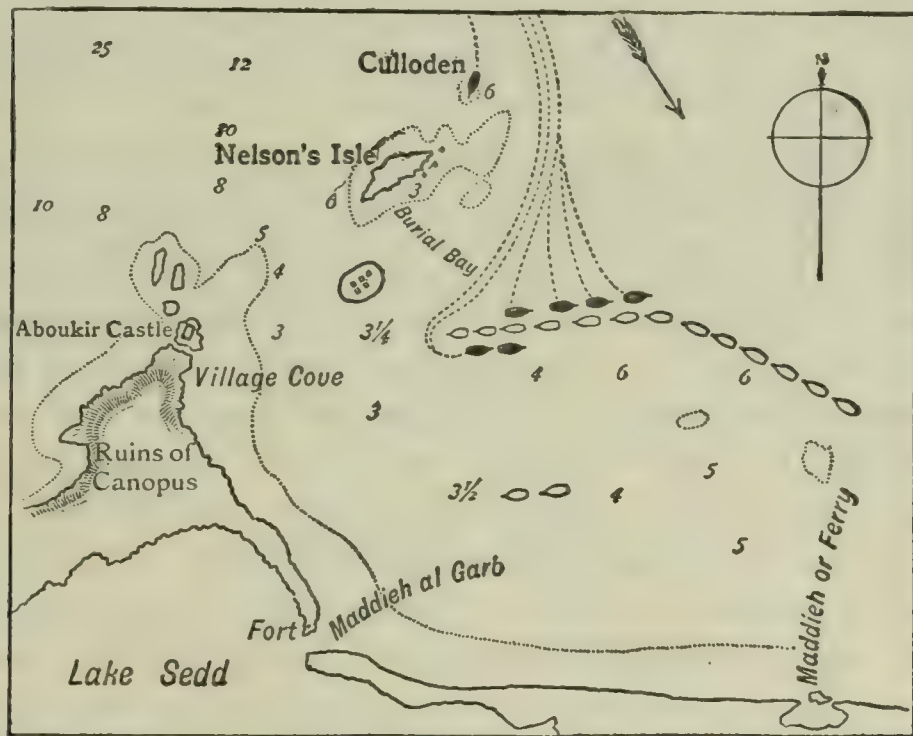
a bad time of it. It was the story of Tom Sayers and Heenan over again—a dwarf fighting a giant. Her mizzenmast and mainmast were shot away, and after maintaining the dreadful duel for more than an hour, and having two hundred of her crew struck down, at 8.20 P.M. the "Bellerophon" cut her cable and drifted, a disabled wreck, out of the fire.

Meanwhile the four ships Nelson had left in the offing were beating furiously up to add themselves to the fight. Night had fallen by the time Troubridge, in the "Culloden," came round the island; and then, in full sight of the great battle, the "Culloden" ran hopelessly ashore! She was, perhaps, the finest ship of the British fleet, and the emotions of its crew and commander as they listened to the tumult, and watched through the darkness the darting fires of the Titanic combat they could not share, may be imagined. The British army, according to well-known authorities, "swore terribly in Flanders." The expletives discharged that night along the decks and in the forecastle of the "Culloden" would probably have made even a Flanders veteran open his eyes in astonishment.

The "Swiftsure" and the "Alexander," taking warning by the "Culloden's" fate, swept round her and bore safely up to the fight. The "Swiftsure," bearing down through the darkness to the combat, came across a vessel drifting, dismasted and lightless, a mere wreck. Holliwell, the captain of the "Swiftsure," was about to fire, thinking it was an enemy, but on second thoughts hailed instead, and got for an answer the words, "'Bellerophon'; going out of action, disabled." The "Swiftsure" passed on, and five minutes after the "Bellerophon" had drifted from the bows of the "Orient," the "Swiftsure," coming mysteriously up out of the darkness, took her place, and broke into a tempest of fire.

At nine o'clock the great French flagship burst into flame. The painters had been at work upon her on the morning of that day, and had left oil and combustibles about. The nearest English ships concentrated their fire, both of musketry and of cannon, on the burning patch, and made the task of extinguishing it hopeless. Brueys, the French admiral, had already been cut in two by a cannon shot, and Casabianca, his commodore, was wounded. The fire spread, the flames leaped up the masts and crept athwart the decks of the great ship. The moon had just risen, and the whole scene was perhaps the strangest ever witnessed—the great burning ship, the white light of the moon above, the darting points of red flame from the iron lips of hundreds of guns below, the drifting battle-smoke, the cries of ten thousand combatants—all crowded into an area of a few hundred square yards!

The British ships, hanging like hounds on the flanks of the "Orient," knew that the explosion might come at any moment, and they made every preparation for it, closing their hatchways and gathering their firemen at quarters. But they would not withdraw their ships a single yard! At ten o'clock the great French ship blew up with a flame that for a moment lighted shore and sea, and a sound that hushed into stillness the whole tumult of the battle. Out of a crew of over a thousand men only seventy were saved! For ten minutes after that dreadful sight the war-



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

Doubling on the French Line

ring fleets seemed stupefied. Not a shout was heard, not a shot fired. Then the French ship next the missing flagship broke into wrathful fire, and the battle awoke in full passion once more.

The fighting raged with partial intermissions all through the night, and when morning broke Brueys' curved line of mighty battleships, a mile and a half long, had vanished. Of the French ships, one had been blown up, one was sunk, one was ashore, four had fled, the rest were prizes. It was the most complete and dramatic victory in naval history. The French fought on the whole

with magnificent courage; but, though stronger in the mass, Nelson's strategy and the seamanship of his captains made the British stronger at every point of actual battle. The rear of the French line did not fire a shot or lose a man. The wonder is that when Nelson's strategy was developed, and its fatal character understood, Villeneuve, who commanded the French rear, and was a man of undoubted courage, did not cut his cables, make sail, and come to the help of his comrades. A few hundred yards would have carried him to the heart of the fight. Can any one doubt whether, if the positions had been reversed, Nelson would have watched the destruction of half his fleet as a mere spectator? If nothing better had offered, he would have pulled in a wash-tub into the fight!

Villeneuve afterward offered three explanations of his own inertness: first, he "could not spare any of his anchors"; second, "he had no instructions!" third, "on board the ships in the rear the idea of weighing and going to the help of the ships engaged occurred to no one!" In justice to the French, however, it may be admitted that nothing could surpass the fierceness and valor with which, say, the "Tonnant" was fought. Its captain, Du Petit-Thouars, fought his ship magnificently, had first both his arms and then one of his legs shot away, and died entreating his officers not to strike. Of the ten French ships engaged, the captains of eight were killed or wounded. Nelson took the seven wounded captains on board the "Vanguard," and, as they recovered, they dined regularly with him. One of the captains had lost his nose, another an eye, another most of his teeth, with musket-shots, etc. Nelson, who himself had been wounded, and was still half-blind as a result, at one of his dinners offered by mischance a case of toothpicks to the captain on his left, who had lost all his teeth. He discovered his error, and in his confusion handed his snuff-box to the captain on his right, who had lost his nose!

What was the secret of the British victory? Nelson's brilliant strategy was only possible by virtue of the magnificent seamanship of his captains, and the new fashion of close and desperate fighting, which Hood and Jarvis and Nelson himself had created. It is a French writer, Captain Graviere, who says that the French

naval habit of evading battle where they could, and of accepting action from an enemy rather than forcing it upon him, had ruined the *morale* of the French navy. The long blockades had made Nelson's captains perfect seamen, and he taught them that close fighting at pistol-shot distance was the secret of victory. "No English captain," he said, "can do wrong who, in fight, lays a ship alongside an enemy." It was a captain of Nelson's school—a Scotchman—who at Camperdown, unable, just as the action began, to read some complicated signal from his chief, flung his signal-book on the deck, and in broad Scotch exclaimed, "D——me! up with the hellem an' gang in the middle o't." That trick of "ganging into the middle o't" was irresistible.

The battle of the Nile destroyed the naval prestige of France, made England supreme in the Mediterranean, saved India, left Napoleon and his army practically prisoners in Egypt, and united Austria, Russia, and Turkey in league against France. The night battle in Aboukir Bay, in a word, changed the face of history.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO

STRUGGLE WITH THE AUSTRIANS, IN WHICH THE FIRST CONSUL
STAKED ALL AND WON—CHARGE AND DEATH OF DESAIX

A. D. 1800

PRIOR to the battle of Aboukir, Bonaparte had intended making Egypt a starting point for the conquest of India.

Foiled in that dream, he then conceived the design of the conquest of Syria. But Acre, the key of Syria, was stubbornly held by the Turks, the French battering train was captured at sea by an English captain, Sir Sydney Smith, whose seamen aided in the defense of the place, and the besiegers were forced to fall back upon Egypt. The French general, despairing of success, left

his army and returned to France. His arrival in Paris was soon followed by the overthrow of the Directors. Three consuls took their place; but under the name of First Consul, Bonaparte became in effect sole ruler of the country. His energy at once changed the whole face of European affairs. At Marengo in 1800 he forced the Austrians to surrender Lombardy, and a few months later crushed their army on the Iser, in the victory of Hohenlinden.

The battle of Marengo, one of the most resonant in history, has been often described. According to Thiers, whose recital of it in his "History of the Consulate and Empire," is appended, Bonaparte, after crossing the Saint Bernard, had a triple difficulty to solve: to close one route, to occupy another, and to retain a third. In poring over the map of Italy, in order to find a post which fulfilled these three conditions, he made a choice worthy of being forever admired.

If [says Thiers] we examine the chain of the Apennines we shall see that, in consequence of the curve which it forms to embrace the Gulf of Genoa, it runs northward, and throws out branches which approach very closely to the Po, from the position of La Stradella to the environs of Piacenza. In all this part of Piedmont and the duchy of Parma, the foot of the heights advances so near to the river as to leave but a very narrow space for the highroad to Piacenza. An army posted in advance of La Stradella, at the entrance of a sort of defile several leagues in length, its left upon the heights, its center upon the road, its right along the Po and the marshy grounds that border it, is difficult to dislodge. It must be added that the route is studded with hamlets and villages, built of stone, and very capable of resisting cannon. Against the imperial army, which was strong in cavalry and artillery, this position, therefore, independently of its natural advantages, possessed the property of annulling those two arms.

It had, moreover, other most peculiar advantages. It is very near this position that the tributary streams on the other side of the Po, most important to occupy, such as the Tessino and the Adda, effect their junction. Thus the Tessino falls into the Po,

a little below Pavia and above Belgiojoso, nearly opposite to La Stradella, at the distance of two leagues at most. The Adda, running beyond and for a greater distance before it unites with the Po, discharges itself into that river between Piacenza and Cremona. The reader will at once comprehend that, placed at La Stradella, and master of the bridges of Belgiojoso, of Piacenza, and of Cremona, General Bonaparte would be in possession of the most decisive points; for he would bar the principal road, that from Alexandria to Piacenza, and he would have it in his power, at the same time, by a long march, to hasten to the Tessino, or to redescend the Po to Cremona, and to fly toward the Adda, which covered his rear against the corps of Wukassowich.

Such was the distribution of the fifty odd thousand soldiers whom General Bonaparte had at his disposal at the moment; thirty-two thousand were at the central point of La Stradella, from nine thousand to ten thousand on the Tessino, three thousand or four thousand at Milan and Arona, lastly, from ten thousand to eleven thousand on the lower course of the Po and of the Adda, all placed in such a manner as to support one another reciprocally with extreme promptness. In fact, on receiving notice from the Tessino, General Bonaparte could in a day fly to the succor of the ten thousand French who guarded it. On notice from the Lower Po, he could, in the same space of time, descend upon Piacenza and Cremona, while General Loison, defending the passage of the river, would give him time to hasten up. All and each of them, on their part, could march upon La Stradella and re-enforce General Bonaparte in as short a time as it would take him to reach them.

The battle of Montebello—which gave to Lannes and his family the title that distinguishes it among the French families of the present time, a glorious title, which his descendants ought to be proud to bear!—had been fought.

This first rencontre was a promising beginning, but it intimated to M. de Melas the difficulty he would have in forcing his way. General Ott, with a force diminished by seven thousand men, retired in consternation upon Alexandria. The courage of the French army was raised to the highest degree of hardihood.

The First Consul lost no time in collecting his divisions, and in strongly occupying that road from Alexandria to Piacenza, which, in all probability, M. de Melas would follow. Lannes having advanced too far, the First Consul fell back a little to the very point which is called La Stradella, because the defile, narrowed in this place by the approximation of the heights and the river, renders the position more secure.

The 10th and 11th of June were passed in observing the movements of the Austrians, in concentrating the army, in giving it a little rest after its rapid marches, in organizing the artillery in the best possible manner; for, till now, not more than forty field-pieces could be brought together at this point.

On the 11th, one of the most distinguished generals of that period, Desaix, who, perhaps, equaled Moreau, Massena, Kleber, Lannes, in military talents, but who surpassed them all in the rare perfections of his character, arrived at headquarters. He had just returned from Egypt, where Kleber had committed political faults, which we shall soon have the chagrin to record, which Desaix strove in vain to prevent, and, to escape the painful sight of which, he had fled to Europe. These faults, however, had afterward been gloriously retrieved. Desaix, stopped near the coast of France, had been treated by the English in the most shameful manner. He loved the First Consul with a sort of passion; and the First Consul, touched by the affection of such a noble heart, requited it by the warmest friendship that he ever felt in his life. They passed a whole night together, in relating to each other what had happened in Egypt and in France, and the First Consul immediately gave him the command of Monnier's and Boudet's united divisions.

On the following day, June 12th, General Bonaparte, surprised at seeing nothing of the Austrians, could not help feeling some apprehensions. Astonished that, in such a situation, M. de Melas should hesitate, lose time, and suffer all the outlets to be closed around him, measuring his adversary too closely by his own standard, he said that M. de Melas could not have wasted such precious hours, and that he must have escaped, either by ascending toward Genoa, or by crossing the Upper Po, with the intention of forcing

the Tessino. Tired of waiting, he left, in the afternoon of the 12th, his position of La Stradella, and advanced, followed by the whole army, to the height of Tortona. He gave orders for the blockade of that fortress, and established his headquarters at Voghera. On the morning of the 13th, he crossed the Scrivia, and debouched in the immense plain extending between the Scrivia and the Bormida, which, at the present day, has no other name but the plain of Marengo. It was the very same which, several months before, his imagination marked out for the theater of a great battle with M. de Melas. At this place, the Po flows at a distance from the Apennines. The intervening country is intersected by the Bormida and the Tanaro, whose currents have become less rapid, and uniting near Alexandria, afterward discharge themselves into the bed of the Po. The road skirting the foot of the Apennines to Tortona separates from it opposite to that place, turns off to the right, passes the Scrivia, and debouches in a vast plain. It runs across it to a first village called San Giuliano, proceeds to a second called Marengo, at length crosses the Bormida, and leads to the celebrated fortress of Alexandria. "If the enemy meant to follow the highroad from Piacenza to Mantua, it is here that he would wait for me," said General Bonaparte to himself; "here his numerous artillery, his fine cavalry, would have great advantages, and he would fight with all his united means." Having made this reflection, General Bonaparte, in order to confirm himself in his conjectures, ordered the country to be scoured by light cavalry, which did not fall in with a single Austrian outpost. Toward evening, he sent forward General Victor's corps, composed of Gardanne's and Chambarlhac's divisions, to Marengo. At this point we encountered a detachment, that of Oreilly, which defended for a moment the village of Marengo, then abandoned it, and recrossed the Bormida. A reconnaissance, not made with due care, even afforded room to suppose that the enemy had no bridge upon the Bormida.

From all these signs, General Bonaparte ceased to doubt that M. de Melas had, as he expressed it, given him the slip. He would not have abandoned the plain, and particularly the village of Marengo, which forms the entrance to it, if he had meant to cross it,

to fight a battle, and to conquer the route from Alexandria to Piacenza. Misled by this most just reflection, General Bonaparte left General Victor, with his two divisions, at Marengo; he placed Lannes *en échelon* in the plain with Watrin's division, and galloped off for his headquarters at Voghera, to get intelligence from General Moncey, stationed on the Tessino, from General Duhesme, stationed on the Lower Po, and thus ascertain what had become of M. de Melas. Officers of the staff, starting from all points, were directed to meet him at his headquarters. But the Scrivia was overflowed, and very fortunately he was obliged to stop at Torre di Garofalo. Accounts from the Tessino and the Po, dated that very day, intimated that all was perfectly quiet. M. de Melas had attempted nothing in that quarter. What could have become of him? . . . General Bonaparte conceived that he had marched back upon Genoa, by Novi, with the intention of passing into the valley of the Trebbia, and again falling upon Cremona. It seemed, in fact, that, as he was not at Alexandria, as he was not on march for the Tessino, he could not have taken any other course. It might also be conjectured that, following the example of Wurmser at Mantua, he had gone and shut himself up in Genoa, where, supplied by the English, having a garrison of fifty thousand men, he would have the means of protracting the war. These ideas had taken such strong hold of the mind of the First Consul that he directed Desaix to march upon Rivalta and Novi with Boudet's single division. It was, in fact, through Novi that M. de Melas would have to pass, in going from Alexandria to Genoa.

However, from a lucky presentiment, he kept Monnier's division, and the second of Desaix's divisions, at headquarters, and he provided as far as possible for all contingencies, by leaving Victor at Marengo with two divisions, Lannes with one in the plain, Murat at his sides with all the cavalry. If we consider the general distribution of the French forces at this moment, spread partly on the Tessino, partly on the Lower Po and the Adda, partly on the route to Genoa, we shall be struck with their dispersion. This was the necessary consequence of the general situation and of the circumstances of the day.

The night of the 13th, which preceded one of the most glorious

days in history, General Bonaparte passed at the village of Torre di Garofalo, and fell asleep, expecting to receive tidings on the morrow.

Meanwhile, confusion reigned in Alexandria. The Austrian army was in despair. A council of war had just been held, and none of the resolutions which the French general was afraid of had been adopted. There had indeed been some talk of retiring by the Upper Po and the Tessino, or shutting themselves up in Genoa, but the Austrian generals, like brave men, as they were, had preferred following the suggestions of honor. After all, said they, we have been fighting for these eighteen months, like good soldiers; we had reconquered Italy; we were in march for the frontiers of France; our government urged us forward; it was but yesterday that it gave such orders: it behooved it to apprise us of the danger which threatened our rear. If any blame attaches to our situation, to the government that blame belongs. All the means proposed for avoiding an engagement with the French army are complicated, difficult, hazardous; there is but one simple and honorable course, it is to break through. To-morrow we must open a way for ourselves at the price of our blood. If we succeed, we will regain, after a victory, the road to Piacenza and Mantua; if not, after we have done our duty, the responsibility for our disaster will fall upon others, not upon ourselves.

The First Consul could not comprehend how so much time could be thrown away in deliberating in such an emergency. But there was none who equaled the promptness of his determinations, and M. de Melas was in a position sufficiently desperate to cause the cruel perplexities which delayed his definitive resolution to be forgiven. In deciding to give battle, the Austrian general behaved like a soldier full of honor; but he might be reproached for having left twenty-five thousand men in the fortresses of Coni, Turin, Tortona, Genoa, Acqui, Gavi, and Alexandria, especially after the loss which Ott had sustained at Montebello. With twenty-five thousand men in the fortresses, three thousand in Tuscany, twelve thousand between Mantua and Venice, he had left forty thousand men at most to bring upon the field of battle, where the issue of the war was to be decided. To this number had dwindled that

fine army, one hundred and twenty thousand strong, which, at the commencement of the campaign, was to force the southern frontiers of France! Forty thousand had perished, forty thousand were scattered, forty thousand were about to fight, in order to escape the Caudine Forks; but among these last were a powerful cavalry and two hundred pieces of cannon.

It was decided that, on the following day, the whole army should debouch by the bridges of the Bormida, for there were two, covered by one and the same *tête du pont*, notwithstanding the false intelligence given to General Bonaparte; that General Ott, at the head of ten thousand men, half cavalry, half infantry, should debouch from the Bormida, and, turning to the left, proceed toward a village called Castel Ceriolo; that Generals Haddick and Kaim, at the head of the main body of the army, about twenty thousand men, should carry the village of Marengo, which forms the entrance to the plain; and that General O'Reilly, with five thousand or six thousand soldiers, should turn to the right and ascend the Bormida. A powerful artillery was to support this movement. A considerable detachment, particularly strong in cavalry, was left in the rear of Alexandria, on the Acqui road, to observe Suchet's troops, of whose arrival vague accounts had been received.

We have described that vast plain, traversed throughout its whole extent by the highroad from Alexandria to Piacenza, and inclosed between the Scrivia and the Bormida. The French, marching from Piacenza and the Scrivia, came first to San Giuliano, then, three-quarters of a league further, to Marengo, which was very near the Bormida, and formed the principal *débouché* that the Austrian army had to gain possession of, in order to get out of Alexandria. Between San Giuliano and Marengo ran, in a straight line, the road that was about to be disputed, and on either side extended a plain covered with cornfields and vineyards. Below Marengo, and on the right of the French, on the left of the Austrians, was Castel Ceriolo, a large hamlet, through which General Ott would have to pass, in order to turn the corps of General Victor stationed in Marengo. Upon Marengo, then, the principal attack of the Austrians was to be directed, since that village commanded the entrance to the plain.

At daybreak, the Austrian army crossed the two bridges of the Bormida. But its movement was slow, owing to its having but a single *tête du pont* to debouch by. Oreilly passed first, and fell in with Gardanne's division, which General Victor, after he had occupied Marengo, had sent forward. This division consisted of only the 101st and the 44th demi-brigades. Oreilly, supported by a numerous artillery, and having twice the force, obliged it to fall back and to seek shelter in Marengo. Fortunately he did not follow it into the place, but waited until the center, under General Haddick, was able to support him. The tardiness of the march through the defile formed by the bridges caused the Austrians to lose two or three hours. At length, Generals Haddick and Kaim deployed in the rear of Oreilly, and General Ott crossed the same bridges, to proceed to Castel Ceriolo. General Victor instantly united his two divisions to defend Marengo, and sent word to the First Consul that the whole Austrian army was advancing, with the evident intention of giving battle.

A defense peculiar to the ground served most seasonably to second the intrepidity of our soldiers. In advance of Marengo, between the Austrians and the French, was a deep and muddy rivulet, called the Fontanone. It ran between Marengo and the Bormida, and emptied itself, a little lower down, into the Bormida. Victor placed toward his right, that is, in the village of Marengo, the 101st and 44th demi-brigades, under General Gardanne; to the left of the village, the 24th, the 43d, and the 96th, under General Chambarlhac; a little further back, General Kellermann, with the 20th, 2d, and 8th cavalry, and a squadron of the 12th. The rest of the 12th was sent to the Upper Bormida, to observe the distant movements of the enemy.

General Haddick advanced toward the rivulet, protected by twenty-five pieces of artillery, which played upon the French. He threw himself bravely into the bed of the Fontanone, at the head of Bellegarde's division. General Rivaud, instantly leaving the shelter of the village, with the 44th and the 101st, opened a pointblank fire upon the Austrians, who were endeavoring to debouch. A most obstinate conflict ensued along the Fontanone. Haddick made repeated attempts; but Rivaud, keeping his ground

under the batteries of the Austrians, stopped Haddick's corps by a fire of musketry within short range, and drove it back in disorder to the other side of the rivulet. The unfortunate General Haddick received a wound, which afterward proved mortal, and his soldiers retired. M. de Melas then ordered General Kaim's troops to advance, and directed O'Reilly to ascend the bank of the Bormida to a place called La Stortigliona, with the design of charging our left with Pilati's cavalry. But at this moment General Kellermann was on horseback, at the head of his division of cavalry, observing the movements of the enemy's squadrons: and Lannes, who had lain, the preceding night, to the right of Victor, in the plain, had just placed himself in line between Marengo and Castel Ceriolo. The Austrians, then, made a second effort. Gardanne's and Chambarlhac's divisions, drawn up in a semicircle, around the semicircular bed of the Fontanone, were placed in such a manner as to pour a converging fire upon the point of attack. Their musketry spread havoc among the troops of General Kaim. Meanwhile, General Pilati, ascending higher, had succeeded in crossing the Fontanone, at the head of two thousand horse. The gallant Kellermann, who on this day added greatly to the glory he had acquired on the field of Valmy, dashed upon Pilati's squadrons as soon as they attempted to debouch, slaughtering and hurling them into the muddy bed of that little stream, which art could not have formed better for covering the position of the French.

At this moment, though our army, taken by surprise, had no more than the two corps of Victor and Lannes in line, that is to say, fifteen thousand or sixteen thousand men to resist thirty-six thousand, still, owing to the fault committed by the Austrians on the preceding day, in neglecting to occupy Marengo—a fault, however, which had been productive of advantages to them, inasmuch as it had led General Bonaparte into error—our army had time to wait the arrival of its commander, and of the reserves remaining behind, or sent by the route of Novi.

Such was the state of things, when M. de Melas determined to make a desperate effort to save the honor and the liberty of his army, and, gallantly seconded by his soldiers, all veterans, whose victories in the preceding campaign had heightened their courage,

M. de Melas made another attack on the French line. General Ott, who had taken a good deal of time in filing off, began to be in a condition to act on the left of the Austrians. He maneuvered with a view to turn us, passed through Castel Ceriolo, and fell upon Lannes, who, placed beside Victor, between Marengo and Castel Ceriolo, formed the right of our line. While General Ott's corps occupied the attention of Lannes, the corps of Oreilly, Haddick, and Kaim, having united, were directed anew upon the Fontanone, in front of Marengo. A formidable artillery supported all their movements. Lattermann's grenadiers entered the brook, crossed it, and gained the other bank. Chambarlhac's division, posted on the left of Marengo, and on the flanks of the Austrian grenadiers, kept up a destructive fire upon them. A battalion of these grenadiers, nevertheless, contrived to maintain its ground beyond the Fontanone. M. de Melas redoubled the cannonade on Chambarlhac's division, which was not covered by the houses of the village, like that which defended Marengo itself. Meanwhile the Austrian pioneers hastily constructed a bridge on trestles. The gallant Rivaud, at the head of the 44th, issuing from the village of Marengo, and marching up to the assailants, in spite of the grape-shot, was on the point of driving them into the Fontanone, when tremendous discharges of artillery stopped the 44th, exhausted by this obstinate struggle, and Rivaud himself was wounded. Availing themselves of this advantage, Lattermann's grenadiers advanced *en masse*, and penetrated into Marengo. Rivaud, covered with blood, placed himself once more at the head of the 44th, made a vigorous charge on these grenadiers, and drove them out of Marengo; but received, as soon as he lost the shelter of the houses, by a fearful fire of artillery, he could not force them to recross the brook, which had hitherto so well protected our army. Weakened by loss of blood, and scarcely able to support himself, this brave officer was obliged to submit to be carried off the field of battle. The Austrian grenadiers therefore retained possession of the position which they had just carried. At the same instant, Chambarlhac's division, which, as we have said, was not protected by any shelter, but completely exposed to the grape-shot, was well-nigh mowed down. General Oreilly repulsed the 96th, which

formed our extreme left, and then began to act on the offensive. Toward the right, Lannes, who, having at first the single corps of General Kaim only to deal with, had been on the point of driving it into the bed of the Fontanone, perceived that he was all at once turned by General Ott, debouching from Castel Ceriolo with a large body of cavalry. Champeaux's brigade of cavalry, drawn up in rear of Lannes' corps, as was Kellermann in rear of Victor's, made, but in vain, several brilliant charges. The unfortunate Champeaux received a mortal wound. Our army, severely pressed on both wings, separated from Marengo, the point to which it had at first so strongly clung, and having no longer any support, ran the risk of being forced back into the plain in the rear, where it could make no stand against two hundred pieces of cannon and an immense cavalry.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. The carnage had been frightful. A considerable mass of wounded encumbered the road between Marengo and San Giuliano. Already part of Victor's troops, overwhelmed by numbers, were retiring in disorder, crying that all was lost. All must have been lost, in fact, without a re-enforcement of troops which were not exhausted, and, more especially, without a great captain, capable of regaining the victory wrested from us.

General Bonaparte, on receiving intelligence that the Austrian army, which he so feared might escape him, had, on the contrary, taken his army by surprise, in that very plain of Marengo so deserted on the preceding day, hastened from Torre di Garofalo, congratulating himself on the lucky inundation of the Scrivia, which had prevented him from passing the night at Voghera. He brought with him the consular guard, a body not very numerous but of incomparable valor, and which became subsequently the imperial guard; he brought Monnier's division, composed of three excellent demi-brigades; he was followed at a little distance by a reserve of two regiments of cavalry; and he further sent orders to Desaix to march with the utmost expedition for San Giuliano.

The First Consul, at the head of these reserves, proceeded at a gallop to the field of battle. He found Lannes attacked on the right by the infantry and cavalry of General Ott, but endeavoring,

nevertheless, to support himself on the left around Marengo. Gardanne was defending himself in the hedges of that village, the object of such a furious struggle; and, on the other side, Cham-



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barlhac's division was dispersing under the heavy discharges of the Austrian artillery. A glance sufficed for his military eye to perceive what was fitting to be done in order to retrieve the day. His mutilated left was absolutely routed; but his right, which was

only threatened, still maintained its ground; it was that, therefore, which ought to be re-enforced. By keeping a firm hold of Castel Ceriolo he should have a point of support amid that extensive plain; he should be able to make a pivot of his strengthened wing, and bring his beaten wing into the rear, where it would be out of the reach of the enemy. If he should lose by this movement the high-road from Marengo to San Giuliano, the evil would be reparable; for, behind his new position, there would be another road, leading to Sale, and from Sale to the banks of the Po. His line of retreat to Pavia would thus be still secured. Placed, moreover, on the right of the plain, he would be on the flank of the Austrians, who would take the highroad from Marengo to San Giuliano, if they meant to follow up the victory.

Having made these reflections with the rapidity of lightning, General Bonaparte put instantly into execution the resolution which he had just conceived. He sent forward into the plain, to the right of Lannes, the eight hundred grenadiers of the consular guard, ordering them to stop the Austrian cavalry till the arrival of Monnier's three demi-brigades. These brave fellows, formed in square, received with admirable coolness the charges of the Lobkowitz dragoons, and stood unbroken by the repeated assaults of a multitude of horse. A little on their right, General Bonaparte ordered two of Monnier's demi-brigades, which arrived at the moment, to proceed toward Castel Ceriolo. These two demi-brigades, headed by General Carra St. Cyr, marched forward, and, sometimes drawn up in square to stop the cavalry, sometimes in columns of attack to charge the infantry, they at length recovered the lost ground, and lodged themselves in the hedges and gardens of Castel Ceriolo. At the same moment, General Bonaparte, at the head of the 72d, lent his support to the left under Lannes, while Dupont, the chief of the staff, went to rally in the rear the wrecks of Victor's corps, pursued by O'Reilly's horse, but protected by Murat with the reserve of cavalry. The presence of the First Consul, the sight of the bearskin caps of his horse-guard, infused fresh spirit into the troops. The battle recommenced with new fury. The brave Watrin, of Lannes' corps, with the 6th of the line and the 22d, drove Kaim's soldiers into the Fontanone at the

point of the bayonet. Lannes, firing the 40th and the 28th with his own heroic spirit, pushed both of them upon the Austrians. The battle raged fiercely over the whole of the immense plain. Gardanne strove to reconquer Marengo; Lannes endeavored to make himself master of the rivulet which, at first, had so usefully covered our troops; the grenadiers of the consular guard, still in square, like a living citadel amid that field of battle, filled the gap between Lannes and the columns of Carra St. Cyr, which had entered the first houses of Castel Ceriolo. But Baron de Melas, with the courage of despair, bringing up his united masses upon Marengo, debouched at last from the village, and drove back the exhausted soldiers of Gardanne, who, in vain, took advantage of all obstacles. Oreilly continued to overwhelm with grape-shot the division of Chambarlhac, which was still left exposed to the fire of an immense artillery.

It was impossible for the French to keep their ground; they were obliged to give way. General Bonaparte ordered them to fall back by degrees, at the same time keeping up a firm countenance. But, while his left, deprived of Marengo, and thenceforward without support, retreated rapidly to San Giuliano, where it might find shelter, he continued to hold the right of the plain, and drew away from it slowly, thanks to the point of Castel Ceriolo, thanks to the energy of the consular guard, and thanks above all to Lannes, who made unparalleled efforts. Provided only he holds his position on the right, the First Consul still retains a line of retreat by Sale toward the banks of the Po; and if Desaix, sent the preceding day upon Novi, should come up in time, he may still reconquer the field of battle and bring back victory to his side.

It was at this moment that Lannes and his four demi-brigades made efforts worthy of the admiration of posterity. The enemy, who had debouched *en masse* from Marengo into the plain, poured forth a shower of balls and grape-shot from eighty pieces of cannon. Lannes, at the head of his four demi-brigades, was two hours in retiring three-quarters of a league. When the enemy approached and became too pressing, he halted and charged with the bayonet. Though his artillery was dismounted, a few light pieces, drawn by the best horses, and maneuvered with equal skill and boldness,

were brought up, and assisted by their fire the demi-brigades that were too much cramped, and dared to place themselves in battery against the formidable Austrian artillery. The consular guard, which could not be broken by charges of cavalry, was now attacked with cannon. The enemy strove to batter it in breach, like a wall, and then charged it with Frimont's horse. It sustained considerable loss, and fell back, but unbroken. Carra St. Cyr fell back also, and abandoned Castel Ceriolo, still retaining, however, a last support in the vineyards in rear of that village. We, nevertheless, remained masters of the road from Castel Ceriolo to Sale. On all sides, the plain exhibited a vast scene of carnage, where the roar of explosions mingled with that of the artillery; for Lannes blew up the ammunition-wagons which he could not carry off.

Half the day was spent. M. de Melas fancied himself sure of the victory, which he had so dearly purchased. This old warrior, who, for courage at least, proved himself worthy of his adversary on that memorable day, returned to Alexandria, worn out with fatigue. He left the command to M. de Zach, the chief of his staff, and sent off couriers to all Europe, to proclaim his victory and the defeat of General Bonaparte at Marengo. This chief of the staff, invested with the command, then formed the bulk of the Austrian army into marching column, on the highroad from Marengo to San Giuliano. He put at the head two regiments of infantry, and then the column of Lattermann's grenadiers, followed by the baggage train. He placed General Oreilly on the left, and Generals Kaim and Haddick on the right, and endeavored to gain in this order that highroad to Piacenza, the object of so many efforts and the salvation of the Austrian army.

It was now three o'clock. If no new circumstance intervened, the battle might be considered as lost by the French, unless they could, on the morrow, with the troops shifted from the Tessino and the Adda to the Po, retrieve the misfortune of the day. Desaix, however, with Boudet's whole division, had not yet come up: would he arrive in time? On this circumstance depended the issue of the battle. The aides-de-camp of the First Consul had been galloping in quest of him ever since morning. But, long

before they reached him, Desaix, on the first cannon-shot fired in the plain of Marengo, had instantly wheeled about. Hearing this distant report, he had concluded that the enemy, whom he had been sent in search of to Novi, on the Genoa road, was at Marengo itself. He had immediately dispatched Savary, with a few hundred horse, to Novi, to see what was going forward, and had waited with his division, listening intently to the cannon of the Austrians and the French, which never ceased thundering in the direction of the Bormida. From Savary having discovered no trace of the enemy in the environs of Novi, Desaix was confirmed in his happy conjecture, and, without further delay, marched for Marengo, sending before him several aides-de-camp to apprise the First Consul that he was coming. He had marched the whole day, and, at three o'clock, his heads of columns at length appeared at the entrance into the plain, in the vicinity of San Giuliano. He himself, preceding them at a gallop, rode up to the First Consul. Happy inspiration of a lieutenant equally intelligent and attached! happy fortune of youth! If, fifteen years later, the First Consul, now so well seconded by his generals, had found a Desaix on the field of Waterloo, he would have preserved the empire, and France her preponderant position among the powers of Europe.

The presence of Desaix changed the aspect of things. He was surrounded; he was made acquainted with the occurrences of the day. The generals formed a circle about him and the First Consul, and discussed with warmth the critical position of the army. Most of them advised retreat. The First Consul was not of this opinion, and he earnestly pressed Desaix for his. Desaix, surveying the devastated field of battle, then drawing out his watch and looking at the hour, replied to General Bonaparte in these simple and noble terms: "Yes, the battle is lost; but it is only three o'clock; there is time enough to gain another." General Bonaparte, delighted with the opinion of Desaix, prepared to avail himself of the succor brought him by that general, and of the advantages insured to him by the position taken ever since morning. He was, in fact, in the plain, on the right, while the enemy was on the left, in marching column, on the highroad, advancing toward San Giuliano. Desaix, arriving from San Giuliano, with six thou-

sand fresh troops, and facing the Austrians, might stop them short, while the bulk of the rallied army should fall upon their flank. Orders were forthwith issued in accordance with this plan.

The three demi-brigades of Desaix were formed in advance of San Giuliano, a little to the right of the highroad; the 30th deployed in line; the 9th and 59th in close columns on the wings of the former. A slight undulation of the ground concealed them from the enemy. On their left were the rallied and somewhat recovered wrecks of Chambarlhac's and Gardanne's troops under General Victor; on their right, in the plain, Lannes, whose retreating movement was suspended, then the consular guard, then Carra St. Cyr, who had kept as near as possible to Castel Ceriolo. The army then formed a long oblique line from San Giuliano to Castel Ceriolo, and between Desaix and Lannes, and a little in rear, was placed Kellermann's cavalry in the interval. A battery of twelve pieces, the sole remnant of the whole artillery of the army, was spread upon the front of the corps of Desaix.

These dispositions made, the First Consul rode through the ranks of his soldiers, and addressed the different corps. "My friends," said he, "we have fallen back far enough: recollect that I am accustomed to lie on the field of battle." Having reanimated the troops, who, inspirited by the arrival of the reserves, burned with impatience to resume the fight, he gave the signal for attack. A charge was beaten along the whole line.

The Austrians, in order of march rather than in order of battle, were proceeding along the highroad. The column under the command of M. de Zach came first. A little in rear came the center, half deployed in the plain, and making front to Lannes.

General Marmont all at once unmasked twelve pieces of cannon. A thick shower of grape-shot fell upon the head of the surprised Austrian column, which expected no further resistance; for the enemy believed that the French were decidedly retreating. Scarcely had it recovered from this sudden shock when Desaix set the 9th light in motion. "Go and inform the First Consul," said he to Savary, his aid-de-camp, "that I am charging, and that I am in want of cavalry to support me." Desaix, on horseback, led on this demi-brigade. He ascended with it the slight rise of the

ground which hid it from the view of the Austrians, and abruptly revealed himself to them by a fire of musketry discharged within a few paces of them. The Austrians returned it, and Desaix fell, pierced by a ball in the chest. "Conceal my death," said he to General Boudet, his chief of division; "it might dishearten the troops." Useless precaution of that hero! His fall had been observed, and his soldiers, like those of Turenne, insisted, with loud shouts, on avenging their leader. The 9th light, which on that day earned the title of Incomparable, which it bore till the termination of our wars—the 9th light, having poured forth its fire, formed in column, and fell upon the dense mass of the Austrians. At sight of it, the first two regiments which opened the march, taken by surprise, fell back in disorder on the second line, and disappeared in its ranks. The column of Lattermann's grenadiers was then alone at the head, and received this shock like crack troops. It stood firm. The conflict extended on both sides of the highroad. The 9th light was supported on the right by Victor's rallied troops, on the left by the 30th and 59th demi-brigades of Boudet's division, which had followed the movement. Lattermann's grenadiers were defending themselves with difficulty, when an unforeseen storm suddenly burst over their heads. General Kellermann, who, on the application of Desaix, had received orders to charge, set off at a gallop, and, passing between Lannes and Desaix, placed part of his squadrons *en potence*, to make head against the Austrian cavalry, which he saw before him; then, with the rest, he fell upon the flank of the column of the grenadiers, already attacked in front by Boudet's infantry. This charge, executed with extraordinary vigor, cut the column in two. Kellermann's dragoons slaughtered to the right and to the left, till, pressed on all sides, the unfortunate grenadiers laid down their arms. Two thousand of them surrendered. At their head, General Zach himself was obliged to deliver his sword. The Austrians were thus deprived of their commander during the conclusion of the battle; for M. de Melas, as we have seen, thinking himself sure of the victory, had retired to Alexandria. Kellermann did not stop there; dashing upon the Lichtenstein dragoons, he put them to flight. The latter fell back upon the center of the Austrians, which was deploying

in the plain, in face of Lannes, and threw it into some disorder. Lannes then advanced, and attacked the shaken center of the Austrians with vigor; while the grenadiers of the consular guard and Carra St. Cyr again moved toward Castel Ceriolo, from which they were not far distant. Along the whole line from San Giuliano to Castel Ceriolo the French had resumed the offensive; they marched forward, intoxicated with joy and enthusiasm, on perceiving victory returning to them. Surprise and discouragement had passed to the side of the Austrians.

Admirable determination of character which persists, and, by persisting, brings back Fortune! From San Giuliano to Castel Ceriolo that oblique line of the French advanced at the charge-step, driving back the Austrians, utterly astonished at having a new battle to fight. Carra St. Cyr had soon retaken the village of Castel Ceriolo, and General Ott, who had at first advanced beyond that village, fearful of being overpowered, thought of falling back, lest he should have his communication cut off. A panic was communicated to the cavalry; it fled at full speed, shouting, "To the bridges!" All then strove who should first reach those bridges of the Bormida. General Ott, recrossing at Castel Ceriolo with Vogelsang's troops, was obliged to force his way through the French. He succeeded, and regained in haste the banks of the Bormida, to which all hurried with furious precipitation.

Generals Kaim and Haddick strove in vain to keep their ground in the center: Lannes did not allow them the means of doing so; he drove them into Marengo, and prepared to push them into the Fontanone, and, from the Fontanone, into the Bormida. But Weidenfeld's grenadiers made head for a moment, to give Oreilly, who had advanced as far as Cassina Grossa, time to come back. The Austrian cavalry, on its part, attempted several charges to stop the progress of the French. But it was repelled by the horse grenadiers of the consular guard, led by Bessieres and young Beauharnais. Lannes and Victor, with their united corps, at last fell upon Marengo, and threw Oreilly's as well as Weidenfeld's grenadiers into disorder. The confusion on the bridges of the Bormida increased every moment. Foot, horse, artillery, were crowded together there in disorder. The bridges being insufficient for all,

many threw themselves into the Bormida, for the purpose of fording it. An artillery-driver attempted to cross with his gun. He succeeded, and the whole of the artillery would then have followed his example, but part of the carriages stuck fast in the bed of the river. The French, hotly pursuing them, took men, horses, cannon and baggage. The unfortunate Baron de Melas, who, two hours before, had left his army victorious, had hastened to the spot on hearing of this disaster, and could not believe his eyes. He was a prey to vexation and despair. Such was the sanguinary battle of Marengo, which, as we shall presently see, had an immense influence on the destinies of France and of the world; it gave, in fact, at the moment, peace to the Republic, and, a little later, the Empire to the First Consul. It was cruelly disputed, and it was worth the disputing; for never was the issue of a battle more serious for both adversaries. M. de Melas fought to avoid a humiliating capitulation; General Bonaparte staked on that day his whole fortune. The losses, considering the number of the combatants, were immense, and out of all the usual proportions. The Austrians lost about eight thousand men in killed and wounded, and more than four thousand prisoners. Their staff was cruelly decimated. General Haddick was killed; Generals Vogelsang, Lattermann, Bellegarde, Lamarsaille, and Gottesheim were wounded; and with them a great number of officers. Thus they lost, in men *hors de combat* or taken, one-third of their army, if it was from thirty-six thousand to forty thousand strong, as it is generally said to have been. As for the French, they had six thousand killed or wounded, and about one thousand of them were taken prisoners, which again exhibits a loss of one-fourth out of twenty-eight thousand soldiers present at the battle. Their staff suffered as severely as the Austrian staff. Generals Mainony, Rivaud, Malher, Champeaux, were wounded, the last mortally. The greatest loss was that of Desaix. France had not sustained one more to be regretted during a ten years' warfare. In the estimation of the First Consul, this loss was great enough to diminish the joy that he felt for the victory. His secretary, M. de Bourrienne, hastening to congratulate him on this miraculous triumph, said to him, "What a glorious day!" "Yes," replied the First Consul, "it would have

been glorious indeed, could I but have embraced Desaix this evening on the field of battle. I was going," added he, "to make him minister of war; I would have made him a prince, if I could." The conqueror of Marengo had as yet no notion that he should, at no distant day, have it in his power to bestow crowns on those who served him. The body of the unfortunate Desaix was lying near San Giuliano, amid that vast field of carnage. His aid-de-camp, Savary, who had been long attached to him, sought out his body from among the dead, and, recognizing it by his profusion of hair, had it removed, and wrapped in a hussar cloak; then placing it on his horse, he conveyed it to the headquarters at Torre di Garofalo.

Though the plain of Marengo was drenched with French blood, joy pervaded the army. Soldiers and generals felt the merit of their conduct, and appreciated the immense importance of a victory gained on the rear of the enemy. The Austrians, on the contrary, were in consternation; they knew that they were enveloped, and had no alternative but to submit to the law of the conqueror.

A truce was then arranged; but the war, resumed in the autumn, resulted in the crushing of their army on the Iser, and the victory of Hohenlinden.

